★ Oct. 23, 1954

THE NEW YORKER

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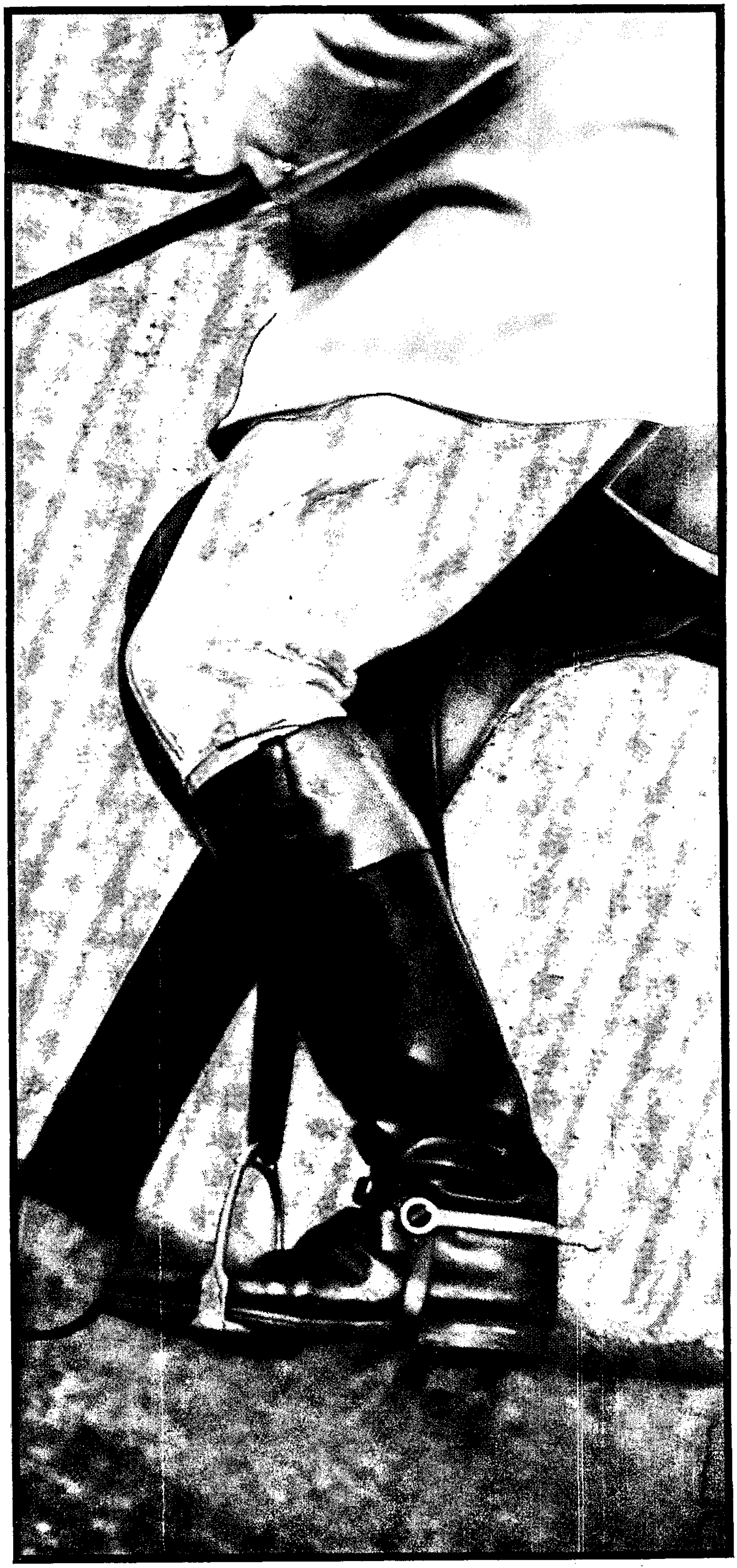

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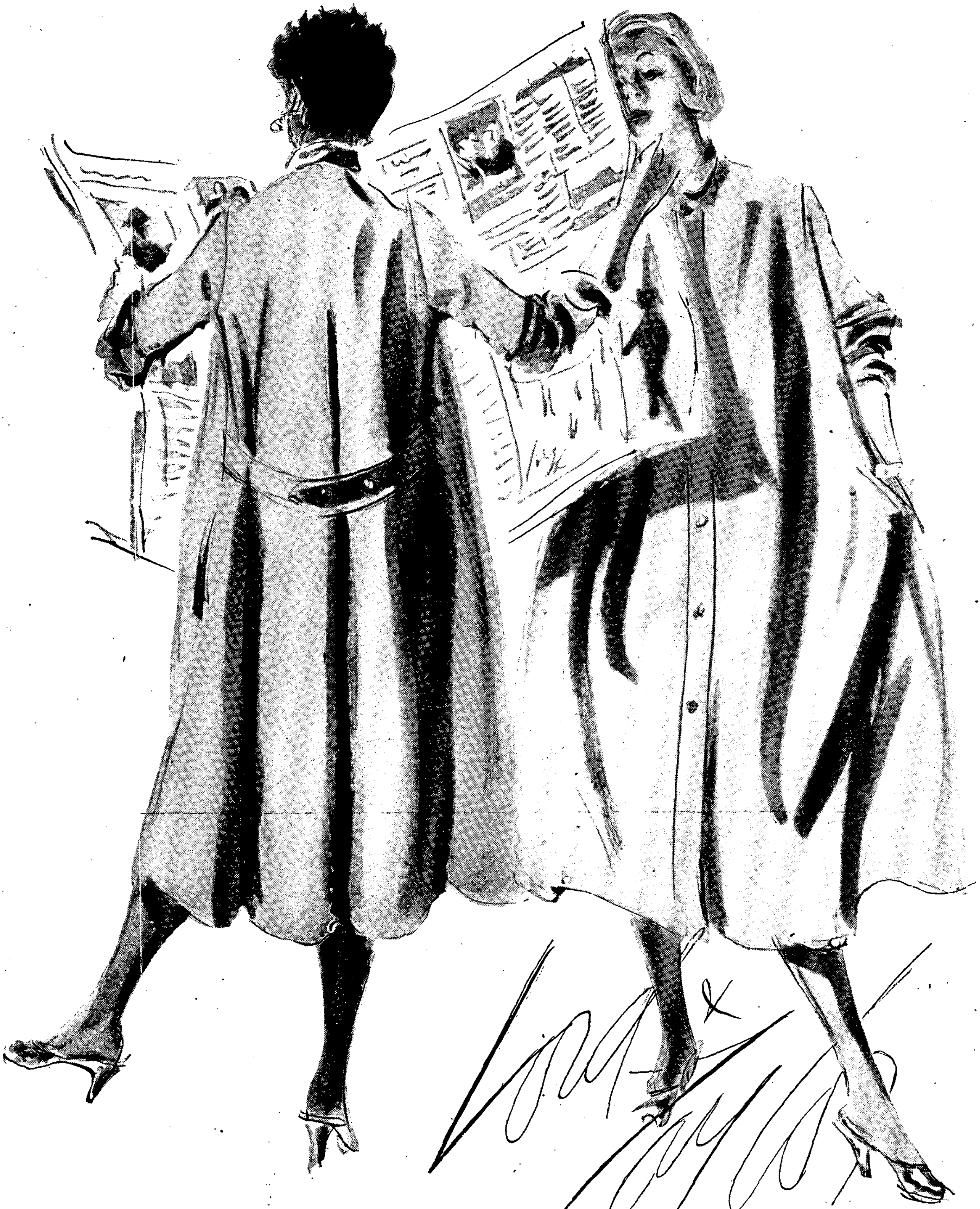

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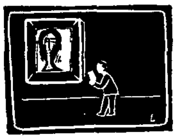
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				21	22	23
24	25	26	27	28	29	30

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

All Summer Long—Like his "Tea and Sympathy," Robert Anderson's second play deals with troubled and sensitive adolescence, but in spite of a careful production, it doesn't seem to bring anything very new to the subject. John Kerr is very fine in a leading role, and there are other admirable performances by June Walker, Ed Begley, and Clay Hall. Alan Schneider directed, and Jo Mielziner did the set. (Coronet, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:35.)

Anniversary Waltz—Jerome Chodorov and Joseph Fields have written much better comedies than this one about two people who lived together before they were married, and Kitty Carlisle and Macdonald Carey have been happier in the theatre, too. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Dear Charles—Tallulah Bankhead is practically all there is to this remake of a 1944 comedy about fashionable sex. With Fred Keating, Hugh Reilly, Werner Klemperer, and Robert Coote. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Fragile Fox—Norman A. Brooks's melodrama concerning a group of American soldiers in the Battle of the Bulge has its moments of humor and excitement, but the plot and characterization are both pretty elementary. Dane Clark, James Gregory, Don Taylor, and Crahan Denton do particularly good work in the all-male cast, which was directed by Herbert Swope, Jr. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-9750. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

King of Hearts—Donald Cook, Jackie Cooper, and Cloris Leachman head the cast of Jean Kerr's and Eleanor Brooke's diverting comedy about a comic-strip artist and his singular romance with himself. Walter F. Kerr is the director, and Frederick Fox designed the cheerful set. (National, 41st St., W., PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

Reclining Figure—Although the mysterious methods of some art dealers and the unhappy predicament of their clients provide Harry Kurnitz, the author of this comedy, with some funny scenes, the humor, generally speaking, is not very advanced. Abe Burrows directed the cast, which includes Percy Waram, Martin Gabel, Mike Wallace, and Georgiann Johnson. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. LU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Tender Trap—The authors, Max Shulman and Robert Paul Smith, are all in favor of marriage, as opposed to promiscuity, but they make out a very poor case for it. Robert Preston, Kim Hunter, Ronny Graham, Janet Riley, and Joey Faye are among those who fight the losing cause. (Longacre, 48th St., W. CI 6-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**THE CAINE MUTINY COURT MARTIAL:** A dramatization of a section of the Herman Wouk novel, in which Lloyd Nolan is Queeg, John Hodiak the defendant, and Barry Sullivan the defense lawyer. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **THE FIFTH SEASON:** A comedy about the garment industry, now with Chester Morris and Joseph Buloff in the leading roles. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly at 8:40. Matinée Saturday at 2:40. Closes Saturday, Oct. 23.) . . . **OH, MEN! OH, WOMEN!:** This play, by Edward Chodorov, deals with a psychoanalyst whose own mind comes under something of a strain. At present, Lloyd Bridges is playing the tormented healer, and Joan Gray, Dody Heath, Tony Randall, and Larry Blyden are among those who contribute to his distress. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40. Closes Saturday, Nov. 13.) . . . **THE SEVEN YEAR ITCH:** All about a middle-aged man who gets more or less carried away with his own fantasies about being a Valentino. Elliott Nugent has taken over as the man in George Axelrod's comedy, and Sally Forrest is playing his inamorata. (Fulton, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **THE SOLID GOLD CADILLAC:** A comedy, by George S. Kaufman and Howard Teichmann, portraying some complicated skulduggeries in the business world. Josephine Hull is still absent, but Loring Smith continues his work at the head of a talented cast. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **TEA AND SYMPATHY:** A preparatory-school student, charged with homosexuality, is saved by the understanding wife of his housemaster. Joan Fontaine and Anthony Perkins are currently in the central roles of Robert Anderson's play. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **THE TEAHOUSE OF THE AUGUST MOON:** John Patrick's comedy about the Americanization of Okinawa, with, for the time being, Burgess Meredith, Scott McKay, Paul Ford, William Hansen, and Mariko Niki. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Sands in the Negev—An Israeli play (the first to be presented here in English) by Yigal Mossensohn, with Celia Adler and Peter Capell. The producers are Benjamin and Lawrence Rothman, and Boris Tumarin is the director. (President, 48th St., W. CI 6-5595. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

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MUSICALS

The Boy Friend—Whether you lived through the twenties or are too young to remember those frivolous times, you ought to like this British parody on the sort of musicals that were then prevalent. The book was written by Sandy Wilson, who is also responsible for the lyrics and music. Julie Andrews is commendable in the role of a charmer as empty-headed as a Toby mug. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

By the Beautiful Sea—Shirley Booth is visible in this piece about Coney Island in the nineteen-hundreds, and she may just possibly be enough to redeem it. Herbert and Dorothy Fields wrote the book, and Arthur Schwartz turned out the music. Others featured in the cast include Wilbur Evans, Mae Barnes, and Carol Leigh. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

On Your Toes—Vera Zorina is lithe and lovely in the famous "Slaughter on Tenth Avenue" ballet, the Rodgers and Hart songs are still charming, and there is some nimble dancing, but the 1936 book shows painful symptoms of its great age. George Abbott is the director, George Balanchine did the choreography, and the cast includes Bobby Van, Elaine Stritch, Ben Astar, and Kay Coulter. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Pajama Game—Labor relations in a pajama factory might not strike you as the most promising theme in the world for a musical comedy, but George Abbott and Richard Bissell have turned it into one of the merriest of the current offerings. In the highly competent and professional cast are Janis Paige, John Raitt, Eddie Foy, Jr., Carol Haney, and Reta Shaw. Music and lyrics by Richard Adler and Jerry Ross. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**CAN-CAN:** Montmartre in the nineties. Cole Porter did the score, and Lilo and Norwood Smith are among the inhabitants. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **COMEDY IN MUSIC:** Victor Borge in a one-man show. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **KISMET:** An adaptation of Edward Knoblock's 1911 comedy-melodrama, with a score drawn from the music of Alexander Borodin. Alfred Drake and Doretta Morrow are the vagabond poet and his daughter. (Ziegfeld, Sixth Ave. at 54th St. CI 5-5200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Peter Pan—Mary Martin and Cyril Ritchard in a new musical version of Barrie's play. Carolyn Leigh, Betty Comden, and Adolph Green are responsible for the lyrics, and the score is by Mark Charlap and Jule Styne, with incidental music by Trude Rittman. Presented by Richard Halliday and directed by Jerome Robbins. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

The Traveling Lady—A play by Horton Foote, with Kim Stanley, Jack Lord, and Lonny

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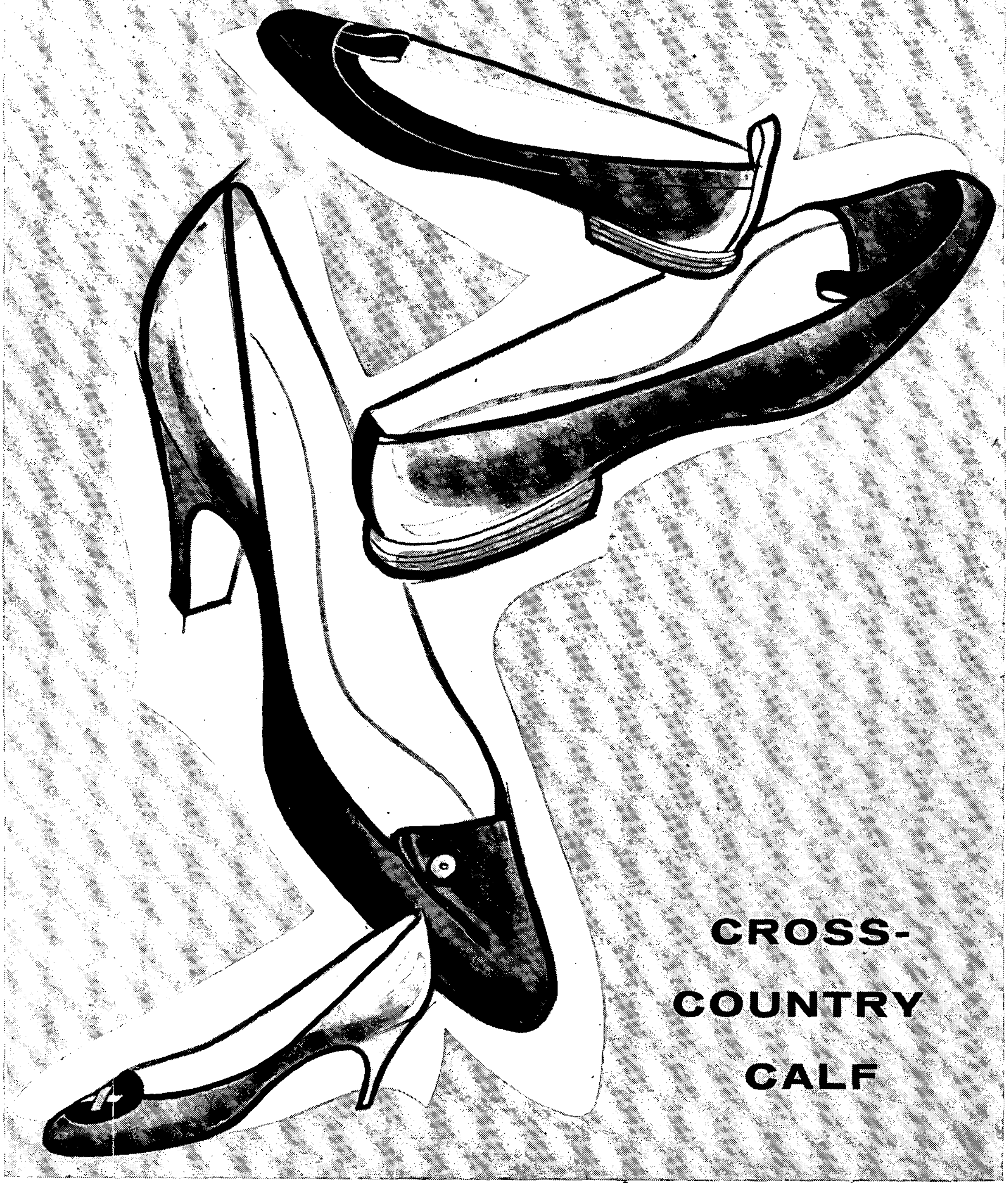
SAKS FIFTH AVENUE



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Chapman. Produced by the Playwrights' *Company and directed by Vincent J. Donehue.* Opens Wednesday, Oct. 27. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Rainmaker—Geraldine Page and Darren McGavin in a play by N. Richard Nash. Directed by *Joseph Anthony and presented* by Ethel Linder Reiner in association with Hope Abelson. Opens Thursday, Oct. 28. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

OFF BROADWAY

Amato Opera Theatre—"Don Pasquale," in English. (Amato Opera Theatre, 159 Bleecker St. GR 7-2844. Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8:15. Admission is free, but reservations should be made in advance.)

Barbizon-Plaza Theatre—The final performances in a three-week return engagement of "The World of Sholom Aleichem," with Morris Carnovsky and Jacob Ben-Ami. (Barbizon-Plaza Theatre, Sixth Ave. at 58th St. CO 5-7845. Nightly at 8:40. Matinée Saturday at 2:40. Closes Saturday, Oct. 23.)

Cherry Lane Theatre—Congreve's "The Way of the World," with Louis Edmonds and Gerry Fleming. Directed by Warren Enters. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CH 2-9583. Wednesdays through Sundays at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

Phoenix Theatre—"Sing Me No Lullaby," Robert Ardrey's play about the dilemma of an honest liberal in our current society, is provocative in idea but unhappily weak in theatrical intelligence. Richard Kiley, Beatrice Straight, Larry Gates, and Jessie Royce Landis do the best they can with their rather shapeless material. (Phoenix Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. AL 4-0525. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

Provincetown Playhouse—David Garrick's Restoration comedy "The Clandestine Marriage," directed by Jack Landau. (Provincetown Playhouse, 133 Macdougal St. GR 7-9894. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:45. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:45. Through Sunday, Nov. 7.)

Theatre de Lys—A revue, "I Feel Wonderful," with music and lyrics by Jerry Herman and sketches by Barry Alan Grael. The cast, under the direction of Mr. Herman, includes Phyllis Newman and John Bartis. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

BALLET

Hurtado de Cordoba and His Ballet—Flamenco, bolero, gypsy, and other Spanish dances. (48th Street Theatre, 48th St., E. CI 5-4396. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Through Saturday, Nov. 6.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places at which you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Ambassador, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—The Embassy Club, a jewel box that bears the mark of expert workmanship, has just got under way with Blue Danube dinner music until ten, by Jani Sarkozi's band, and dance music after that, by Mr. S.'s crew and Chauncey Gray's orchestra. Closed Mondays.

Biltmore, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000)—Gleb Yellin and his instrumental ensemble murmur sweet nothings "under the clock" at cocktails, except Sundays, and from seven to nine in the Madison Room Mondays through Fridays. No dancing.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—"Vanity Fair," enacted by an all-star cast, some of it flown in from the Coast. Charles Holden's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band play for dancing.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—Hildegarde, after all these years of going it alone, has heeded the well-founded rumor that it's nice to have a man around the house. Luckily, he's the hardy perennial Jack Whiting, a song-and-dance chap who adds a lot of color to her petit-point embroidering of ballads. They're in the Cotillion Room, where Stanley Melba's orchestra and Chico-Relli's band take care of the customers' athletics. Only a dinner show Sundays, and nothing Mondays. . . . ¶ In the Café Pierre, dancing from cocktails through supper to a small orchestra, which is usually Stanley Worth's.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—Geneviève, a handsome young Parisienne, is having her first shot at singing for her supper in this country. The scene is the Persian Room; the major-domo is Ted Straeter, pianist, tenor, and fashion plate, whose virtuoso dance band alternates on the stand with Mark Monte's musicians. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ The serenity of the Rendez-Vous Room, one of the best of all possible worlds, is broken only by the rocket's red glare of an arriving swordful of flaming *shashlik*. Maximillian Bergere's and Nicolas Matthey's dreamy dance music starts at eight-thirty. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's group does muted melodies for cocktails in the Palm Court every afternoon. No dancing.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—The Grill is full of Lombardos, whose dance tunes will never get them a speeding ticket. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The Maisonette, practically the last of the fabled Fifth Avenue town houses, is still run with all the traditional grandeur. Dancing all evening to Milt Shaw's and Ray Bari's perpetual-motion bands, and, at dinner and supper, the songs of Fernanda Montel, who is making her annual Stateside visit from France. Closed Sundays.

Savoy-Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—All week long, in the Café Lounge, Irving Conn's orchestra ministers to anyone in a mood for calisthenics.

Statler, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000)—In the Café Rouge, there are songs by Vaughn Monroe, whose voice is its own public-address system, and dance music by Richard Hayman's orchestra, whose music is all sweetness and light. Closed Sundays.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—A musical-comedy version of life on a great metropolitan daily, in which tomorrow's news (or what passes for it) is manufactured right before your unbelieving ears. Dancing in an alcove to the music of Payson Ré's orchestra and a rumba band.

Versailles, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—The incumbent revue is built around two dozen time-honored Arthur Schwartz-Howard Dietz songs, all of which speak so well for themselves that there is little left for the book of the show to say, a fortunate state of affairs. The humor, some of it juvenilely robust, is done best by Paul Gray and Louise Hoff; the dancing looks best when Tommy Wonder and Rain Winslow are involved. Panchito's band and Salvatore Gioë's orchestra play for dancing after nine and between shows.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Los Chavales de España, the troupe of wandering minstrels who appear at dinner and supper in the Empire Room, have learned the grandstand plays of the big American bands, but they execute these maneuvers with an Iberian enthusiasm that makes them seem new and unstudied. Trini Reyes does her rug-cutting to their music; the guests perform to Nat Brandwynne's fine big orchestra. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ The huge maze called Peacock Alley affords Alex Fogarty's decorous piano from six to twelve and Michael Zarin's dance orchestra from eight-thirty to one. Sundays, Mischa Borr's orchestra does a solo flight from six to twelve.

Note—The Rainbow Room, which has had its head in the clouds for so long, offers cocktails—beating any other sightseeing bus hollow—and modest non-dance music from four-thirty to nine every evening except Sunday. The best seats, of course, are up near the windows. The address is 30 Rockefeller Plaza, the telephone CI 6-5800.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

LITTLE CLUB, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): Norbert Faconi is a star exponent of the you-and-I-were-made-for-each-other brand of tableside violin. He's at work at suppertime every night but Sunday, and there is Continental piano music at dinner. Sundays, at suppertime, Bud Gregg does piano in an American vernacular. . . . **WEYLIN ROOM**, 40 E. 54th St. (PL 3-9100): Cy Walter is again presiding over his fashionable finishing school for drawing-room pianism in this cool, collected little buttery. Lessons from six to eight and from ten to two every night but Sunday. . . . **DRAKE ROOM**, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): An executive suite of notable opulence wherein Addison Bailey, who remembers a good tune when he hears one, is at the piano during cocktails, dinner, and supper, except Sundays. . . . **LE COQ ROUGE**, 65 E. 56th St. (PL 3-8887): Eddie Davis was out of town when Rome burned, but he's fiddled at most of the important social occasions since then. His tiny dance band is around after nine. Closed Sundays. . . . **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Latins loving, weeping, making music, and dancing with fascinating fury. The clients are now and then allowed to do a little footwork, too. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ NINO**, 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-9014): In the bar of this decorator's *nuit blanche*, Herman Arminski plays for cocktails, and Rudy Timfield for dinner and supper. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHAMPAGNE GALLERY**, 135 Macdougal St. (GR 7-9221): Harmless antics, largely song and piano, in an extremely relaxed youth hostel.

BIG AND BRASSY

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): The Orpheus of this windy grotto is Joe E. Lewis, whose casebook notes on wine, women, and race horses have a melancholy charm. The rest of the agenda is mostly just melancholy. On Thursday, Oct. 28, Mr. Lewis will be replaced by Nat King Cole, a minnesinger of undeniable ambience. Dancing. . . . **LATIN QUARTER**, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1737): At the end of the lengthy *gymkhana* here, Mae West gives a pep talk on her favorite hobby, men, using a number of live models to illustrate her lecture. There is a certain ambiguity in some of her phrases; as usual, there is none in her delivery. Dancing.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Dwight Fiske, who's spent a lifetime collect-

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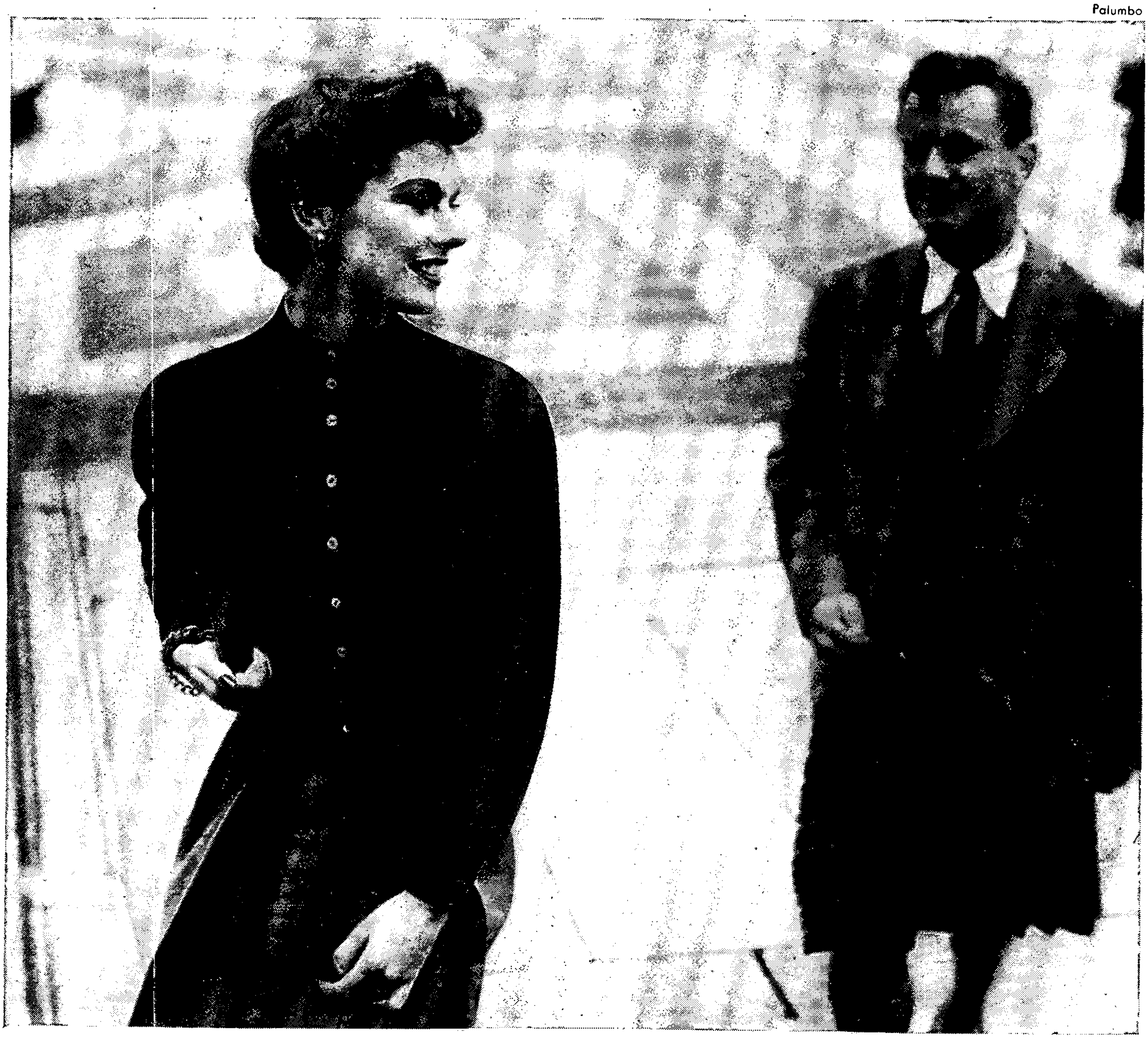

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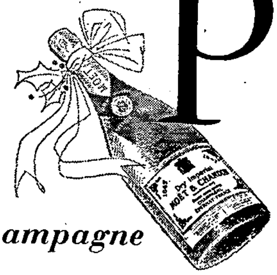

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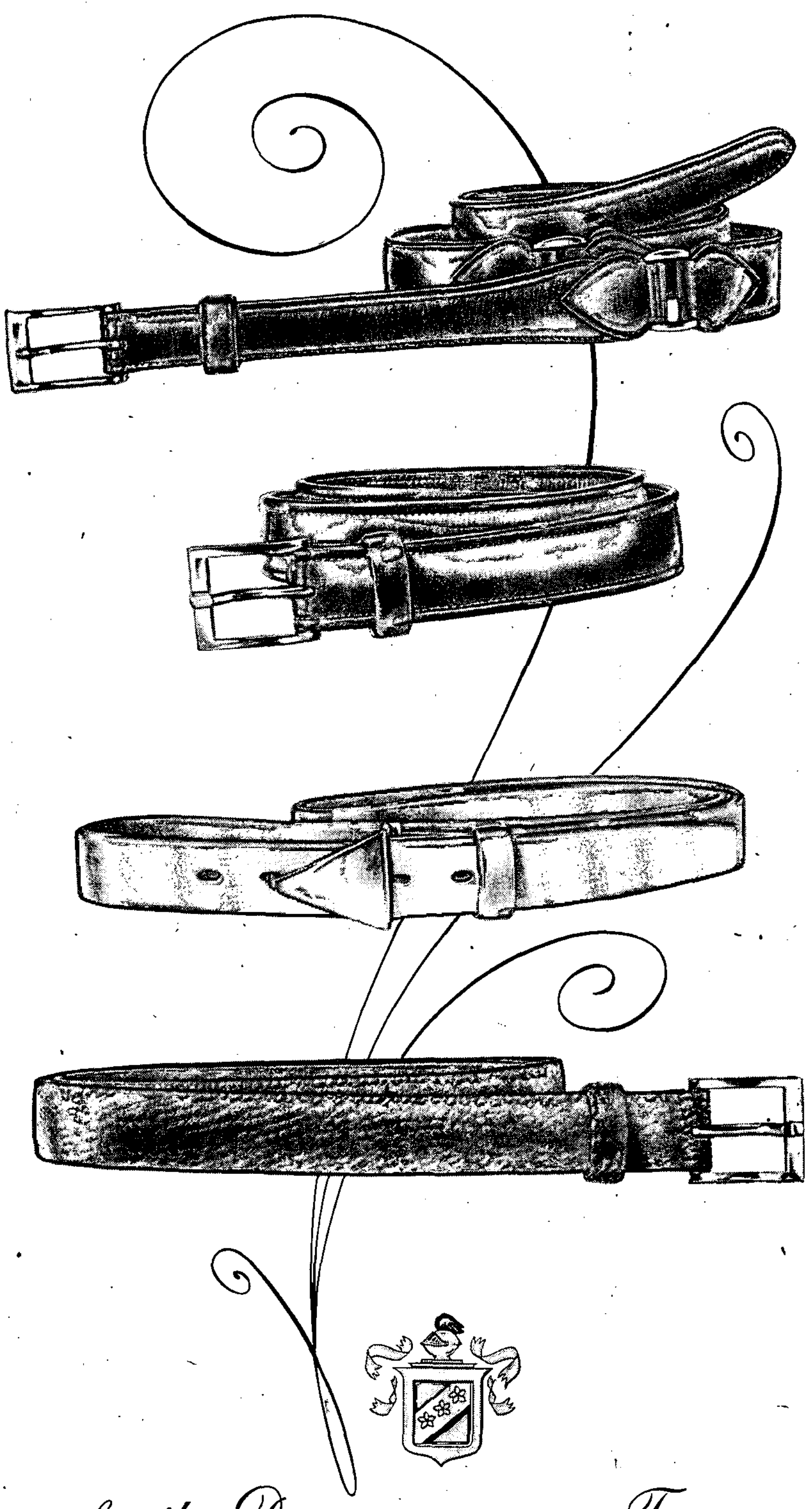
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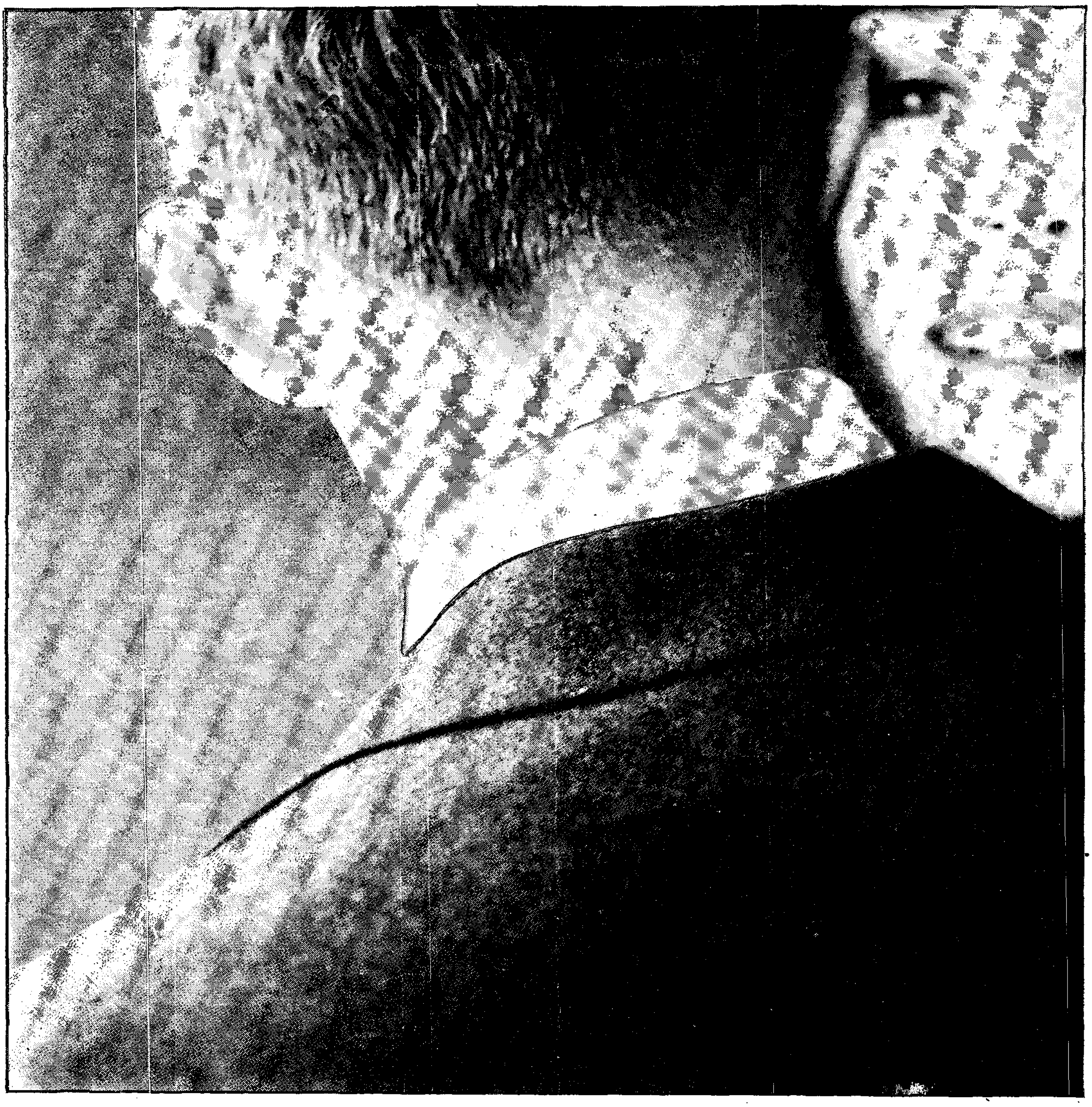
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ing epigrams and double-entendres, is displaying some new acquisitions so cunningly put together that it's hard to tell them from the old ones. There are also the George La Faye Puppets, a group of bodied and disembodied Parisians who lope through a brief but stirring life cycle; the electric voice of Susan Johnson, a fine singer and a fine, healthy minx; and the ingrown fantasies of Dick Drake, an offbeat humorist. The background is Bart Howard's and Otis Clements' piano and the restrained jazz of Jimmy Lyons' trio. . . . **LE RUBAN BLEU**, 4 E. 56th St. (PL 3-6426): Like most after-dinner double-domes, Irwin Corey has nothing whatever to say; *it's just the wonderful way he says it.* The high-jinks mood is enhanced by Dorothy Loudon's head-on collision with the conventions of blues singing and Marshall Izen's rowdy parody of life on the concert stage. Julius Monk, mentor of this unruly brood, plays piano, and the music of the unique Norman Paris Trio is a show in itself. Closed Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): The indestructible Robert Clary is simultaneously caroming off the walls, the ceiling, and his nonsense ballads, a feat that amazes and amuses the house guests no end. There is also vocalizing by Ada Moore, a tall freshman with a sunny disposition and a good jazz style. The dance music is by Clarence Williams' trio, which has Carl Lynch on guitar. Closed Mondays. . . . **ONE FIFTH AVENUE**, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): Helena Bliss, a girl with a stage-size voice, is the local canary; Bernie West, a talkative young man, is the comedian. She's off Sundays, he's off Mondays. Antique movies are added on Sundays; Mondays are amateur nights. There is also plenty of piano by Bob Downey, Harold Fonville, and Hazel Webster. . . . **BYLINE ROOM**, 137 E. 52nd St. (EL 5-8324): The course of untrue love doesn't run very smooth, either, but Mabel Mercer's special lyrics offer a few helpful household hints on what to do about it until the analyst comes. She's ensconced in a small upstairs salon where the knowledgeable Sam Hamilton is almost continually at the piano. Closed Sundays. On the floor below is the febrile Show Spot Lounge, where, except Mondays, Laurie Brewis provides cheery piano. . . . **BON SOIR**, 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): The romp here reaches its height in the late hours. The snapdragon wit of Ceil Cabot makes laughingstock even of songs that had always seemed completely sombre; the comedy of Tony and Eddie, who do pantomime to other people's recordings, is sometimes bull's-eye, sometimes way over the river and into the trees. There are also Thelma Carpenter's soul-searching arias; Jimmie Daniels' *bon-vivant* ballads; and the Three Flames' existentialist words and music. Closed Mondays. . . . **JORIE'S PLAYGOERS CLUB**, Sixth Ave. at 51st St. (CI 5-9465): A homy little cellar populated principally by Jorie Remes, an avant-garde comedienne who appears to have found life rather a trial but is willing to carry her case right up to the Supreme Court. Closed Tuesdays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(Open later than most other places, and no dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): A famous tollhouse on the Mason and Dixon Line. The boys in the back room are Wild Bill Davison, Cutty Cutshall, Gene Schroeder, George Wettling, Edmond Hall, Walter Page, and Mr. Condon. Ralph Sutton has the solo-piano chore. Tuesday nights, when other American primitives drop in, are especially rugged. Closed Sundays. . . . **THE EMBERS**, 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): This knotty-pine palace of the fine arts serves up the limpid, Debussyesque jazz of the Don Shirley duo for dinner. At nine, the trios of Dorothy Donegan, a pianist with a tremendous four-wheel drive, and Billy Taylor, a light-fingered modernist at the pianoforte, start *helping out. The Donegan and Taylor trios* stay home Sundays, when Mr. Shirley's tandem and the trio of Jack Eliot, a café musician who has long concealed his knack for jazz piano, occupy the local swing. Mr. Shir-



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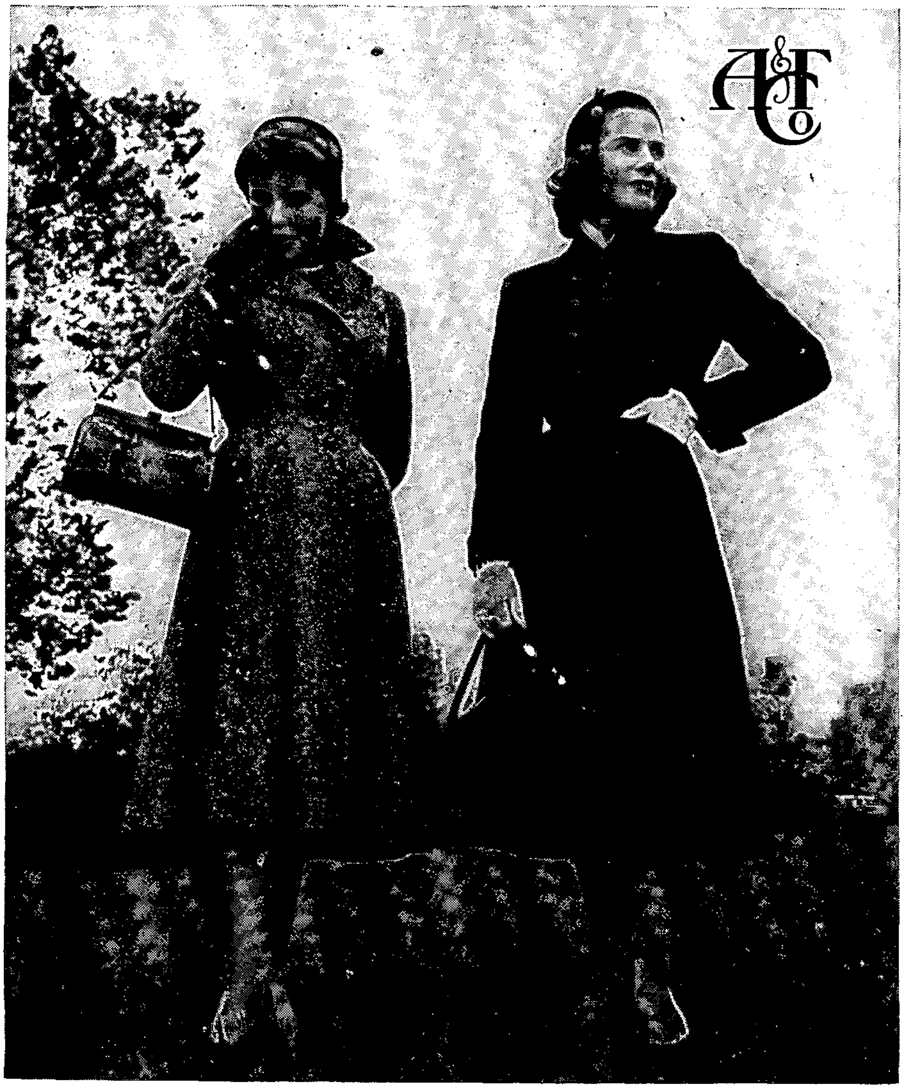

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ley's day of rest is Monday.... **BASIN STREET**, Broadway at 51st St. (PL 7-3728): A liberal education is offered by the curriculum of this vast and rambling institution. Through Sunday, Oct. 24, Bobby Hackett's hot-shot quintet (which includes Cliff Leeman and Jack Lesberg), Slim Gaillard's trio, and Terry Gibbs and his vibraphone and quartet will be on hand. Carmen McRae adds her interesting voice now and then to the music of the Hackett gang. The room is closed Monday. On Tuesday, Oct. 26, Gene Krupa's trio and the singing troupe called Billy Ward's Dominoes will show up as noisemakers.... **NICK'S**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): An off-campus activity for many a stripling. The music, all of it old-line, is by Pee Wee Erwin's veterans. Sunday afternoon is jam-session time. Closed Mondays.... **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): A venerable store front where Wilbur de Paris and his band (Omer Simeon, Sidney de Paris, and Eddie Gibbs) keep vivid green the memory of jazz as it was when all practitioners played by ear. Don Frye is the solo pianist. Jam sessions Monday nights. Closed Sundays.... **THE COMPOSER**, 68 W. 58th St. (PL 9-6683): A spick-and-span bar-and-grill where, with any luck, you'll hear Eddie Heywood, at the head of a trio, playing his customary cheery rhythm piano. No music Sundays.... **BIRDLAND**, 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-1368): The meeting place of an extremely feverish freethinking, freewheeling society. Through Wednesday, Oct. 27, Count Basie's band, which has not only sound but well-organized fury, and the Bill Davis Trio will be operating; next evening, Chet Baker's quartet, Arnett Cobb's orchestra and Wini Brown, who sings, will check in. Visitors on Mondays, which are jam-session nights.... **CHILDS PARAMOUNT**, Broadway at 44th St. (CH 4-9440): The Grill has reverted to its old love, music in the barrel-house mood. It starts at six-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays, and at five-thirty on Sundays. Right now, it's being played by the Dixieland All-Stars (Ruby Braff, Marty Napoleon, Bob Wilber, Eddie Hubble, Eddie Phyfe, and Bob Peterson); as of Tuesday, Oct. 26, it will be played by Conrad Janis and his tailgaters. The afternoon guests on Sunday, Oct. 24, will be Max Kaminsky's band. Dancing evenings after nine-thirty; no music Mondays.... **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): A cheerful point of view prevails inside the circular bar, where, after nine, Marian McPartland and her two-man rhythm section play a lot of good, up-to-date harmonics. No music Mondays.... **WAVERLY LOUNGE**, 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): In the bar of the Hotel Earle, Herman Chittison sits down at his well-tempered concert grand around nine-thirty. He and his trio are steady, solid senders. No music Sundays.... **STUYVESANT CASINO**, 140 Second Ave., at 9th St. (GR 3-9742): Promised for Friday, Oct. 22, is a playoff involving a number of long-term champions; namely, Bobby Hackett, Billy Butterfield, Max Kaminsky, Bud Freeman, Pee Wee Russell, Tony Parenti, Joe Sullivan, Dave Bowman, Zutty Singleton, Keg Purnell, and Frank Orchard. Dancing, too, as if anyone would bother.... **CENTRAL PLAZA**, 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): On Friday and Saturday, Oct. 22-23, this rifle range will be manned by such Dixiecrats as Charlie Shavers, Jimmy Archey, Gene Sedric, R. C. H. Smith, Freddie Moore, Willie the Lion Smith, and the Conrad Janis tailgaters.

ART

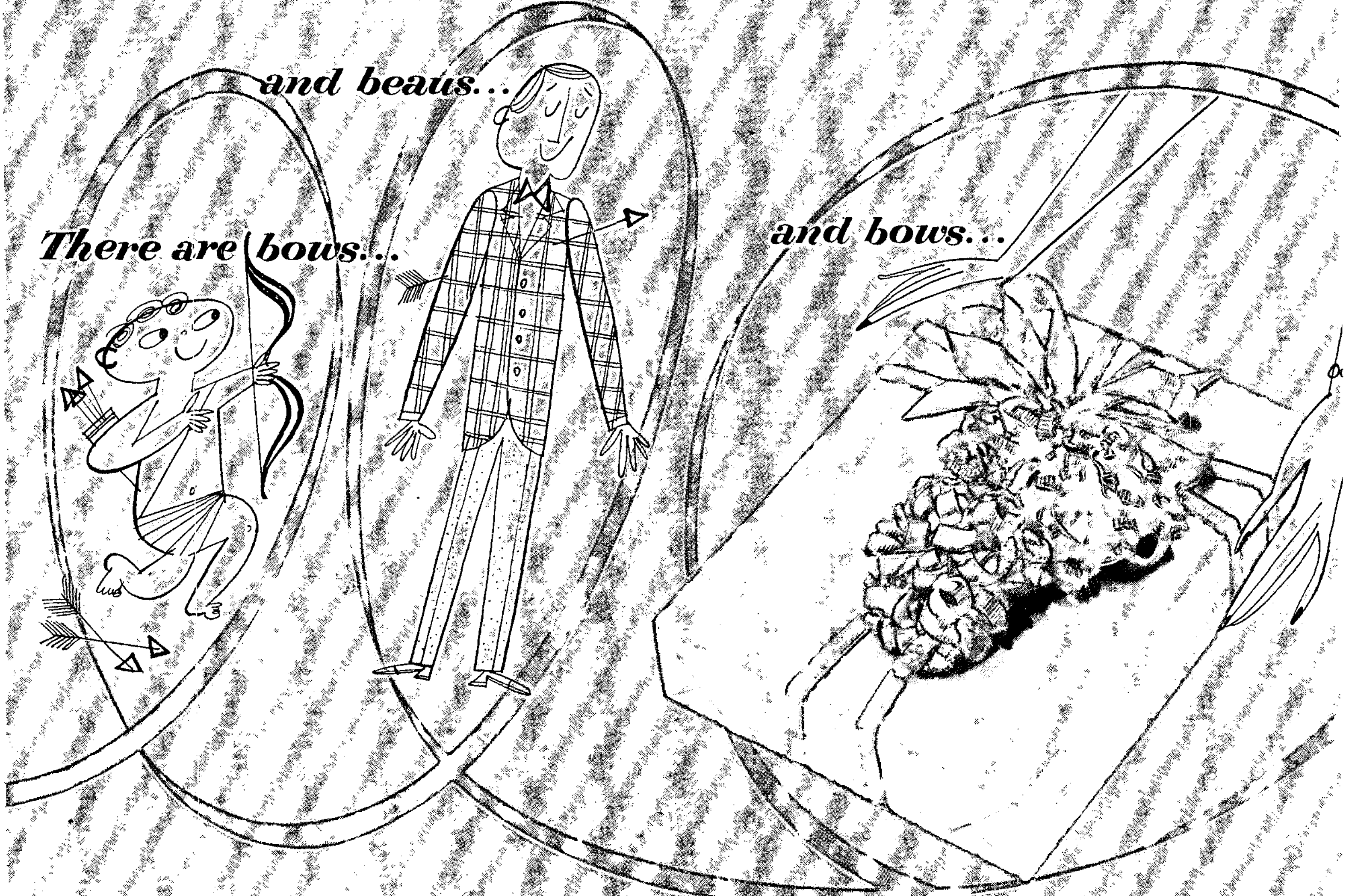
(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

ALEXANDER ARCHIPENKO—A big retrospective show of his sculpture, with examples covering the last fifty years; through Nov. 13. (Associated American Artists, 711 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.)

GIORGIO CAVALLON—Abstract oils in which the designs are largely carried out by the use of color; through Nov. 6. (Egan, 46 E. 57th St.)

BLANCHE DOMBEK—Wood sculptures, a bit blunt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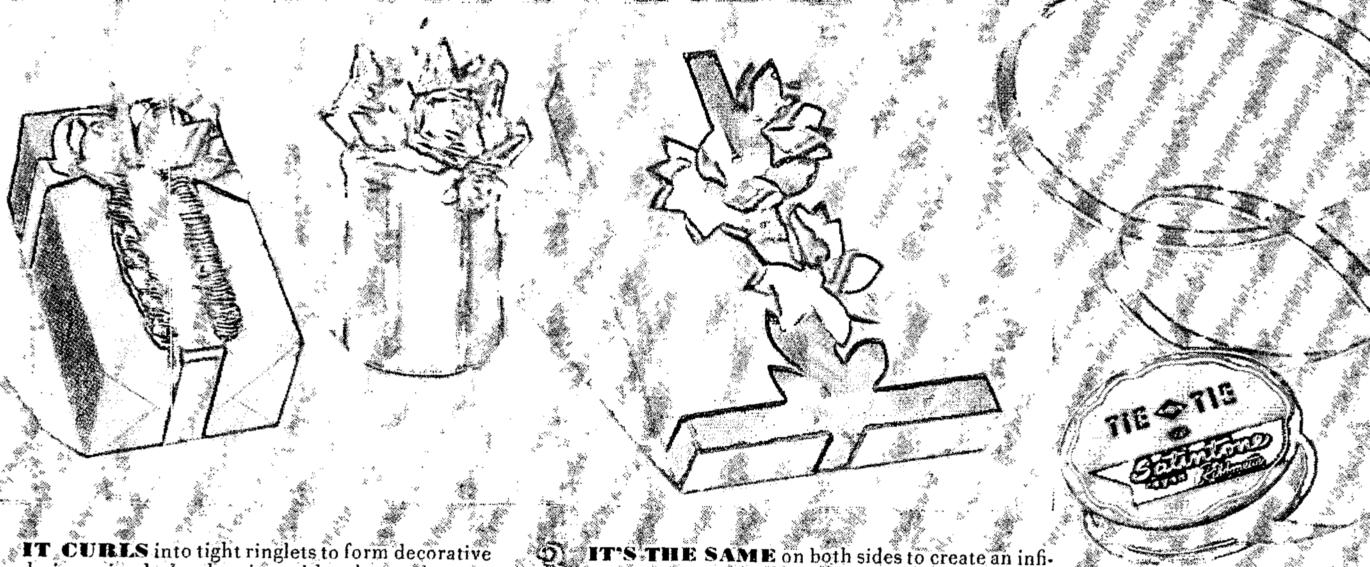

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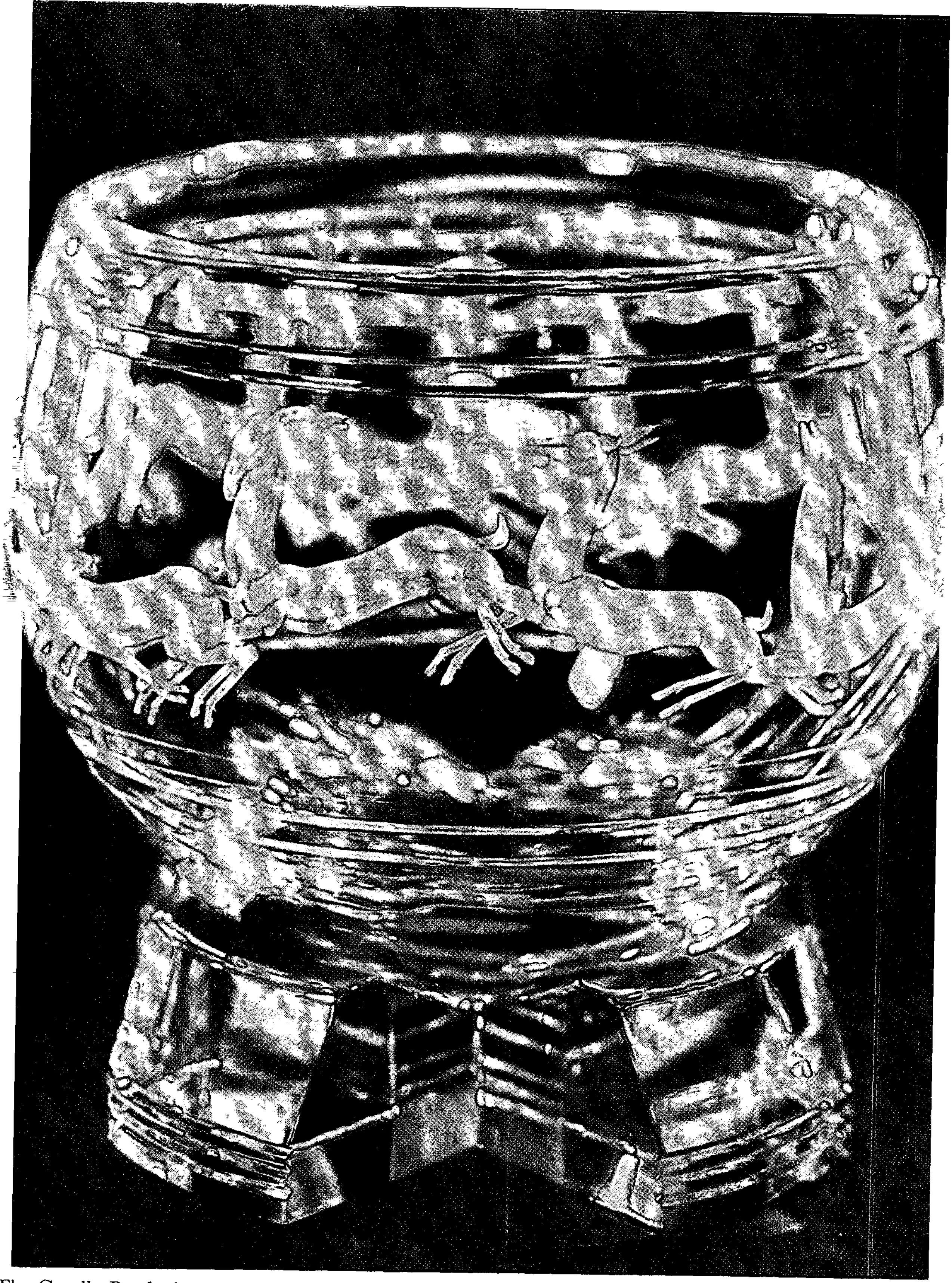

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

in style but occasionally effective; through Saturday, Oct. 23. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

Jimmy Ernst—One large oil called "Zero Plus One," along with about fifteen gouaches; through Nov. 6. (Borgenicht, 61 E. 57th St.)

Tomás Harris—Oils and a substantial number of drawings of Majorca, in this artist's first show here; through Saturday, Oct. 23. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

Hepworth, Scott, and Bacon—Three English artists: drawings and sculptures by Barbara Hepworth, and paintings by William Scott and Francis Bacon. Through Nov. 6. (Jackson, 22 E. 66th St.)

Herbert Kallem—Small metal sculptures, a number of them with a musical connotation; through Saturday, Oct. 23. (Heller, 63 E. 57th St.)

Mariska Karasz—An exhibit of some of this artist's superb needleworks; through Saturday, Oct. 23. (Bertha Schaefer, 32 E. 57th St.)

Herbert Katzman—A first one-man gallery showing of paintings, strong and yet controlled in design, by one of the younger American Expressionists; through Saturday, Oct. 23. (Alan, 32 E. 65th St.)

John Koch—Interior scenes and still-lifes painted in oils; through Nov. 13. (Kraushaar, 32 E. 57th St.)

Ethel Magafan—Semiabstract paintings dealing principally with mountains and children; through Nov. 6. (Ganso, 125 E. 57th St.)

Picasso—A group of oils, water colors, and drawings, 1900-52; through Nov. 20. (Saidenberg, 10 E. 77th St. Weekdays, 2 to 5:30.)

Gregorio Prestopino—Landscapes and figures are depicted in this group of oils and water colors; through Nov. 6. (A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St.)

Charles Shaw—A selection of about twenty oils, mainly abstract; through Saturday, Oct. 30. (Passedoit, 121 E. 57th St.)

Hedda Sterne—Approximately fifteen oils, mostly studies of machinery; through Nov. 6. (Parsons, 15 E. 57th St.)

Robert Vickrey—Landscapes of Cape Cod and New York, plus figure studies and a few portraits; through Nov. 13. (Midtown, 17 E. 57th St.)

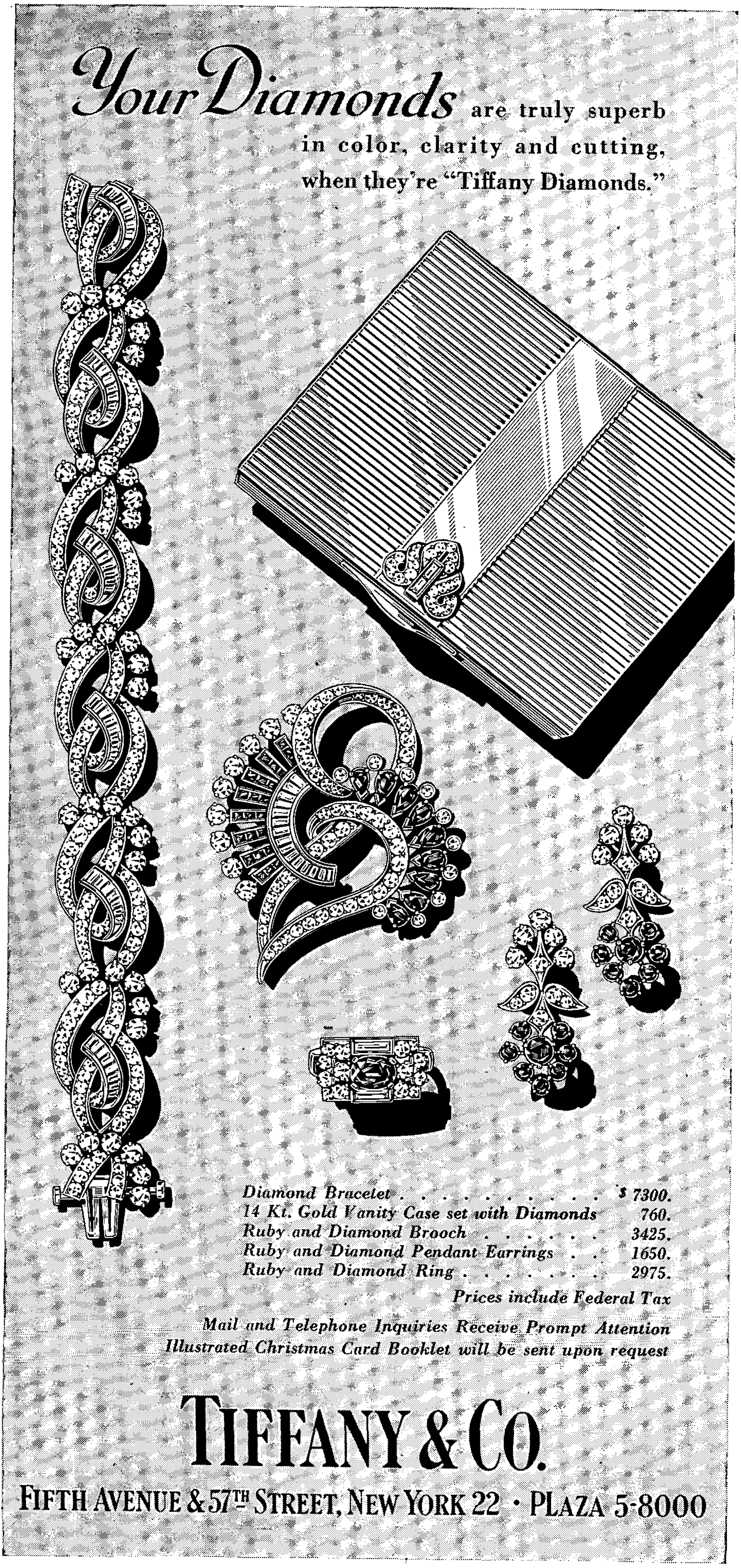
Dutch and Flemish Masters—Drawings and water colors by Rembrandt, Pieter Brueghel the Elder, and other old masters, all loaned by the Royal Museum of Belgium; through Saturday, Oct. 30. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.)

Tibetan Paintings—The initial showing here of a loan exhibition that includes a number of fifteenth- to eighteenth-century tankas, or banners; through Saturday, Oct. 30. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.)

Americans; Group Shows—At the DOWNTOWN, 32 E. 51st St.: New paintings and sculptures by Stuart Davis, William Zorach, and others; through Saturday, Oct. 30. . . . GRAND CENTRAL, 15 Vanderbilt Ave., at 43rd St.: The Thirty-second Annual Founders' Exhibition, composed of paintings and sculptures by Anthony Thieme, Robert Brackman, Paul Manship, Gordon Grant, and many others; through Nov. 4. . . . MILCH, 55 E. 57th St.: Paintings by Ogden Pleissner, Stephen Etnier, Louis Bosa, and other Americans; through Saturday, Oct. 23. . . . NEW YORK CITY CENTER GALLERY, 131 W. 55th St.: The city's own art gallery has opened its second season with an exhibition that includes works by Buffie Johnson, Colleen Browning, and a copious selection of others; through Friday, Oct. 29. (Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 6.)

Americans and Europeans; Group Show—The present show, in memory of Curt Valentin, is made up of about thirty paintings and sculptures, loaned by various museums throughout the country, and includes works by Auguste Rodin, Juan Gris, and Oskar Kokoschka; through Saturday, Oct. 30. (Valentin, 32 E. 57th St.)

French; Group Shows—At the PERLS, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Paintings by Modigliani, Klee, Soutine, and others, from the collection of the late William March; through



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Nov. 13.... ROSENBERG, 20 E. 79th St.: Nineteenth-century paintings, some never before seen in this country, by Monet, Corot, Degas, and others; through Nov. 13.

Village Art Center, 44 W. 11th St.—The Ninth Annual Graphic Art Exhibit, comprising etchings, lithographs, and monotypes; through Friday, Oct. 22. (Daily, 1 to 6; Wednesday, Saturday, and Sunday evenings, 8 to 10.)

Some of Next Week's Openings—At the ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS, 711 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.: Harry Engel; starting Monday, Oct. 25.... BABCOCK, 38 E. 57th St.: Robert Watson; starting Monday, Oct. 25.... GRAND CENTRAL, 15 Vanderbilt Ave., at 43rd St.: Anthony Thieme; starting Tuesday, Oct. 26.... BERTHA SCHAEFER, 32 E. 57th St.: Hale Woodruff; starting Monday, Oct. 25.... ¶ Group shows *at the* KNOEDLER, *14 E. 57th St.; starting* Thursday, Oct. 28.... VILLAGE ART CENTER, 44 W. 11th St.; starting Monday, Oct. 25. (Daily, 1 to 6; Wednesday, Saturday, and Sunday evenings, 8 to 10.)

MUSEUMS

Metropolitan Museum, *Fifth* Ave. *at* 82*nd* St.—European and American costumes and accessories, dating from the late sixteenth century to the first decade of the twentieth century. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A hundred prints by twentieth-century North and South American artists, including John Marin, George Bellows, and José Guadelupe Posada; through Nov. 14.... ¶ A display, in celebration of the Museum's twenty-fifth year, of some three hundred paintings owned by the Museum, plus forty new acquisitions; through Jan. 30. (Weekdays, noon to 7; Sundays, *1 to 7*.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Cézanne, Bonnard, and Degas are a few of the artists represented in a show of French Impressionist paintings from the Museum's collection; through Jan. 2.... ¶ African art, with examples of native sculptures, goldwork, and textiles; through Jan. 2. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—Fifty photographs of New York City today by Andreas Feininger, along with some of the Museum's prints of New York in the past; through Nov. 30. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—The fourth selected display of the Museum's twentieth-century paintings and sculptures, these done for the most part between 1907 and 1914; through Sunday, Oct. 24. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Riverside Museum, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—The seventh-anniversary showing of Pyramid, an organization of young painters and sculptors, with works by about thirty of its members; through Sunday, Oct. 24. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St.—An exhibition *of twentieth-century American paintings*, sculptures, drawings, and water colors from the permanent collection, to mark the opening of the Museum's new quarters; starting Tuesday, Oct. 26. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460 and for Town Hall JU 2-4536. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

New York City Opera—Final performances of the season—Thursday evening, Oct. 21: "The Tales of Hoffmann."... ¶ Friday evening, Oct. 22: "Faust."... ¶ Saturday matinée, Oct. 23 (primarily for children): "The Love for Three Oranges," in English.... ¶ Saturday evening, Oct. 23: "La Traviata."... ¶ Sunday matinée, Oct. 24 (primarily for children): "Hansel and Gretel," in English. ... ¶ Sunday evening, Oct. 24: "La Bohème." ... ¶ Tuesday evening, Oct. 26: "Der Rosenkavalier."... ¶ Wednesday evening, Oct. 27: "The Tales of Hoffmann."... ¶ Thursday evening, Oct. 28: "Show Boat."... ¶ Friday evening, Oct. 29: "The Marriage of Figaro," in English.... ¶ Saturday matinée, Oct. 30 (primarily for children): "Hansel and Gretel," in English.... ¶ Saturday evening, Oct. 30: "Carmen."... ¶ Sunday matinée, Oct. 31 (primarily for children): "Show Boat."... ¶ Sunday evening, Oct. 31: "The Love for Three Oranges," in English. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Evenings at 8:15. Matinées at 2:30.)

ORCHESTRAS

Philharmonic-Symphony—At Carnegie Hall—Dimitri Mitropoulos conducting on Thursday, Oct. 21, at 8:45, and Friday, Oct. 22, at 2:30 (both with Robert Casadesus, piano); and Saturday, Oct. 23, at 8:45, and Sunday, Oct. 24, at 2:30 (both with Grant Johannesen, piano).... ¶ Leopold Stokowski conducting on Tuesday, Oct. 26, at 8:45 (with Gary Graffman, piano; in honor of the Columbia University Bicentennial).... ¶ Dimitri Mitropoulos conducting on Thursday, Oct. 28, at 8:45, and Friday, Oct. 29, at 2:30 (both with Raya Garbousova, cello); and Saturday, Oct. 30, at 8:45 (with Ania Dorfmann, piano).

American Symphony of New York—Enrico Leide conducting a program of Richard Strauss music, with Ingrid Hallberg, soprano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Saturday, Oct. 23, at 8:30. No tickets necessary.)

Little Orchestra Society—Thomas Scherman conducting the opening performance of the season, with Elena Nikolaidi, contralto, and Phyllis Curtin, soprano. (Town Hall. Monday, Oct. 25, at 8:30.)

Symphony of the Air—Formerly the N.B.C. Symphony Orchestra. It will perform, without a conductor, a concert dedicated to Arturo Toscanini, who for seventeen years was director of the orchestra. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Oct. 27, at 8:30.)

Juilliard Orchestra—Jean Morel conducting. (Juilliard Concert Hall, 130 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Friday, Oct. 29, at 8:30. A limited number of free tickets are available on request.)

RECITALS

Pete Seeger—Folk singer. The first two in a series of six programs. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. UN 5-4000, Ext. 2461. Thursday, Oct. 21, and Thursday, Oct. 28, at 8:30.)

Quartetto Italiano—Chamber Music. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A. Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Thursday, Oct. 21, and Thursday, Oct. 28, at 8:40.... ¶ Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Oct. 23, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Juilliard String Quartet—Chamber music. (Juilliard Concert Hall, 130 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Friday, Oct. 22, at 8:30. A limited number of free tickets are available on request.)

Katherine Bacon—Piano. (Town Hall. Saturday, Oct. 23, at 2:30.)

New York Pro Musica Antiqua—The first in a series of five concerts of medieval, Renaissance, and baroque music, this one comprising court and chapel music of Henry V through Henry VIII. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Saturday, Oct. 23, at 8:40.)

Concert Society of New York—The opening program of the season, played by the Quartetto Italiano and Dougherty and Ruzicka, duo piano. (Town Hall. Sunday, Oct. 24, at 5:30.)

Chamber Repertory Group—The New York Woodwind Quintet and the Saidenberg Chamber Players. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Sunday, Oct. 24, at 8:40.)

Albeneri Trio—Chamber Music. (Town Hall. Friday, Oct. 29, at 8:30.)

Quintetto Boccherini—Chamber Music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Oct. 30, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

MISCELLANY

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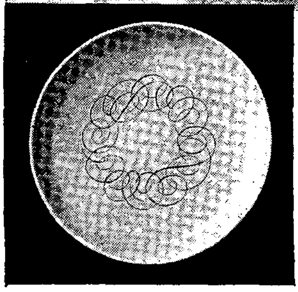

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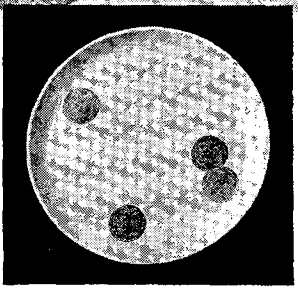

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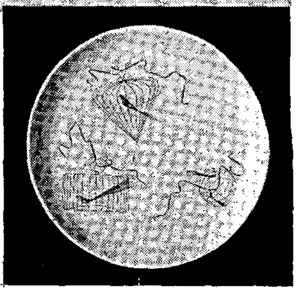

BIRDCAGE 10.95 DELICATE MULTI-TONES

ninetieth birthday, with Maria Kurenko, soprano, and the Mannes-Gimpel-Silva Trio. (Town Hall. Tuesday, Oct. 26, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

Boxing—At Madison Square Garden—Friday, Oct. 22: Floyd Patterson vs. Joe Gannon, light heavyweights, 8 rounds. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 29: Vince Martinez vs. Carmine Fiore, welterweights, 10 rounds. (Preliminaries at 8:30; main bouts at 10.)

College Football—SATURDAY, OCT. 23 (all at 2): Columbia vs. Army, at Baker Field. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Dartmouth, at Cambridge. . . . ¶ Lehigh vs. Rutgers, at Bethlehem. . . . ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Navy, at Philadelphia. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Cornell, at Princeton. . . . ¶ Wesleyan vs. Amherst, at Middletown. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Colgate, at New Haven. . . . SATURDAY, OCT. 30: Columbia vs. Cornell, at Baker Field, at 2. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Ohio University, at Cambridge, at 2. . . . ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Penn State, at Philadelphia, at 2. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Colgate, at Princeton, at 2. . . . ¶ Rutgers vs. Temple, at New Brunswick, at 2. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Dartmouth, at New Haven, at 1:30.

Professional Football—Giants vs. Washington Redskins. (Polo Grounds. Sunday, Oct. 24, at 2:05.)

Hockey—At Madison Square Garden—Sunday, Oct. 24: Rangers vs. Canadiens. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 27: Rangers vs. Detroit. (Games begin at 8:30.)

Horse Show—Pennsylvania National Horse Show. (Harrisburg, Pa. Saturday, Oct. 23, and Monday through Saturday, Oct. 25-30.)

Hunt Racing—Monmouth County Hunt Racing Association. (Red Bank, N.J. Saturday, Oct. 23.) . . . ¶ Essex Fox Hounds Race Meeting Association. (Far Hills, N.J. Saturday, Oct. 30.)

Racing—UNITED HUNTS AT BELMONT PARK: Thursday and Friday, Oct. 21-22, at 1. (Frequent trains will leave Penn Station for the track both days between 10:45 and 1.) . . . JAMAICA: Weekdays at 1, from Saturday, Oct. 23, through Monday, Nov. 15. The Interborough Handicap, Monday, Oct. 25. (Frequent trains will leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays, between 10:45 and 1, and Saturdays between 10:30 and 1:25.) . . . GARDEN STATE PARK, Camden, N.J.: Weekdays at 1; through Saturday, Nov. 6. The Trenton Handicap, Saturday, Oct. 23, and the Garden State, Saturday, Oct. 30. (A train leaves Penn Station at 9:30 and connects with a train for the track in North Philadelphia.) . . . LAUREL, Laurel, Md. Weekdays at 1:45; through Wednesday, Nov. 3. The Selima, Saturday, Oct. 23.

FOR CHILDREN

Opera—The New York City Opera presenting performances, primarily for children. Saturday, Oct. 23: "The Love for Three Oranges," in English. . . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 24, and Saturday, Oct. 30: "Hansel and Gretel," in English. . . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 31: "Show Boat," in Urdu. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Afternoons at 2:30.)

Play—The Playmart Children's Theatre, presenting "Pinocchio." (Carl Fischer Concert Hall, 165 W. 57th St. Saturdays at 1:30 and 3:15 and Sundays at 3:15. For tickets, call PL 3-0746.)

Dance Recital—The Playhouse Dance Company, in "St. George and the Dragon." (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Sunday, Oct. 24, at 3:30.)

Variety Show—"Little Brave Sambo," performed by the Peggy Bridge Marionettes, plus several other attractions. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Oct. 23, at 3.)

Movies—Cartoons and, sometimes, feature pictures. (Trans-Lux 85th Street Theatre, Madison Ave. at 85th St. BU 8-3180. Saturdays at 11.) . . . ¶ "Rob Roy," with Richard Todd and Glynis Johns. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Oct. 30, at 3.)

Note—The Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, is open (free) exclusively to ice skaters of fourteen and under every Saturday from 10 to 12.

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—Visitors are admitted every weekday to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly, as well as to periodic meetings of the Security Council and various other commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ United Nations meetings are shown Mondays through Fridays, on WCBS-TV, generally from 5 to 5:30. In addition, on Sunday, Oct. 24, from 2:30 to 3:30, WRCA-TV will cover United Nations Day ceremonies from the General Assembly Hall, with Dag Hammarskjold, Dr. Eelco van Kleffens, Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, and V. J. Skutt, plus the Symphony of the Air and the Schola Cantorum, directed by Charles Münch. The events will also be carried on the radio, over WRCA and WNYC. . . . ¶ Hour-long tours, conducted by the American Association for the United Nations, leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so, daily from 9 to around 4:30. . . . ¶ Questions about the United Nations will be answered, Mondays through Fridays, by the Information Center for the United Nations, 345 E. 46th St., MU 2-2658.

Poetry Center Readings—Marianne Moore. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Saturday, Oct. 30, at 8:40.)

Chrysanthemum Show—The Tenth Annual display. (New York Botanical Garden, Bronx Park. Friday, Oct. 22, from 2:30 to 4:30, and Saturday and Sunday, Oct. 23-24, from 10 to 4:30.)

Treasures of the New-York Historical Society—A special hundred-and-fiftieth-anniversary exhibition, featuring paintings (including an original Audubon water color), old silver, prints, rare books, manuscripts (among them that of James Fenimore Cooper's novel "Precaution"), and a letter from General Ulysses S. Grant to General Robert E. Lee; through Dec. 31. (New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show, "Vagabonds of the Solar System," deals with asteroids, comets, and meteors; through Nov. 30. (Mondays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30. Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11. . . . ¶ Half-hour conducted tours of the Planetarium start every night at 8.)

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Thursday through Saturday, Oct. 21-23, at 1:45: Several examples of French eighteenth-century furniture; Italian Gothic and Renaissance art, including a marble bas-relief by Desiderio; Georgian silver; Chinese jades and porcelains; and a large group of tapestries and Oriental rugs. The property of the late Katherine Deere Butterworth. . . . ¶ Tuesday and Wednesday, Oct. 26-27, at 1:45: First editions by English and American authors, hunting and bird books (including an edition of Audubon's "Birds of America"), and an original copy of "The Federalist;" from the estate of Robert S. Johnston and from other sources. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 27, at 8: Modern French and American paintings and drawings by Cézanne, Matisse, Winslow Homer, Thomas Hart Benton, and many others; from the collection of the late Arthur Bradley Campbell. Exhibition starts Saturday, Oct. 23. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 30, at 1:45: English eighteenth-century furniture, including a Sheraton serpentine sideboard, a mahogany break-front bookcase, and card tables; Oriental Lowestoft, Spode, and other porcelains; and eighteenth-century English sporting prints. Owned by the Saint James's Gallery. Exhibition starts Saturday, Oct. 23.

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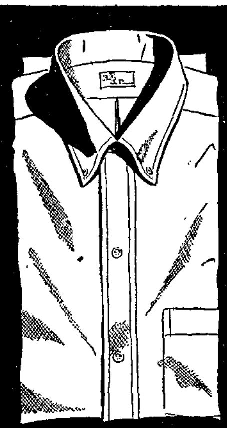

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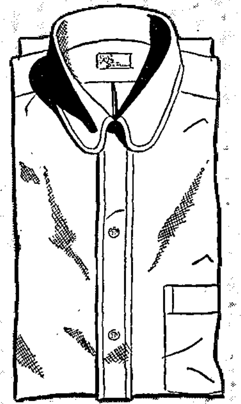

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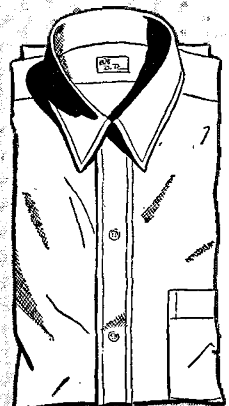

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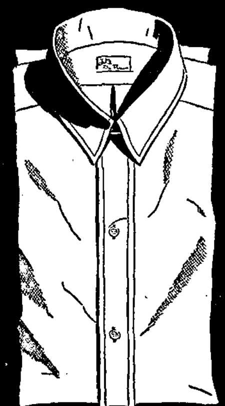

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

Beat the Devil—In this diverting farce, Humphrey Bogart is in the hire of a blundering group of rascals (Robert Morley, Peter Lorre, Marco Tulli, and Ivor Barnard) who are out to grab a big uranium field in Africa. The scenery is largely Mediterranean, and it is enhanced by the presence of Jennifer Jones and Gina Lollobrigida. John Huston and Truman Capote wrote the script. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; starting Oct. 27.)

Bread, Love and Dreams—A sportive Italian film in which Vittorio De Sica, playing a middle-aged marshal of the police, pursues a village vixen, amid all kinds of jolly uproar from the resident peasantry. Gina Lollobrigida is the girl Mr. De Sica pants after, and who can blame him? (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

The Caine Mutiny—An adaptation of the Herman Wouk novel about life on a minesweeper patrolling the Pacific during the last war. When the film takes itself seriously, it's a bit foolish, but when it's being lighthearted, it's pleasant enough. Humphrey Bogart is fine as the lunatic captain of the minesweeper, and Van Johnson is equally persuasive as the executive officer who gets in all the trouble. (Lexington, Lexington at 51st, PL 3-0336; Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-7222; Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; and Olympia, B'way at 107th, UN 5-8128; starting Oct. 27.)

High and Dry—An ancient Scottish mariner pits his wits against those of an American transportation wizard in an English film that has plenty of solid comic scenes. Alex Mackenzie is the aging but artful Scot, and Paul Douglas is his American foil. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

The Little Kidnappers—A charming English film, mostly about two small boys in Nova Scotia in 1904. Against the rigid Calvinist orthodoxy of their grandfather, the young ones set up some fine defenses, including the offhand adoption of a baby one of them has found in the woods. Jon Whiteley and Vincent Winter are splendid as the boys, and Duncan Macrae, Jean Anderson, Adrienne Corri, and Theodore Bikel do all right as their elders. (Trans-Lux 60th St., Madison at 60th, PL 5-2746.)

On the Waterfront—All hell breaking loose on the Hoboken docks in a film that compares favorably with some of our best movie melodramas. Marlon Brando does a scorching job as a longshoreman who sees the ethical light after a long wrestle with an elastic conscience, and he is supported magnificently by Karl Malden, Eva Marie Saint, and Lee J. Cobb. The film was written by Budd Schulberg and directed by Elia Kazan. (Astor, B'way at 45th, JU 6-2240.)

Sabrina—A spotty comedy about a chauffeur's daughter who manages to make her way from garage to mansion. It's distinguished by the polished performance of Humphrey Bogart, cast as a big businessman for whom love dawns late, and by the presence of the toothsome Audrey Hepburn. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796.)

The Vanishing Prairie—Walt Disney has taken his cameras out into the great American prairie and has captured a lot of the beauty and wonder of the place—the wildlife, the great skies and long distances, and the struggle for existence. A nature picture, and a good one. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

The Yellow Balloon—Andrew Ray, the small boy who was so satisfactory in "The Mudlark," is almost as good in this grim English movie about a child who thinks he has been responsible for a playmate's death and is blackmailed by a rascally bystander. The supporting cast, which includes William Sylvester, Kathleen Ryan, and Kenneth More, is excellent. (Trans-Lux Normandie, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448, through Oct. 22.)

REVIVALS

The African Queen (1952)—Down an African river with Humphrey Bogart and Katharine Hepburn. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Oct. 23.)

A Nous, la Liberté (1932)—René Clair deals, to very good effect, with prison life and factory life, which seem to be similar. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014.)

The Band Wagon (1953)—Singing and dancing, with Fred Astaire, Cyd Charisse, Jack Buchanan, and Nanette Fabray. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; Oct. 27.)

The Captain's Paradise (1953)—Alec Guinness demonstrating that bigamy can be a rather blessed state. An English film, with Celia Johnson and Yvonne De Carlo. (York, 1st Ave. at 64th, RH 4-5779; Oct. 23.)

Come Back, Little Sheba (1952)—Shirley Booth in the adaptation of the play built around the misfortunes of an alcoholic and his slatternly spouse. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; starting Oct. 27.)

The Cruel Sea (1953)—Jack Hawkins in an English film based on the Monsarrat novel about U-boats during World War II. (Trans-Lux 72nd St., 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through Oct. 27, tentative.)

The Fallen Idol (1949)—A small boy's efforts to prevent his best pal, a butler, from being charged with murder. An English picture, with Bobby Henrey, Ralph Richardson, and Michèle Morgan. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; through Oct. 27, tentative.)

From Here to Eternity (1953)—A screen adaptation of James Jones' novel about Army life in Hawaii before Pearl Harbor. With Montgomery Clift, Burt Lancaster, and Frank Sinatra. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Oct. 26-27.)

Genevieve (1954)—Some ancient automobiles in transit from London to Brighton. John Gregson, Dinah Sheridan, Kay Kendall, and Kenneth More enliven this English film. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; Oct. 24.)

Gilbert and Sullivan (1953)—Robert Morley and Maurice Evans as G. and S., with the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company rendering excerpts from the operettas in the background. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622; through Oct. 26. . . . ¶ Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; Oct. 24-26. . . . ¶ 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting Oct. 27.)

Hamlet (1948)—Laurence Olivier is the melancholy Dane in this English picture. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663.)

High Noon (1952)—Cow-country stuff, with Gary Cooper mixing it up with malefactors. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Oct. 23. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; Oct. 25.)

The Informer (1935)—Dublin and the revolution. With Victor McLaglen. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; Oct. 22-23.)

Jamaica Inn (1939)—Charles Laughton in the Daphne du Maurier romance, directed by Alfred Hitchcock. A British film. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; Oct. 24-26.)

Laura (1944)—Clifton Webb, Gene Tierney, and Dana Andrews involved in homicide. (Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; Oct. 24-26.)

The Lavender Hill Mob (1951)—More Guinness, this time purloining the assets of the Bank of England, with the connivance of Stanley Holloway. An English picture. (Trans-Lux 72nd St., 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through Oct. 27, tentative.)

The Little World of Don Camillo (1953)—A hardboiled priest (Fernandel) frustrating the plans of a Communist mayor (Gino Cervi) in a small Italian town. Made in Italy, with French dialogue. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; through Oct. 25.)

Martin Luther (1953)—Niall Mac Ginnis plays the monk from Wittenberg. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

My Little Chickadee (1940)—W. C. Fields and Mae West gambolling around in a most unusual Western. (York, 1st Ave. at 64th, RH 4-5779; Oct. 23.)

Sidewalks of London (1940)—English stage people. A British film, with Vivien Leigh, Rex Harrison, and Charles Laughton. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; Oct. 24-26.)

This Happy Breed (1947)—Noel Coward's hymn of praise to the British middle classes. An English film, with Celia Johnson and Robert Newton. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through Oct. 23.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Through Oct. 24: "The Movies and You" (1951), and "Critic and Film" (1949), documentaries on films and film-making; "The Movies March On" (1939), produced by the March of Time; and an illustrated screen lecture, by Basil Wright, on "Odd Man Out" (1947). . . . ¶ Starting Oct. 25: "Bombshell" (1933), with Jean Harlow, Lee Tracy, and Franchot Tone. (Showings at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after noon on the day of the showing.)

• • •

THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
ON THE WATERFRONT.

Broadway, B'way at 53rd. (CI 7-7992)
"Hansel and Gretel," a film with a cast of electronic puppets.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"The Barefoot Contessa," Humphrey Bogart, Ava Gardner, Edmond O'Brien.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
SABRINA.

Globe, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-5555)
"The Adventures of Hajji Baba" (in CinemaScope), Elaine Stewart, John Derek.

Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
"Suddenly," Frank Sinatra, Sterling Hayden.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"White Christmas" (in VistaVision), Bing Crosby, Danny Kaye, Rosemary Clooney.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
"A Star Is Born" (in CinemaScope), Judy Garland, James Mason.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
Through Oct. 27: "Rear Window," James Stewart, Grace Kelly, Wendell Corey.

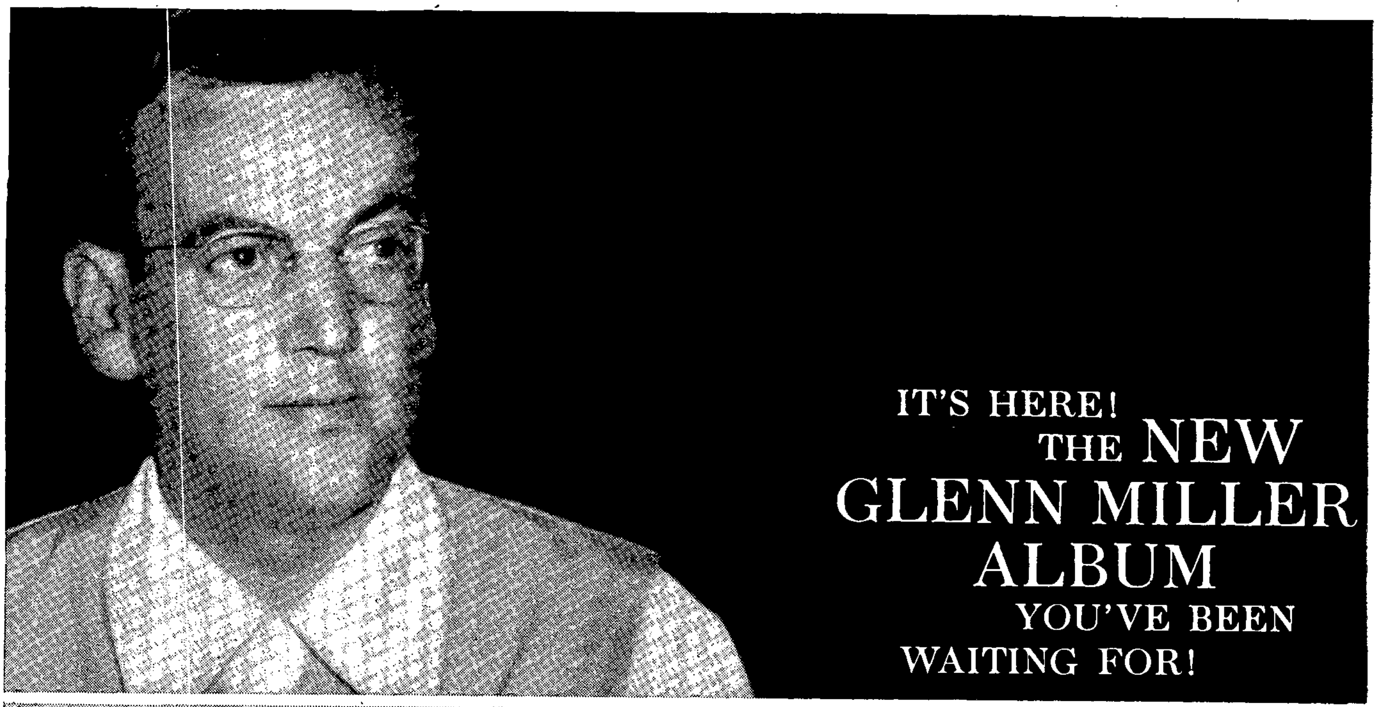
Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
Through Oct. 26: "Woman's World" (in CinemaScope), Clifton Webb, June Allyson, Van Heflin. From Oct. 27: "Black Widow" (in CinemaScope), Ginger Rogers, Gene Tierney, George Raft.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"Beau Brummell," Stewart Granger, Elizabeth Taylor.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"A Star Is Born" (in CinemaScope), Judy Garland, James Mason.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"Cinerama." (Mondays through Thursdays at 2:40 and 8:40; Fridays at 7:30 and 10:30; Saturdays at 2, 5, 8:40, and 11:40; and Sundays at 2, 5, and 8:40. Reserved seats only.)

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
"The French Touch" (in French), Fernandel.



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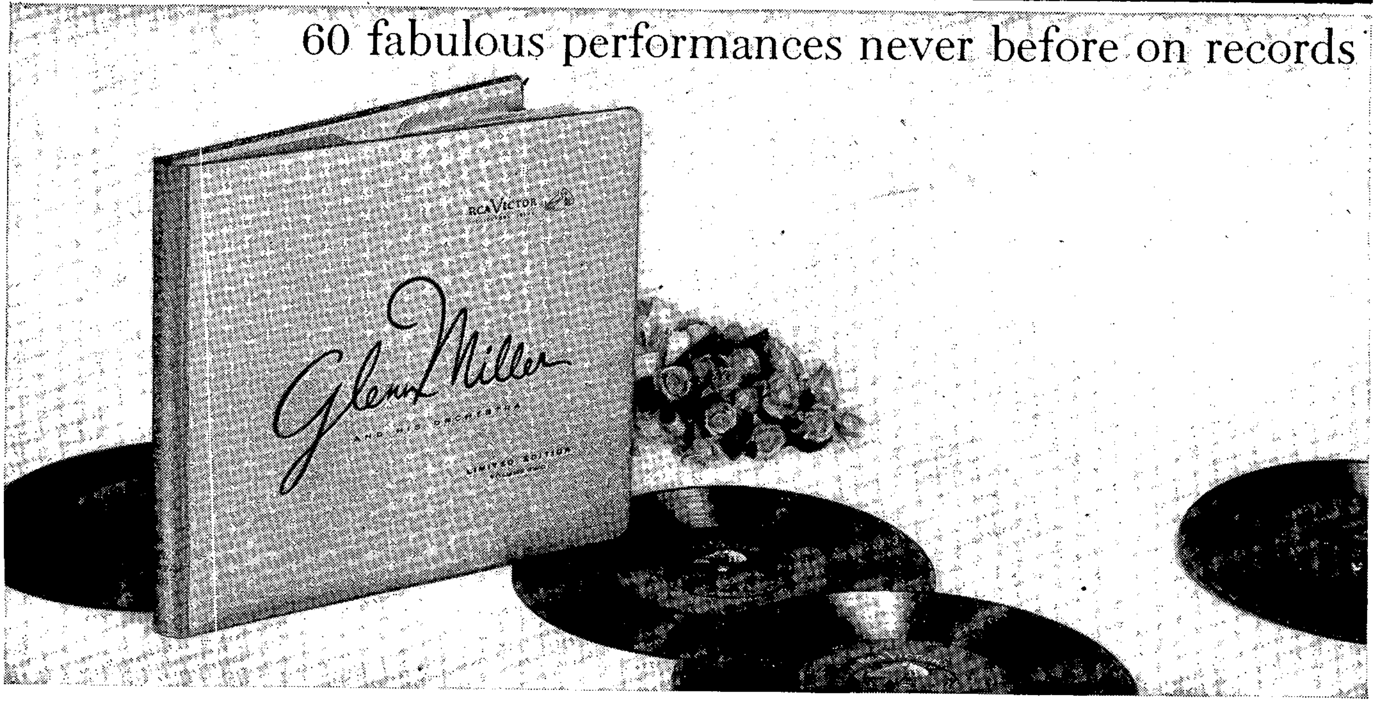

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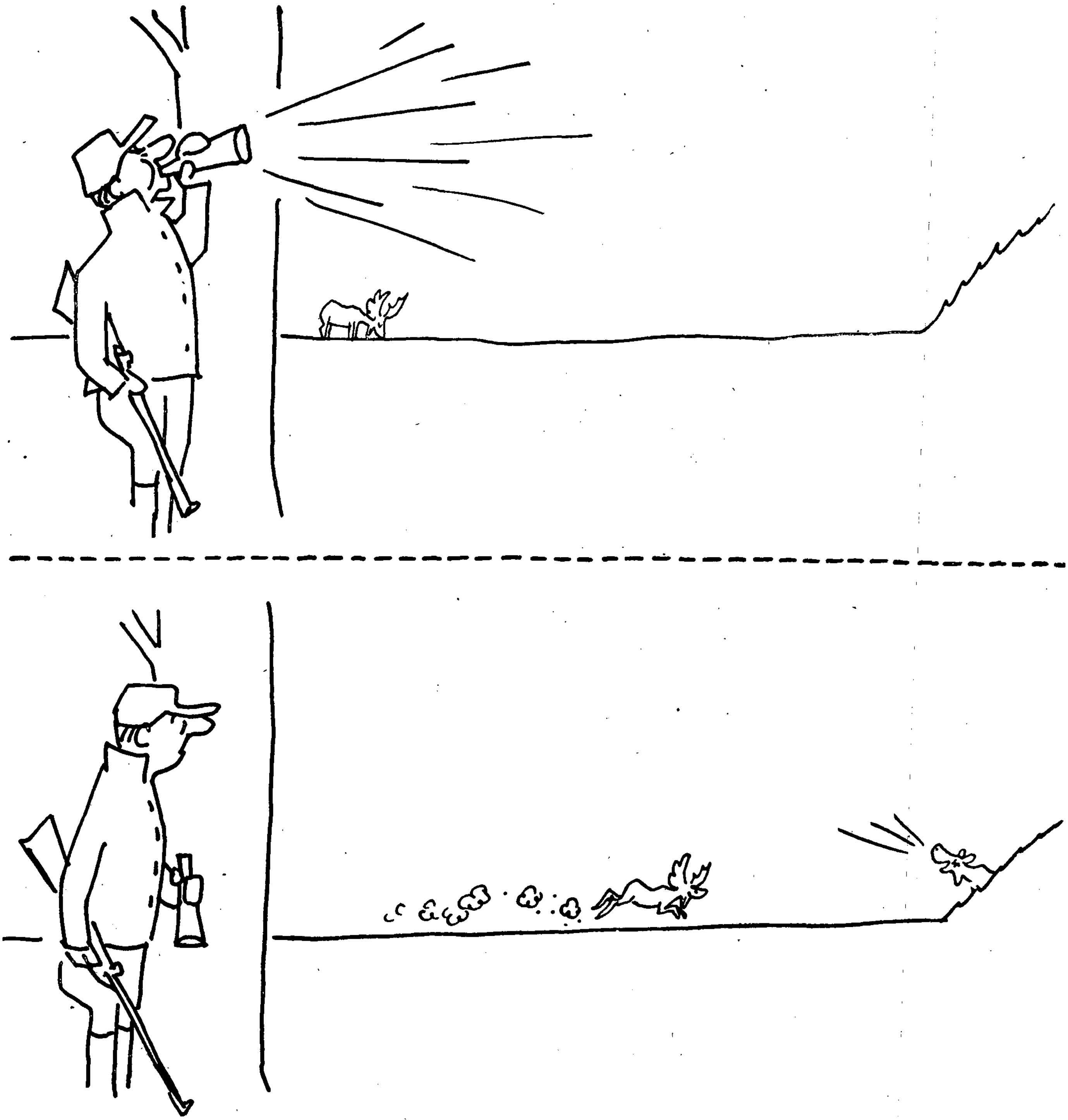

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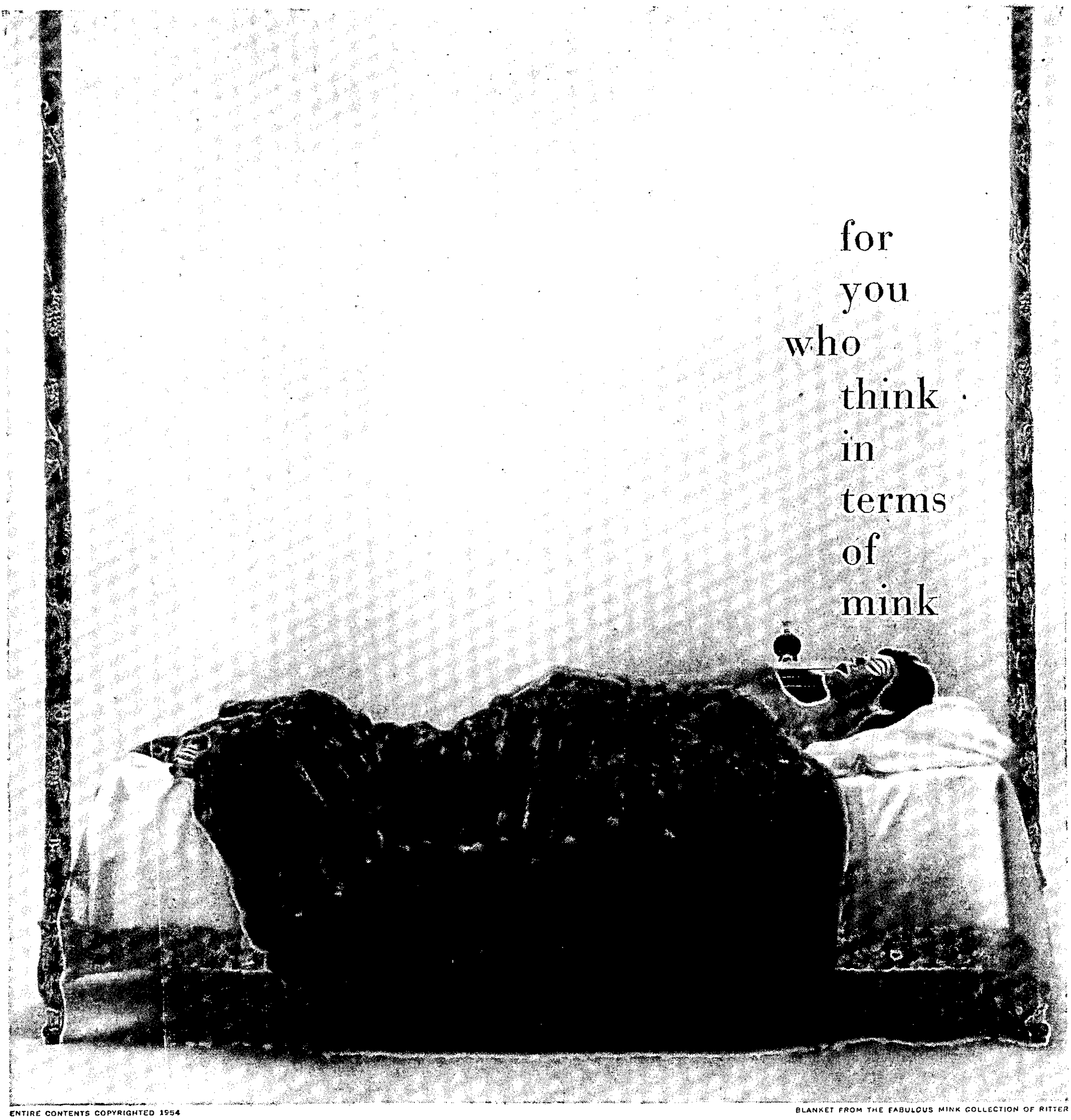
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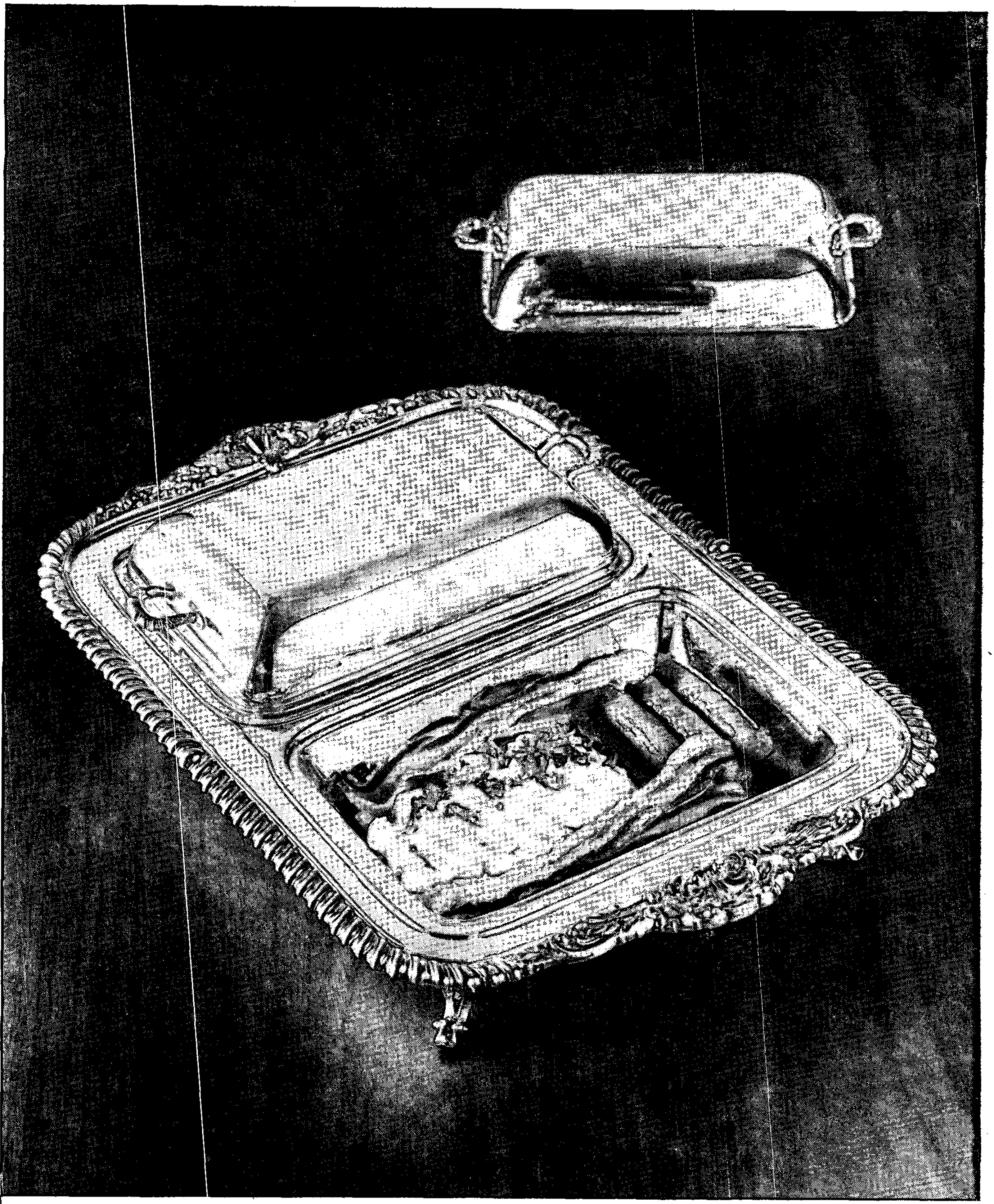

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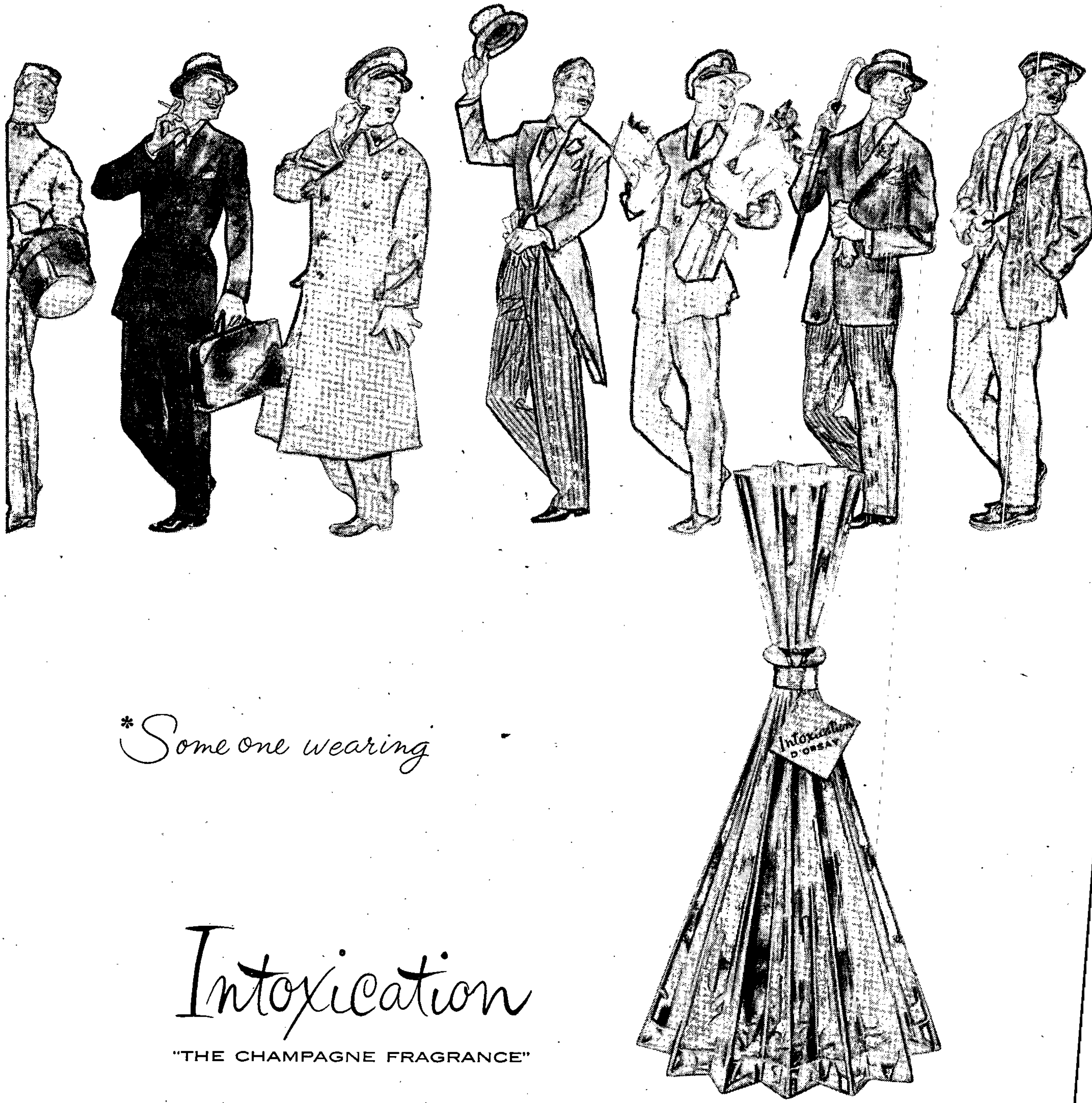
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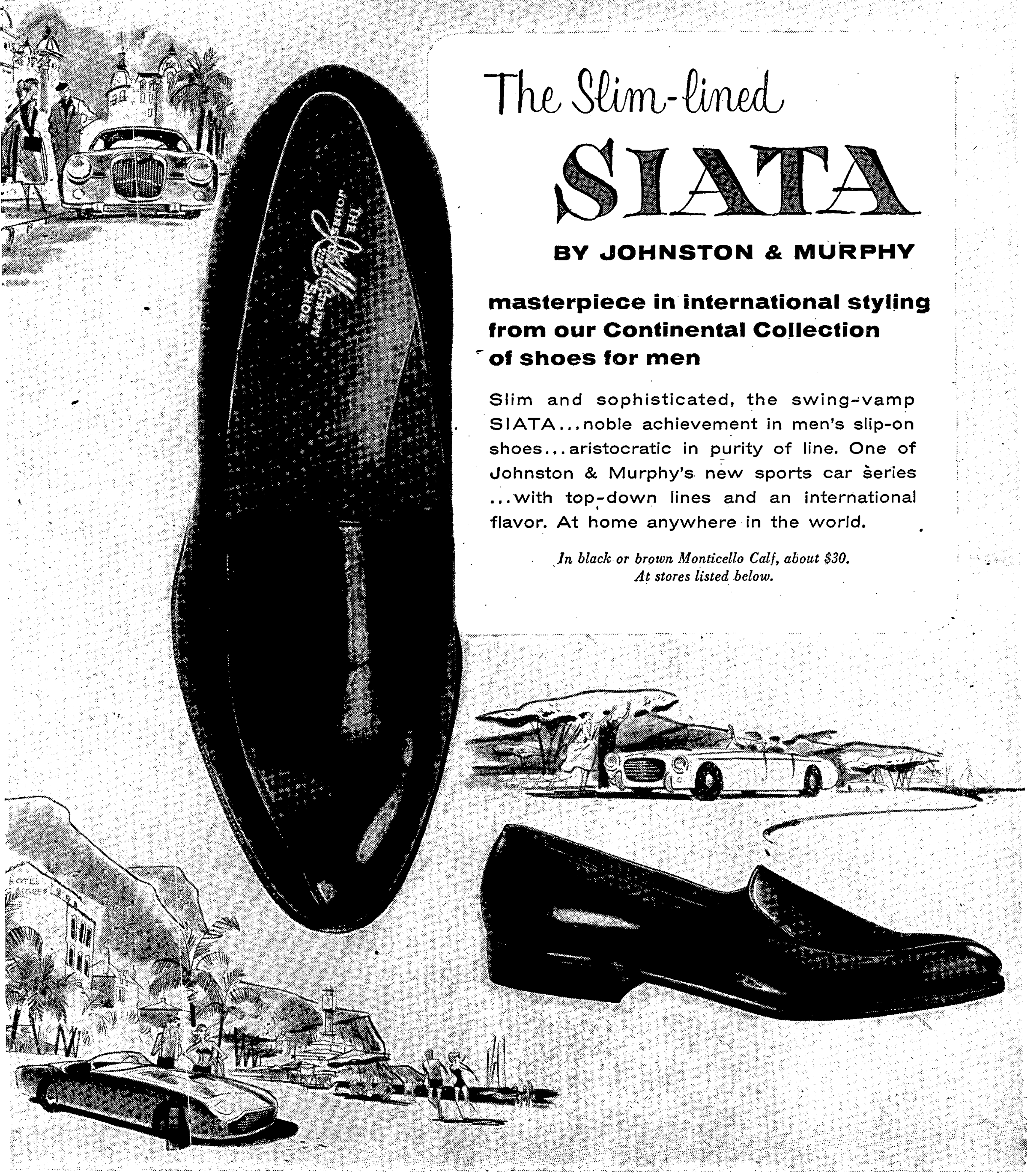

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Woolf Brothers

FORT WORTH
John L. Ashe

LAS VEGAS
Christensen's

HOLLYWOOD and BEVERLY HILLS
The London Shop

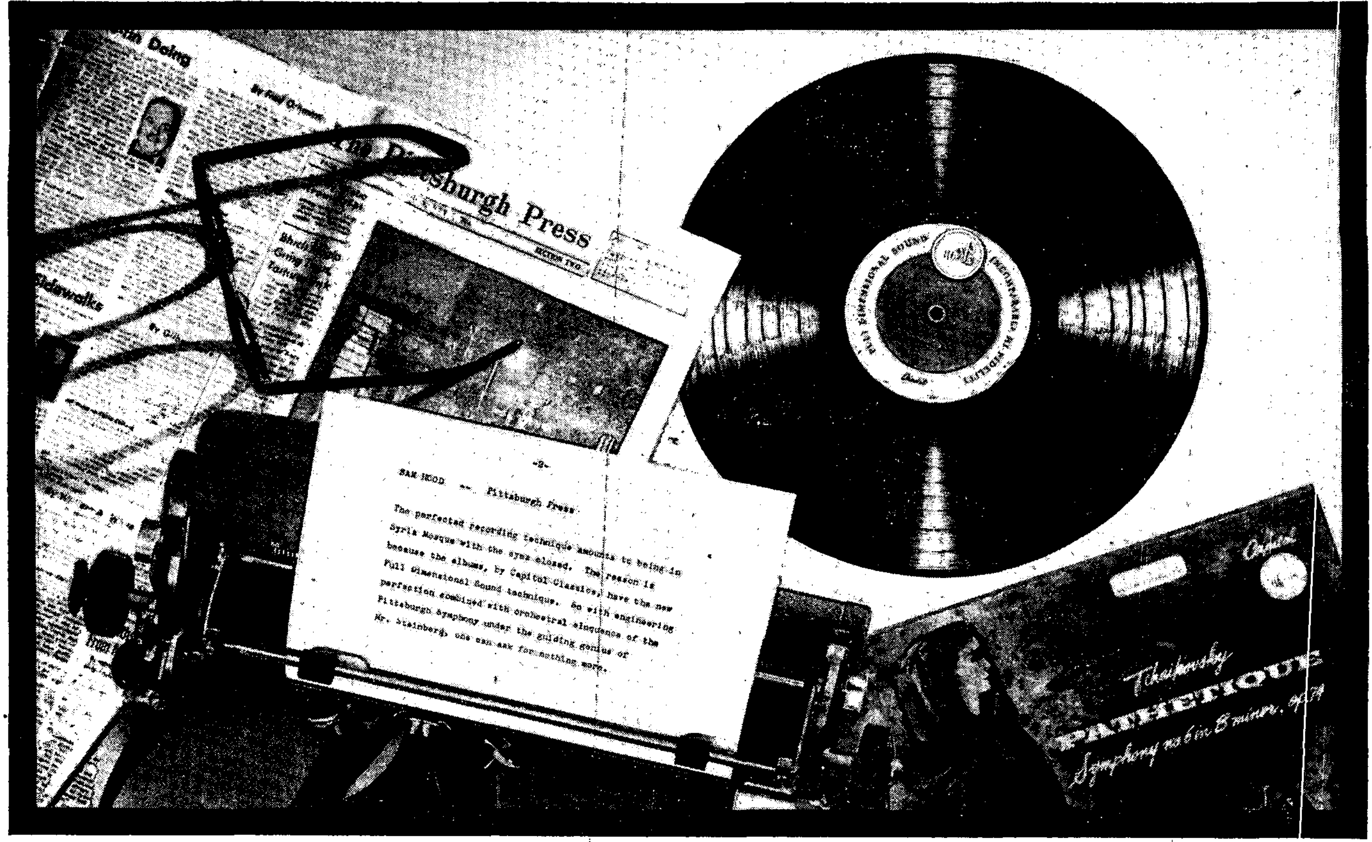
SAN FRANCISCO
Sommer & Kaufmann

PORTLAND
Armishaw's

names of stores in other cities write to Johnston & Murphy, Newark, N. J.

THE JOHNSTON & MURPHY SHOE
TRADE MARK

FIRST IN QUALITY
for over 100 years



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SAM HOOD -- Pittsburgh Press.

The perfected recording technique amounts to being in Syria Mosque with the eyes closed. The reason is because the albums, by Capitol Classics, have the Full Dimensional Sound technique. So with engineering perfection combined with orchestral eloquence of the Pittsburgh Symphony under the guiding genius of Mr. Steinberg, one can ask for nothing more.

"The perfected recording technique amounts to being in Syria Mosque with the eyes closed. The reason is because the albums, by Capitol Classics, have the Full Dimensional Sound technique." SAM HOOD—*Pittsburgh Press.*

The critics commend...

Your interest in beautiful music and high fidelity has undoubtedly turned you often to critical reviews. From just a few outstanding publications, here are the comments of leading critics on Full Dimensional Sound:

WALTER WHITWORTH—*Indianapolis News* "...the sound is the closest approximation of actual sound in the concert hall we have yet heard."

HAROLD C. SCHONBERG—*The Gramophone* "... superbly balanced, tonally smooth examples of present-day recording at its best."

R. H. HAGAN—*San Francisco Chronicle* "...just about the most brilliant acoustical experience possible..."

CLIFFORD GESSLER—*Oakland Tribune*... "These have the bright, ample, superb Full Dimensional Sound."

JOHN M. CONLY—*High Fidelity* "...sonic reproduction realistic enough to be called authentic high fidelity... a good deal rarer than people think."

B. DOROFF—*Syracuse Post-Standard*... "The Full Dimensional Sound technique is again in evidence with its characteristically realistic, full-fledged aural advantages. Capitol has made an important contribution to the cause of modern music."

So it goes from the typewriters of critics everywhere. But because you are the critic whose pleasure is of vital importance to us, listen to a Capitol Full Dimensional Sound recording. Listen critically... we are confident you'll agree with leading critics who acclaim Capitol's Full Dimensional Sound as incomparable in the field of high fidelity.

All Full Dimensional Sound records come to you in Inner Protective Envelope.

FULL DIMENSIONAL SOUND
FDS
INCOMPARABLE HI-FIDELITY
Capitol

FDS

Incomparable High Fidelity in Full Dimensional Sound

Capitol
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
RECORDS

Market tip on Macintosh

The ever-rising popularity of the *authentic* Macintosh Weathercoat is due to its exceptional versatility. Not only does this Weathercoat imported from England look as posh and proper in the financial district as on a country estate, but its staunch all-wool gabardine *also* handles winds and rains with comforting ease . . . *and* always looks like a blue chip investment when the sun comes out.

Obviously, the tailoring is traditionally London; raglan sleeves, roomy slash pockets, clean, complimentary lines.

Altogether this distinctive, *all-weather* topcoat is the best buy in the market. $65 at stores listed. Or drop a card to Robert Appleby & Company, Inc., 347 Madison Avenue, New York City.

Where to buy Macintosh

NEW YORK,	ABERCROMBIE & FITCH
Albany	W. E. Walsh & Sons
Athens, Ga.	Gunn's
Atlanta	John Jarrell, Inc.
Atlantic City, N. J.	George C. McAvoy
Baltimore	Wm. H. Lohmeyer
Berkeley, Calif.	George J. Good
Beverly, Mass.	Johnny Appleseed's
Birmingham, Ala.	Henry Porter, Inc.
Boston	Jordan Marsh
Boston	Arthur L. Johnson Co.
Brockton, Mass.	Tonis, Inc.
Buffalo	Flint & Kent
Burlingame, Calif.	Robert W. Gates
Cambridge, Mass.	Sills & Company
Carmel, Calif.	Robert Kirk, Ltd.
Carmel, Calif.	Mahar's
Chicago	Von Lengerke & Antoine
Cleveland	The Halle Bros. Co.
Colorado Springs, Colo.	MacNeil & Moore
Denver, Colorado	The Gano-Downs Co.
Detroit	Capper & Capper
Grand Haven, Mich.	Reichardt
Grand Rapids, Mich.	Mackenzie-Bostock-Monroe Co.
Hopkinsville, Ky.	Frank Cayce Company
Huntington, West Virginia	George H. Wright Co.
Indianapolis	L. Strauss & Co. Inc.
Kansas City, Mo.	Jack Henry
La Jolla, Calif.	Dutch Smith Men's Shop
Los Angeles	J. W. Robinson Co.
Los Angeles	Phelps-Terkel
Los Angeles	Boshard & Doughty
Louisville, Ky.	Roche & Roche, Inc.
Madison, Wis.	MacNeil & Moore
Martinez, Calif.	Jameson's
Miami, Florida	Eddie Stephens
Milwaukee	MacNeil & Moore
Minneapolis	Nicolas, Inc.
Monterey, Calif.	Ed Williams
New Haven	Gentree, Ltd.
New Orleans	Godchaux's
Newport, R. I.	Thompson-Forbes, Inc.
New York	Abercrombie & Fitch
Oakland, Calif.	Larry Cunningham
Omaha, Neb.	Charles J. Assmann
Pasadena, Calif.	William Taylor
Philadelphia	Jackson & Moyer
Pittsburgh	Larrimor's
Portland, Oregon	Mathis
Portland, Oregon	Ray Bolger
Providence, R. I.	Elsbree-Valleau Co. Inc.
Richmond, Va.	Berry-Burk & Co.
Sacramento, Calif.	Mayhood's
St. Louis	Boyd's
San Diego, Calif.	Lion Clothing Co.
San Francisco	Robert Kirk, Ltd.
Seattle	Littler
Spokane	Davenport Sport Shop
Springfield	Raymond White
Syracuse	Hotel Syracuse Men's Shop
Trenton, N. J.	Holland Bros.
Tucson, Arizona	MacNeil, Inc.
Washington, D. C.	Lewis & Thos. Saltz
Watertown, N. Y.	Ted Rand
Williamstown, Mass.	House of Walsh
Worcester, Mass.	Mark, Inc.

MACINTOSH

—the standard by which all ® other weathercoats are judged

have a glow of your own with

Superglow fluid make-up

containing **Lumium**

A fluorescent quality in Lumium makes the skin reflect rather than absorb light rays, giving the skin a brilliant and luminous candlelight look. This new make-up — together with Superglow face powder — gives the skin a warm loveliness that is practically incandescent. Superglow fluid make-up combines also another beautifying ingredient — G62 — which is a self-sterilizing factor.

In beautiful shades to match Superglow face powders.

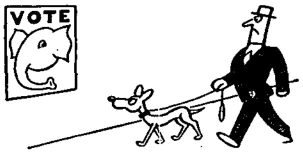
Germaine Monteil

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

IF Secretary of Defense Charles E. Wilson and President Eisenhower and all the other Republican bigwigs think that the Secretary has atoned for his bird-dog, kennel-fed-dog remark and got the Party out of a peck of trouble by his manly apology, they have to think again. We say this in no partisan spirit. We say it as a dog owner, and as a spokesman for the forty-one million dog owners of this country. (We got that figure out of the *World Almanac*, where it has nothing to do with dogs. It is, in fact, the population of France.) The Secretary, in his apology, regrets having brought up dogs when he was talking about people. He implies that people are so much better than dogs that it is wrong to compare a dog with even an unemployed person. This may well lose him—or, more precisely, his boss—the dog owners' vote, which cuts across all party lines. Dog owners don't like to have dogs mentioned in the same breath with people, but for a reason that is just the reverse of the latter-day Mr. Wilson's. They know that dogs are so much better than people as to make such a verbal juxtaposition offensive and unrealistic. Dogs are more loyal, more affectionate, and more reliable, and their attitudes are more heartwarming. As far as their forty-one million owners are concerned, the Secretary is in a doghouse midway between Scylla and Charybdis, with Pelion piled upon Ossa above his worried brow.



THE kind of person we find more interesting than most other kinds of person is the kind of person whose conversation prompts one to observe, "You never know what he's going to say next." This stimulating element of surprise is even rarer in printed sentences, so we were delighted when we recently ran across one that we feel takes the cake for all-round unexpectedness. It appears in the October, or Beauty, issue of *Harper's Bazaar*, and it has to do with what the *Bazaar* calls "the Japanese Woman." "If her grasp of contemporary art distinguishes her," it runs, "so, she knows, does the condition of her cuticles." Takes the cake, did we say? Well, we've just thought of one that *may* top it: "If the condition of her cuticles distinguishes her, so, she knows, does her grasp of contemporary art."

SHADES of Barney Barnato and Cecil Rhodes! Look at what Raymond-Whitcomb, the travel people, have dreamed up. They are celebrating their diamond jubilee next February with a ten-week cruise featuring the diamond. We have been invited to go along. "Raymond-Whitcomb Incorporated," they say, in a folder that displays an engraved diamond the size of a lima bean, "cordially invites you to participate in its Diamond Jubilee Cruise to the Lands of the Diamond," and they proceed to describe this junket as follows:

> This unique tour will visit the Kimberley Mines in South Africa; it will include a visit to Amsterdam to see the Diamond cut and polished; and we shall visit some of the most distinguished jewel designers in Paris and view their fabulous collections. In London the Crown Jewels will mark a highlight of the tour. These historic jewels include the famous Koh-i-noor Diamond and other great jewels of history, some of which were used in the Coronation of Elizabeth II.
>
> The tour will be accompanied by a leading gemologist, who will cover many interesting characteristics of the Diamond and answer your questions. He is familiar with the history of many of the great diamonds of the world.
>
> Subscription: $3250 per person based upon minimum first class steamship accommodations. Should better accommodations be desired, there will be an additional charge.

Well, we happen to have $3,250 in our change pocket, but we are going to stay right here and blow it on a galaxy of diamonds. We are going to do this on a short tour to Cartier's, seven blocks away, and we cordially invite our friends to come along. Subscription: Fifteen cents for the bus, or, should better accommodations be desired, fifty cents for a taxi, including tip. Passengers desiring a Carey car can make their own arrangements.

Artifacts

IF you love this marvellous city as much as we do, then, like us, you must often have deplored the fact that the very gusto that has made New York great has led it to ignore its past—to think nothing of wiping out in spendthrift high spirits the successive prodigious cities it has been, in order to start on the bigger, louder, brighter city it can never wait to be. Luckily, from the days when the first rocky hills were levelled and the first streams put underground, a few eccentrics have almost always been on hand to snatch from the rubble of toppled walls, the dirt of newly dug ditches, a precious souvenir. Wrapped in a newspaper, tied with string, the souvenir (a brick, a button, a pressed flower) would be tucked away at the top of a highboy or in the bottom of a chest and thus enabled to end up, decades later, in one or the other of the city's two immense collective attics—the Museum of the City of New York and the New-York Historical Society. The latter attic will be a hundred and fifty years old on the twentieth of November, and one of the features of its birthday celebration is a display, in the Society's far from atticky quarters on Central Park West, of a number of its

characteristic treasures, among them a plan of the city drawn by Lieutenant Bernard Ratzer, of the Royal American Regiment of Foot of the British Army in America, and published in 1776; a desk used by the Congress of the United States while meeting here in 1789; a chair made from timbers of the house Washington occupied during that session of Congress; a painting of a couple of forts built during the War of 1812 at McGown's Pass, in what is now Central Park, to repel possible British sorties from the north; and a note in Jenny Lind's bold hand, admitting two to a concert she gave at a local hall in 1850.

Having stopped in at the Society to admire this birthday exhibition, we were lured on from gallery to gallery by other rare and homely artifacts, to which we responded like a child running from one ancient family trunk to the next and prizing up their cobwebbed lids. What on earth are these? Why, the buff knee breeches worn by an eighteenth-century doctor named Samuel Alexander McCoskry. And this? The remains of a lead equestrian statue of George III that stood on Bowling Green and was pulled down by soldiers during the Revolution. Over here is the broad, roughhewn camp cot Washington slept on, or tried to sleep on, throughout the war; here the stylish carriage the Beekman family rode about the city in a short while later; and here a white kid glove worn by a Miss Buddy at the ball given in honor of General Lafayette at Castle Garden on September 14, 1824. But there is no end of wonders—from Duncan Phyfe's tool chest and the big brass bell of the Clermont to buttons off the uniform of Captain James Lawrence and an inky broadside proclaiming that on October 26th, 1826, "Mr. Eugene Robertson in his superb balloon will make his last ascension, accompanied by a young lady"—and to catch the merest skimming glimpse of all of them would take a month of rainy afternoons.

As for the Society that has cherished these wonders for so long, it was founded when the city had seventy thousand inhabitants and extended from the Battery to Houston Street, and its early membership included John Adams, Thomas Jefferson, Charles Willson Peale, Noah Webster, Washington Irving, James Monroe, and Robert Fulton. Daniel Webster was an occasional speaker at Society affairs. The Society is distinguished for being both scholarly and convivial, and it likes to give commemorative banquets whenever an appropriate excuse can be found for them. Two of its pleasantest traditions are a Saint Nicholas Day party, held every year on December 6th, and a Strawberry Festival, held every year in June. At a dinner celebrating the Society's fiftieth anniversary, the historian George Bancroft spoke for an hour and a half on "The Necessity, the Reality, and the Promise of the Progress of the Human Race." The *Times* described the speech as "methodical in its argument, polished in its language, abounding in striking sentiments happily expressed, but somewhat too abstract and vague in its speculations to carry thorough conviction to the general mind." The Society published the speech in a pamphlet, and its first edition, after a hundred years, is not yet exhausted. The pamphlet may be had for ten cents a copy.

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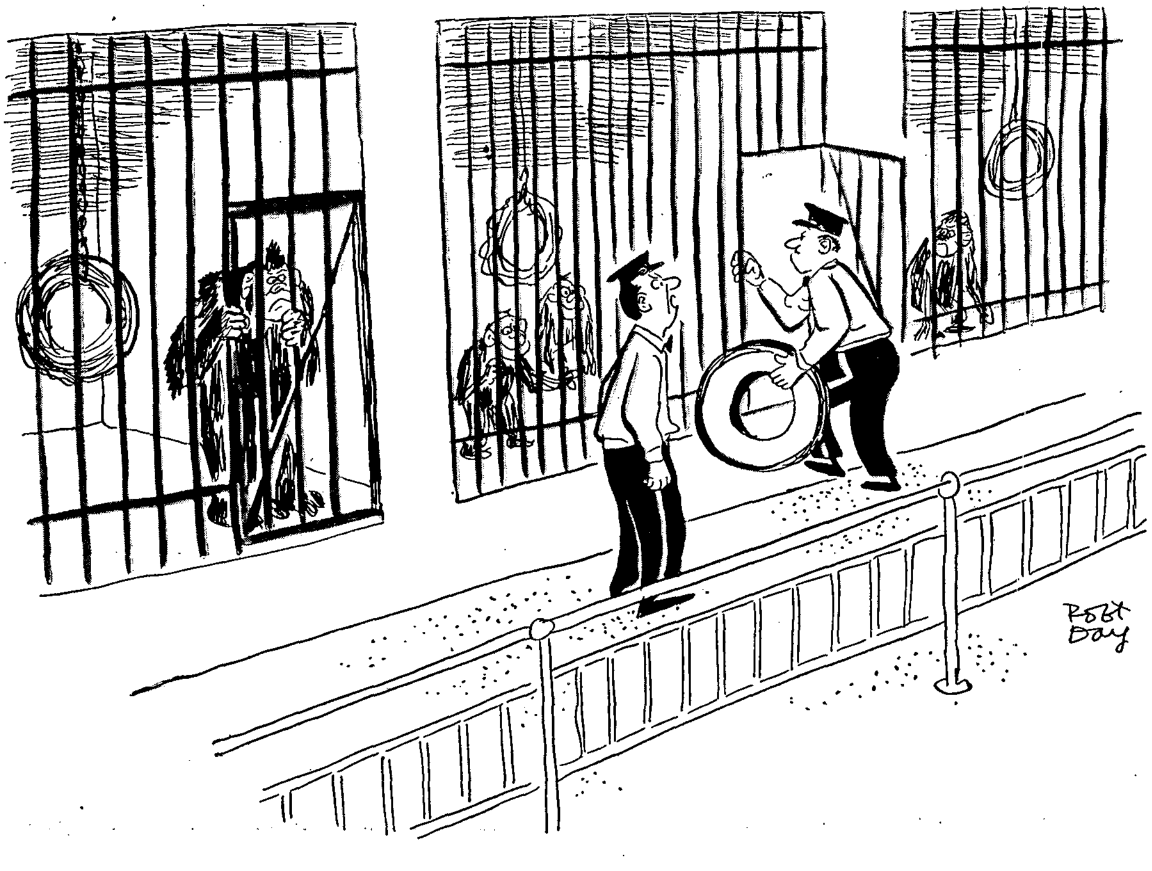
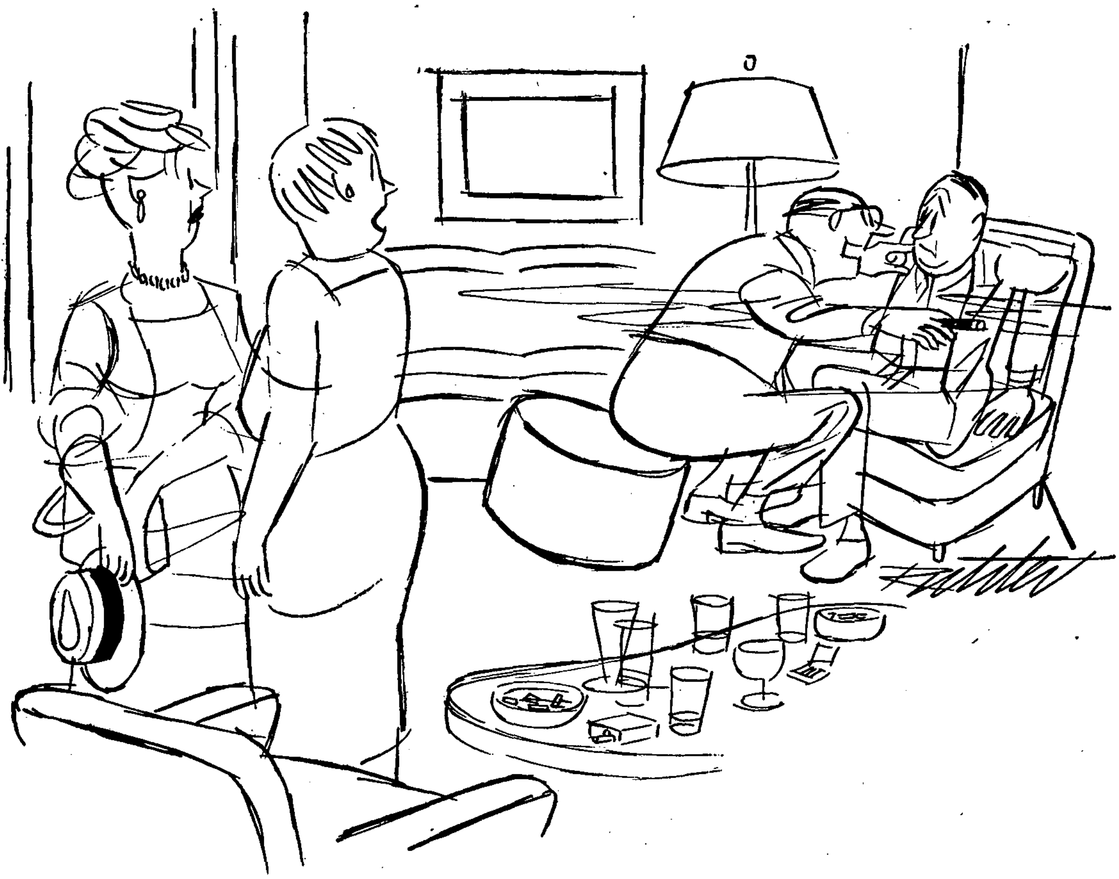
WASHINGTON INTELLIGENCE: There's a Miss Bo-Peep Lee listed in the Washington telephone book.

New-Style G.P.s

WE went to the Plaza the other afternoon to visit the annual meeting of the Academy of Psychosomatic Medicine, and found the progressive medicos, some seventy-five strong, in perfectly splendid fettle. When we arrived at the Crystal Room, an illustrated lecture on "Hypnosis in Obstetrics," by Dr. William S. Kroger, of Chicago, was in progress. "Hypnosis is psychological anesthesia," declared Dr. Kroger. When this session broke up, we fell in with Dr. William Kaufman, president of the Academy, who told us that he is an internist and that he practices in Bridgeport. We asked him what's new in psychosomatic medicine, and he replied that the Academy is, for one thing. It was founded a year ago, by a group of doctors who felt that an existing organization, the American Psychosomatic Society, was too Freudian. The Academy now has nearly a hundred members, including surgeons, internists, pediatricians, obstetricians, and a sprinkling of psychiatrists. "We're not *anti*-Freudian; we just don't want to be doctrinaire," Dr. Kaufman said. "Many of our mem-



"I'm against it. Give one a white-wall and they'll all want white-walls."



"He should have known better than to ask him 'How's business?'"

bers are also A.P.S. men. Our aim is to break down the communication barriers between specialists and educate the medical profession in the psychosomatic approach. The theme of this meeting is 'The Psychosomatic Aspects of Surgery.' Some surgeons, unfortunately, are practically uneducable; they insist on operating without adequate pre- and post-operative emotional care. At next year's meeting, our topic will be the psychosomatic aspects of drugs. In 1956, it will be endocrinology." Dr. Kaufman paused to blow his nose. "Excuse me," he said. "Mild respiratory symptoms, due to nervous tension."

Dr. Kaufman then told us that, the day's formal session being over, an informal gathering for cocktails was getting under way in the White and Gold Suite, right across the hall, and invited us to go over there and mingle. We accepted eagerly, and were presently in the thick of a good-sized room full of Academy members and guests. "My interpretation is that Kroger was traumatized in early childhood by a tent-show hypnotist," a doctor near us remarked jovially. We moved on, and came to a tall, white-haired doctor who was standing with a man whose lapel tag identified him as Dr. Alfred J. Cantor, of Flushing. "Seeing is not necessarily believing," said the white-haired doctor. "Most things are the bunk." He lapsed into silence. We asked Dr. Cantor to tell us about himself. "I'm a proctologic surgeon," said Dr. Cantor. "I'm interested in general semantics. I try to get my patients to react to scare words like 'operation' and 'hospital' on the cortical instead of the thalamic level. I'm also a believer in vocal anesthesia, and a surgical disc jockey. While I operate, I argue politics with the patient and spin records."

Dr. Cantor then introduced us to a young doctor named Robert Turfboer, who practices on the island of Aruba, in the Netherlands West Indies. We inquired how psychosomatic medicine stands on Aruba.

"It's in its infancy there," replied Dr. Turfboer. "A great stride has been made recently, though. Native patients now pay a little bit for psychiatric guidance. If you don't pay for psychiatry, it doesn't do you as much good. That sounds like a self-protective device, but it's a scientific fact. Since I got here, I've met half the psychiatrists and psychosomaticists in New York City. Many brilliant people, and some very peculiar ones."

"Psychiatrists have their humility," declared Dr. Arthur N. Foxe, a local psychiatrist, who had wandered up. "It's what I would call a humorous humility."

Dr. Foxe then remarked that one of his patients had lately taken to asking for tea and crumpets during their sessions, and that he had been forced to tell her that he did not know how to make crumpets. Several Academy men came forward with recipes, and we drifted over to a doctor who told us, a little querulously, "I thought my patients would miss me while I was at the meeting today, but when I called in, there was only one message. It was from my son, asking permission to use the car over the weekend."

We offered sympathy, proceeded past a doctor who was asserting "I have my *own* school," and struck up a conversation with Dr. Bernard B. Raginsky, of Montreal, one of the Academy's founders. "In my opinion, psychosomatics is a process of getting away from the specialist and back to the general practitioner," said Dr. R. "I'm certified as a specialist in psychiatry, medicine, and anesthesia. When you get enough specialties, you're a country doctor again."

On our way out, we ran into our white-haired friend, who said, "Statistics prove nothing. You can look into a microscope and see what's not there. But pay no attention. I'm full of anxiety-forming notions."

Add Improvisations

THE wife of a man who is addicted to dashing, open foreign cars—death on the female coiffure—has solved her problem adroitly. Whenever they drive out together, she puts on her small son's space helmet, and arrives at their destination with every hair of her pretty head in place.

Lady Broker

THE list of active lady partners in brokerage houses trading on the Stock Exchange is tiny—there are only five, we've learned—so it was with a sense of capturing a *rara avis* that we recently called on Mrs. Margaret E. Kennedy, an active partner in Seligman, Lubetkin & Co., of 30 Pine Street. A number of ladies are *limited* partners in various firms around town; that is, they own an interest in the business, generally inherited from a husband, but they do no work, and, indeed, never even show up. Mrs. Kennedy does work, and shows up every day; she had shown up in a bright-red hat on the order of a rooster's comb on the day *we* showed up. She told us she was born in Kansas City, Missouri, and dived into the world of finance at eight, in her father's law office. "Dad specialized in insurance and tax law, and was very much interested in securities," she said. "He made and lost several fortunes. He and I were very close. I went to his office after school, and he taught me to make charts of security-price movements. In 1927, when I was fourteen, he gave up his practice, moved to New York, and established the *Wall Street Analyst*. I stayed on in Kansas City to finish school, got married, and didn't join him until 1934. Then I wrote analyses of different securities for him and interviewed executives about corporations." In 1937, she became assistant to the investment director of the Henry Phipps Estates and installed a bangup chart system based on her preteen experience. The year 1942 found her the first woman account executive of Van Strum & Towne, an investment-counsel firm; the year 1949 the first woman vice-president of the Distributors Group, a large sponsor of mutual funds; and the year 1951 the founder of the Margaret Kennedy Company, which she dissolved late in 1952 in order to become a partner in Seligman, Lubetkin. "I was the first woman wholesaler of mutual funds," she said. "Responsible for the management of many millions of dollars. Territory—Maine to Florida. We sold mutual-fund shares to investment dealers. It's a package form of investment, you know—ideally suited to many investors."

Mrs. Kennedy goes on the road a lot, describing the virtues of mutual funds, and of their local distributors, to Rotary and ladies' clubs. "I emphasize that your investment consultant is as much a family adviser as the family doctor," she said. "I have seen many tragedies experienced by women who never made changes in the lists of securities left them by their husbands. Some of these women have let fortunes literally vanish by not knowing where to go. Others have been taken in by schemes that would not appeal to a businessman. I have a strong conviction that money plays an important part in family relationships and that we would be better parents and citizens if we talked frankly about money. Don't take a flyer on this and a flyer on that. Your investments must be suited to you psychologically. I've preached this gospel from coast to coast. I think that if Wall Street is going to win the respect of Main Street, we must tell Main Street what we can do for it and what we cannot do for it."

Seligman, Lubetkin's lady partner, who is a widow, has supported her two children for many years. She has a large financial library in her home, which is in Queens, and a tremendous collection of magazines, dating from the eighteen-thirties. "They give you a perspective," she said. "Doom has always been just around the corner. I have the first issue of *Punch*. Now I'm writing a book about what fun money can be. It's tentatively called 'Money in Your Family.' I think men *want* to tell their wives what to do about money when they're dead, if only the wives will listen. Some women are funny about money. One told me she wanted to buy securities in her maiden name, so her husband couldn't get them. Don't you think that's cute?"

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OVERHEARD at the Coq Rouge, one young matron to another, during the consommé: "Oh, she's an excellent maid, but she's so damn stuffy."

Rin IV

BY sheer coincidence, we interviewed a dog last week. The interview was completely nonpolitical, and the dog was the proud, tall, long, four-year-old, hundred-pound, gray-and-white great-grandson of the original Rin Tin Tin. He is technically Rin Tin Tin IV, but he is known professionally as Rin Tin Tin, and he was in town to help launch a new weekly series of filmed television programs on which he appears. We met up with him in the Century Room of the Hotel Commodore one morning last week, where he was guest of honor at a milk, ice-cream, and cooky party for young people. We arrived outside the Century Room shortly after ten-thirty, and were handed a stunning button picturing the dog himself, a comic book called "Rin Tin Tin and the Deer People" ("Wuff!," "Yark!," "Yark Yark!," "Sniff!," "Grr-rrr!," and so on), a box of animal crackers, and a photograph of Rin and a small boy who was wearing cowboy boots. Thus equipped, we entered the Century Room, where several hundred extremely well-behaved children were seated at small tables, drinking milk and munching animal crackers. We sat down at a table alongside one of Rin's publicity agents, a lady who was munching crackers, too. She offered us a cracker, but we said we'd have one of our own. Rin Tin Tin suddenly appeared, on a leash, at the other end of which walked a militarily erect gentleman with close-cropped hair. The children burst into applause, and the dog looked pleased. "That's Lee Duncan, Rin's owner and trainer," said the publicity lady. "The dog knows only one master—Lee Duncan. Behind them are Lee Duncan's daughter and Lee Duncan's wife." Children swarmed about Mr. Duncan and Rin, as man and dog wended their way through the room. Children patted the dog and kissed him, and several picked up his paws and shook them heartily. The dog seemed delighted. He neither flinched nor faltered, and his repose and dignity would have done honor to a saint. Mr. Duncan and Rin took up a post in the middle of the room, and the lights were dimmed. We ate another animal cracker.

Onto a small screen at the far end of the room flashed a film of Rin Tin Tin and a boy called Rusty. All hell broke loose on an Army post somewhere in the old West. An Indian called Fermillac was leader of a tribe that wanted to raid the fort. There were many fights, interspersed with commercials that showed Rusty eating his Shredded Wheat and Rin eating his dog food ("Milk Bone for his teeth!"). When the film ended and the lights went on, the children swarmed around Rin again. Mr. Duncan said that if the children were patient, each and every one of them could have his picture taken with Rin. The dog's equanimity throughout this ordeal was marvellous to behold. "No chance of setting up a private interview with the dog now," said the publicity lady, "but Mrs. Duncan has the bio in her head." We sat down beside Mrs. Duncan, who told us that her husband had discovered the first Rin Tin Tin in a dugout during the Saint-Mihiel drive, in World War I. "He found two German shepherds, and called one Nanette and the other Rin Tin Tin, after those yarn dolls that fliers wore as good-luck charms during the war. Nanette and Rin Tin Tin were legendary lovers who survived the bombardment of a French village. Lee brought both dogs back to New

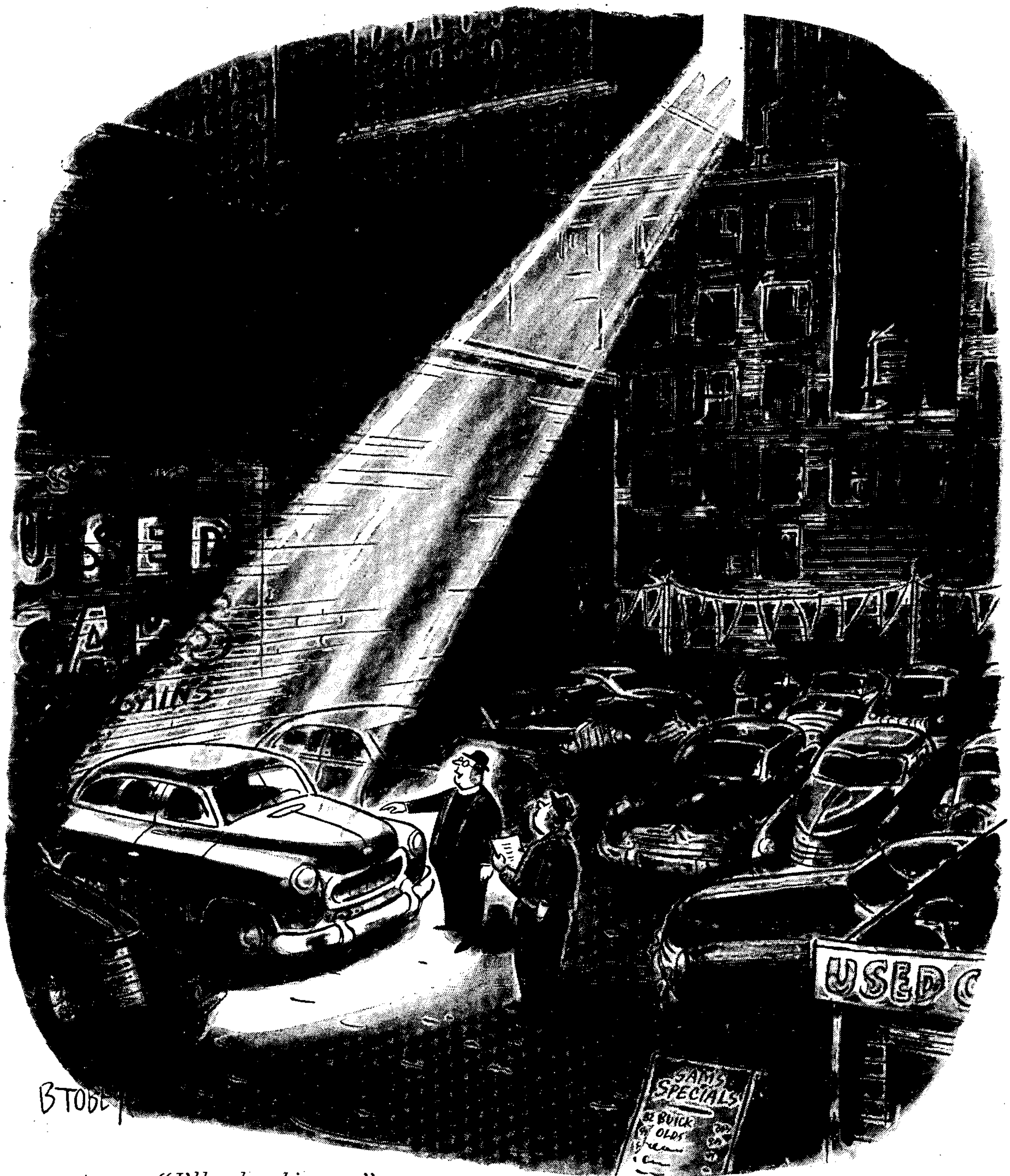
York, but Nanette died. Rin took to the cameras. You could see it in his eyes, when the cameras started to whir. He was dark in shade, and they always had trouble with the lighting. He made twenty-two pictures for Warner's and died at fourteen in 1932, of a tooth infection. He's buried in Beverly Hills. Rin, Jr., continued the movie-making tradition; he died in 1941 of natural causes. Rin III went into war work—the K-9 corps. He guarded airplanes."

We ate another animal cracker. "This Rin is a ranch dog," continued Mrs. Duncan. "He's a wonderful dog, but we don't use him for all the scenes. We have a dog called Little Rin who does the long runs and jumps. Rin IV is a heavy eater and a hard worker. We have a ranch at Riverside, California—twenty-five acres—but when Lee and Rin are working, they go up to the San Fernando Valley and get back home for weekends. We keep Rin in the house a good deal, now that he's working. He has a fine future ahead of him. We leave him alone at night when we go out—no need for a sitter. When he lies down, the way he's doing now, he isn't bored, he's listening." We learned, further, that Rin had had a busy couple of days since arriving in New York. He was met at LaGuardia Field by a Chihuahua, went to the Hotel New Weston, signed the register, went to his room, ordered food from room service, and took a nap. He appeared on the television program "I've Got a Secret," and Faye Emerson discovered his secret (that he was the great-grandson of a famous movie actor). He had dinner at the Stork Club but didn't like the roast beef. He drank milk out of a champagne glass. He pushed a molting goose called Susie down Broadway in a baby carriage.

The picture-taking was completed, and we walked over to meet Rin face to face. Mr. Duncan told him to lift his right paw, and he did so, with grace. Mr. Duncan told him to lift his left paw, and he did so, with grace. "I push a muscle in the neck to get either the right or left paw," said Mr. Duncan. "Read for the gentleman," said Mr. Duncan, climbing onto a chair and holding a copy of the *Times* in front of the dog. "He only reads if I am standing above him," said Mr. Duncan. The dog began to read, from a London dispatch. "Arf, arf, arf!" read Rin Tin Tin. We thanked Mr. Duncan and the dog. They smiled at us pleasantly, and we departed.

Responsibility

A CHEERFUL gaffer whose eyesight is failing has told us about what happened to him the other day when he asked a fellow-pedestrian to help him cross a busy street. He received no reply, and no reply when he repeated his request, but as the traffic light turned green, the silent one grasped his arm and, with what felt to him like extraordinary caution, steered him safely across. The gaffer thanked him, and his pilot said, "I'm drunk."

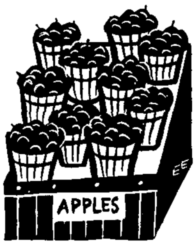


"I'll take this one."

THE DAY THE PIG FELL INTO THE WELL

IN the summer, when the Nudd family gathered at Whitebeach Camp, in the Adirondacks, there was always a night when one of them would ask, "Remember the day the pig fell into the well?" Then, as if the opening note of a sextet had been sounded, the others would all rush in to take their familiar parts, like those families who sing Gilbert and Sullivan, and the recital would go on for an hour or more. The perfect days—and there had been hundreds of them—seemed to have passed into their consciousness without a memory, and they returned to this chronicle of small disasters as if it were the genesis of summer.

The famous pig had belonged to Randy Nudd. He had won it at the fair in Lanchester and brought it home, and he was planning to build a pen for it, but Pamela Blaisdell telephoned, and he put the pig in the tool shed and drove over to the Blaisdell place in the old Cadillac. Russell Young was playing tennis with Esther Nudd. An Irishwoman named Nora Quinn was the cook that year. Mrs. Nudd's sister, Aunt Martha, had gone to the village of Macabit to get some cuttings from a friend, and Mr. Nudd was planning to take the launch across to Polett's Landing and bring her back after lunch. A Miss Coolidge was expected for dinner and the weekend. Mrs. Nudd had known her at school in Switzerland thirty years earlier. Miss Coolidge had written Mrs. Nudd to say that she was staying with friends in Glens Falls and could she pay a visit to her old schoolmate? Mrs. Nudd hardly remembered her and did not care about seeing her at all, but she wrote and asked her for the weekend. Though it was the middle of July, from daybreak a blustering northwest wind had been upsetting everything in the house and roaring in the trees like a storm. When you got out of the wind, if you could, the sun was hot.



In these events of the day the pig fell into the well, there was one other principal who was not a member of the family—Russell Young. Russell's father owned the hardware store in Macabit, and the Youngs were a respected native family. Mrs. Young worked as a cleaning woman for a month each spring, opening the summer houses, but her position was not menial. Russell met the Nudds through the boys—Hartley and Randall—and when he was quite young, he began to spend a lot of time at their camp. He was a year or two older than the Nudd boys, and in a way Mrs. Nudd entrusted the care of her sons to him. Russell was the same age as Esther Nudd and a year younger than Joan. Esther Nudd, at the beginning of this friendship, was a very fat girl. Joan was pretty and spent most of her time in front of the mirror. Esther and Joan adored Randy and gave him money from their allowances to buy paint for his boat, but otherwise there was not much rapport between the sexes. Hartley Nudd was disgusted with his sisters. "I saw Esther yesterday in the bathhouse, naked," he would tell anyone, "and she's got these big rolls of fat around her stomach like I don't know what. She's an awful-looking thing. And Joan is dirty. You ought to see her room. I don't see why anyone wants to take a dirty person like that to a dance."

But they were all much older than this on the day they liked to remember. Russell had graduated from the local high school and gone off to college in Albany, and in the summer of his freshman year he had worked for the Nudds, doing odd jobs around the place. The fact that he was paid a salary did not change his relationship to the family, and he remained good friends with Randall and Hartley. In a way, Russell's character and background seemed to be the dominant ones, and the Nudd boys returned to New York imitating his north-country accent. On the other hand, Russell went with the children on all their picnics to Hewitt's Point, he climbed the mountains and went fishing with them, he went to the square dances at the Town Hall with them, and in doing these things he learned from the Nudds an interpretation of the summer months that he would not have known as a native. He had no misgivings about so ingenuous and pleasing an influence, and he drove with the Nudds over the mountain roads in the old Cadillac, and shared with them the feeling that the clear light of July and August was imparting something rare to all their minds and careers. If the Nudds never referred to the difference between Russell's social position and theirs, it was because the very real barriers that they otherwise observed had been let down for the summer months—because the country, with the sky pouring its glare over the mountains onto the lake, seemed a seasonal paradise in which the strong and the weak, the rich and the poor, lived together peaceably.

THE summer the pig fell into the well was also Esther's tennis summer and the summer that she became so thin. Esther had been very fat when she entered college, but during her freshman year she had begun the arduous—and, in her case, successful—struggle to put on a new appearance and a new personality. She went on a strict diet, and played twelve and fourteen sets of tennis a day, and her chaste, athletic, and earnest manner never relaxed. Russell was her tennis partner that summer. Mrs. Nudd had offered Russell a job again that summer, but instead he had taken a job with a dairy farmer, delivering milk. The Nudds supposed that he wanted to be independent, and they understood, for they all had Russell's best interests at heart. They took a familial pride in the fact that he had finished his sophomore year on the Dean's list. As it turned out, the job with the dairy farmer changed nothing. Russell was finished with his milk route at ten in the morning, and he spent most of the summer playing tennis with Esther. He often stayed to supper.

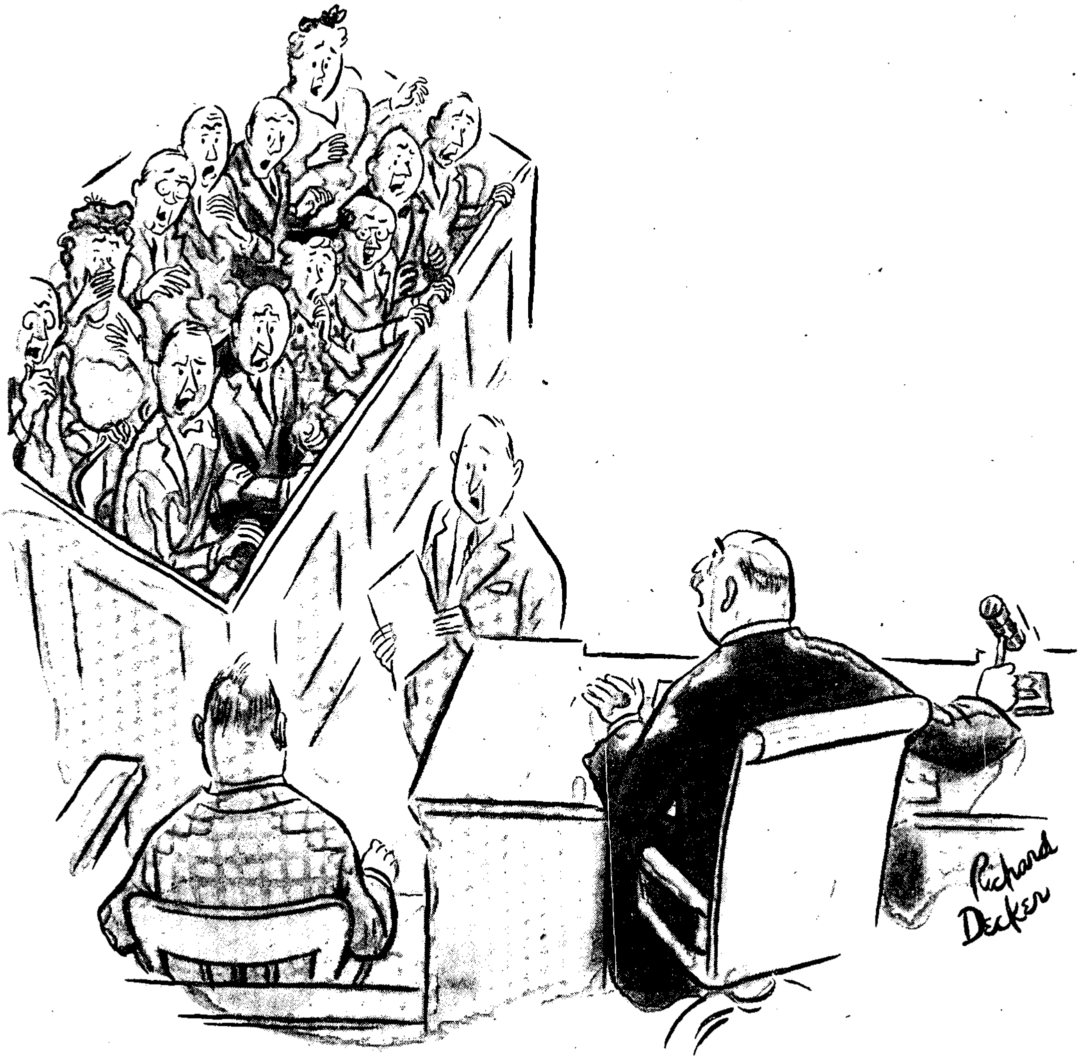
They were playing tennis that afternoon when Nora came running through the garden and told them that the pig had got out of the tool house and fallen into the well. Someone had left the door of the well shed open. Russell and Esther went over to the well and found the animal swimming in six feet of water. Russell made a slipknot in a clothesline and began fishing for the pig. In the meantime, Mrs. Nudd was waiting for Miss Coolidge to arrive, and Mr. Nudd and Aunt Martha were coming back from Polett's Landing in the launch. There were high waves on the lake, and the boat rolled, and some sediment was dislodged from the gas tank and plugged the feed line. The wind blew the disabled boat onto Gull Rock and put a hole in her bow. Mr. Nudd and Aunt Martha put on life jackets and swam the twenty yards or so to shore.

MR. NUDD's part in the narration was restrained (Aunt Martha was dead), and he did not join in until he was asked. "Was Aunt Martha *really* praying?" Joan would ask, and he would clear his throat to say—his manner was extremely dry and deliberate—"She was indeed, Joany. She was saying the Lord's Prayer. She had never, up until then, been a notably religious woman, but I'm sure that she could be heard praying from the shore."

"Was Aunt Martha *really* wearing corsets?" Joan would ask.

"Well, I should say so, Joany," Mr. Nudd would reply. "When she and I came up onto the porch where your mother and Miss Coolidge were having their tea, the water was still pouring from our clothes in bucketfuls, and Aunt Martha had on very little that couldn't be seen."

Mr. Nudd had inherited from his father a wool concern, and he always wore a full woollen suit, as if he were advertising the business. He spent the whole summer in the country the year the pig fell into the well—not because his business was running itself but because of quarrels with his partners. "There's no sense in my going back to New York now," he kept saying. "I'll stay up here until September and give those sons of bitches enough rope to hang themselves." The cupidity of his partners and associates frustrated Mr. Nudd. "You know, Charlie Richmond doesn't have any principles," he would say to Mrs. Nudd desperately and yet hopelessly, as if he did not expect his wife to understand business, or as if the impact of cupidity was indescribable. "He doesn't have any ethics," he would go on, "he doesn't have any code of morals or manners, he doesn't have any principles, he doesn't think about anything but making money." Mrs. Nudd seemed to understand. It was her opinion that people like that killed themselves. She had known a man like that. He had worked day and night making money. He ruined his partners and betrayed his friends and broke the hearts of his sweet wife and adorable children, and then, after making millions and millions of dollars, he went down to his office one Sunday afternoon and jumped out of the window.



"The jury will disregard the witness's last statement."

HARTLEY's part in the story about the pig centered on a large pike he had caught that day, and Randy didn't enter into the narrative until close to its end. Randy had been fired out of college that spring. He and six friends had gone to a lecture on Socialism, and one of them had thrown a grapefruit at the speaker. Randy and the others refused to name the man who had thrown the grapefruit, and they were all expelled. Mr. and Mrs. Nudd were disheartened by this, but they were pleased with the way Randy had behaved. In the end, this experience made Randy feel like a celebrity and increased his already substantial self-respect. The fact that he had been expelled from college, that he was going to work in Boston in the fall, made him feel superior to the others.

The story did not begin to take on weight until a year after the pig incident, and already in this short time alterations had been made in its form. Esther's part changed in Russell's favor. She would interrupt the others to praise Russell. "You were so wonderful, Russell. How did you *ever* learn to make a slipknot? By *Jupiter*, if it hadn't been for Russell, I'll bet that pig would still be in the well." The year before, Esther and Russell had kissed a few times, and had decided that even if they fell in love they could never marry. He would not leave Macabit. She could not live there. They had reached these conclusions during Esther's tennis summer, when her kisses, like everything else, were earnest and chaste. The following summer, she seemed as anxious to lose her virginity as she had been to lose her corpulence. Something—Russell never knew what—had happened in the winter to make her ashamed of her inexperience.

She talked about sex when they were alone. Russell had got the idea that her chastity was of great value, and he was the one who had to be persuaded, but then he lost his head quickly and went up the back stairs to her room. After they had become lovers, they continued to talk about how they could never marry, but the impermanence of their relationship did not seem to matter, as if this, like everything else, had been enlightened by the innocent and transitory season. Esther refused to make love in any place but her own bed, but her room was at the back of the house and could be reached by the kitchen stairs, and Russell never had any trouble in getting there without being seen. Like all the other rooms of the camp, it was unfinished. The pine boards were fragrant and darkened, a reproduction of a Degas and a photograph of Zermatt were tacked to the walls, the bed was lumpy, and on those summer nights, with the June bugs making the screens resound, with the heat of the day still caught in the boards of the old camp, with the parched smell of her light-brown hair, with her goodness and her slenderness in his arms, Russell felt that this happiness was inestimable.

They thought that everyone would find out, and that they were lost. Esther did not regret what she had done, but she didn't know how it would end. They kept waiting for trouble, and when nothing happened, they were perplexed. Then she decided one night that everyone must know about it, but that everyone understood. The thought that her parents were young enough at heart to understand this passion as innocent and natural made Esther cry. "Aren't they *wonderful* people, darling?" she asked Russell. "Did you *ever* know such *wonderful* people. I mean they were brought up so *strictly*, and all of their friends are terribly *stuffy*, and isn't it wonderful that they *understand*?" Russell agreed. His respect for the Nudds was deepened by the thought that they could overlook convention for something larger. But both Esther and Russell were mistaken, of course. No one spoke to them about their meetings because no one knew about them. It never once occurred to Mr. and Mrs. Nudd that anything like that was going on.

THE fall before, Joan had married suddenly, and gone out to Minneapolis to live. The marriage did not last. She was in Reno by April, and had her divorce in time to return to Whitebeach Camp for the summer. She was still a pretty girl, with a long face and fair hair. No one had expected her to return, and the things in her room had been scattered. She kept looking for her pictures and her books, her rugs and her chairs. When she joined the others on the porch after supper, she would ask a lot of questions. "Has anyone a match?" "Is there an ashtray over there?" "Is there any coffee left?" "Are we going to have drinks?" "Is there an extra pillow around?" Hartley was the only one to answer her questions kindly.

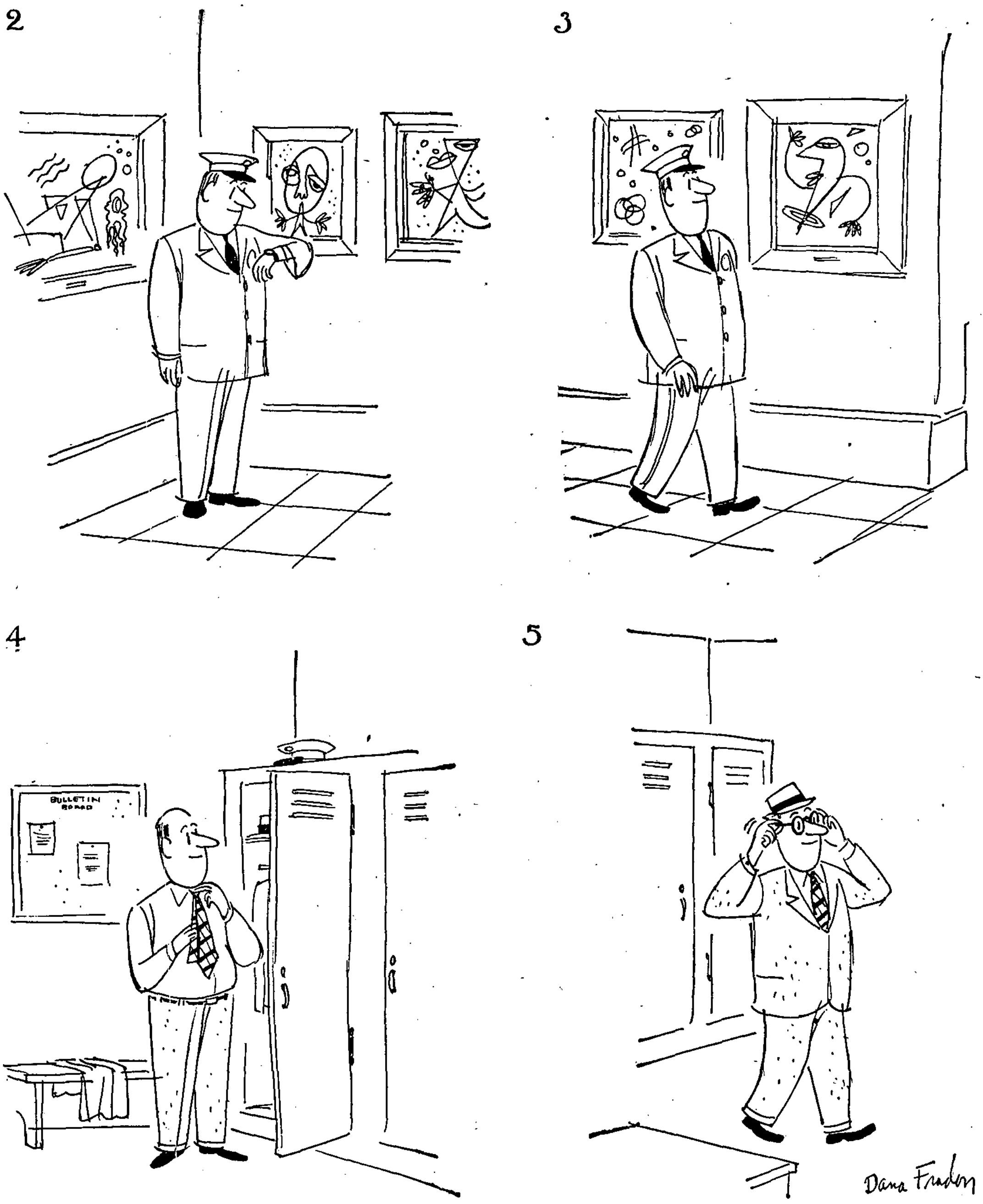
Randy and his wife were there for two weeks. Randy still borrowed money from his sisters. Pamela was a slight, dark girl who did not get on with Mrs. Nudd at all. She had been brought up in Chicago, and Mrs. Nudd, who had spent all her life in the East, sometimes thought that this might account for their differences. "I want the *truth*," Pamela often said to Mrs. Nudd, as if she suspected her mother-in-law of telling lies. "Do you think pink looks well on me?" she would ask. "I want the *truth*." She disapproved of Mrs. Nudd's management of Whitebeach Camp, and on one occasion tried to do something about the waste that she saw everywhere. Behind Mrs. Nudd's garden there was a large currant patch, which the hired man mulched and pruned every year, although the Nudds disliked currants and never picked them. One morning, a truck came up the driveway and four men, strangers, went into the patch. The maid told Mrs. Nudd, and she was on the point of asking Randy to drive the strangers away when Pamela came in and explained everything. "The currants are rotting," she said, "so I told the man in the grocery store that he could pick them if he'd pay us fifteen cents a quart. I hate to see waste . . ." This incident troubled Mrs. Nudd and everyone else, although they could not have said why.

BUT at its heart that summer was like all the others. Russell and "the children" went to Sherill's Falls, where the water is gold; they climbed Macabit Mountain; and they went fishing at Bates's Pond. Because these excursions were yearly, they had begun to seem like rites. After supper, the family would go out onto the open porch. Often there would be pink clouds in the sky. "I just saw the cook throw out a dish of cauliflower," Pamela would say to Mrs. Nudd. "I'm not in a position to correct her, but I hate to see waste. Don't you?" Or Joan would ask, "Has anyone seen my yellow sweater? I'm sure I left it at the bathhouse but I've just been down there and I can't find it. Did anyone bring it back? That's the second sweater I've lost this year." Then for a time no one would speak, as if they had all been unshackled by the evening from the stern laws of conversation, and when the talk began again it would continue to be trifling; it would involve the best ways of calking a boat, or the difference in comfort between buses and trolley cars, or the shortest ways of driving into Canada. The darkness would come into the soft air as thickly as silt. Then someone, speaking of the sky, would remind Mrs. Nudd of how red the sky had been the night the pig fell into the well.

"You were playing tennis with Esther, weren't you, Russell? That was Esther's tennis summer. Didn't you win the pig at the fair in Lanchester, Randy? You won it at one of those things where you throw baseballs at a target. You were always *such* a good athlete."

The pig, they all knew, had been won in a raffle, but no one corrected Mrs. Nudd for her slight alteration in the narrative. She had recently begun to praise Randy for distinctions that he had never enjoyed. This was not conscious on her part, and she would have been confused if anyone had contradicted her, but now she would often recall how well he had done in German, how popular he had been in boarding school, how important he had been to the football team—all false, good-hearted memories that seemed aimed at Randy, as if they might hearten him. "You were going to build a pen for the pig," she said. "You were always *such* a good carpenter. Remember that bookcase you built? Then Pamela called you up, and you drove over there in the old Cadillac."

MISS COOLIDGE had arrived on that famous day at four, they all remembered. She was a spinster from the Middle West who made a living as a church soloist. There was nothing remarkable about her, but she was, of course, very different from the easy-going family, and it pleased them to think that they excited her disapproval.



When she had been settled, Mrs. Nudd took her out onto the porch and Nora Quinn brought them some tea. After Nora served the tea, she took a bottle of Scotch out of the dining room surreptitiously and went up to her attic and began to drink. Hartley returned from the lake with his seven-pound pike in a pail. He put this in the back hall and joined his mother and Miss Coolidge, attracted by the cookies on the table. Miss Coolidge and Mrs. Nudd were recalling school days in Switzerland when Mr. Nudd and Aunt Martha, fully dressed and soaking wet, came up onto the porch and were introduced. The pig had drowned by this time, and Russell didn't get it out of the well until suppertime. Hartley loaned him a razor and a white shirt, and he stayed for supper. The pig was not mentioned in front of Miss Coolidge, but there was a lot of talk at the table about how salty the water tasted. After supper, they all went out on the porch. Aunt Martha had hung her corsets to dry in her bedroom window, and when she went upstairs to see how they were drying, she noticed the sky and called down to the others to look at it. "Look at the sky, everybody, *look* at the sky!" A moment earlier, the clouds had been shut; now they began to discharge worlds of fire. The glare that spread over the lake was blinding. "Oh, look at the sky, Nora!" Mrs. Nudd called upstairs to the cook, but by the time Nora, who was drunk, got to the window, the illusion of fire had gone and the clouds were dull, and, thinking that she might have misunderstood Mrs. Nudd, she went to the head of the stairs to ask if there was something they wanted. She fell down the stairs and upset the pail with the live pike in it.

AT this point in the story, Joan and Mrs. Nudd laughed until they wept. They all laughed happily except Pamela, who was waiting impatiently for her part in the narrative. It came immediately after the fall downstairs. Randy had stayed at the Blaisdells for supper and had returned to the camp with Pamela while Hartley and Russell were trying to get Nora into bed. They had news for everybody, they said; they had decided to get married. Mrs. Nudd had never wanted Randy to marry Pamela, and their news made her sad, but she kissed Pamela tenderly and went upstairs to get a diamond ring. "Oh, it's beautiful!" Pamela said when she was given the ring. "But don't you need it? Won't you miss it? Are you *sure* you want me to have it? Tell me the truth . . ." Miss Coolidge, who had been very quiet until then and who must have felt very much a stranger, asked if she could sing.

ALL the long discussions that Russell had had with Esther about the impermanence of their relationship did not help him that autumn when the Nudds went away. He missed the girl and the summer nights in her room painfully. He began to write long letters to Esther when he got back to Albany. He was troubled and lonely as he had never been before. Esther did not answer his letters, but this did not change the way he felt. He decided that they should become engaged. He would stay on at college and get a Master's degree, and with a teaching job they could live in some place like Albany. Esther did not even answer his proposal of marriage, and in desperation Russell telephoned her at college. She was out. He left a message to call him back. When she had not called him by the next evening, he telephoned her again, and when he got her this time, he asked her to marry him. "I can't marry you, Russell," she said impatiently. "I don't *want* to marry you." He hung up miserably and was lovesick for a week. Then he decided that Esther's refusal was not her decision, that her parents had forbidden her to marry him—a conjecture that was strengthened when none of the Nudds returned to Macabit the next summer. But Russell was mistaken. Mr. and Mrs. Nudd took Joan and Esther to California that summer, not to keep Esther away from Russell but because Mrs. Nudd had received a legacy and had decided to spend it on the trip. Hartley took a job in Maine at a summer camp. Randy and Pamela—Randy had lost his job in Boston and taken one in Worcester—were having a baby in July, and so Whitebeach Camp was not opened at all.

THEN they all came back. A year later, on a June day when a horse van was bringing the bays up to the Macabit Riding Stable and there were a lot of motorboats on trailers along the road, the Nudds returned. Hartley had a teaching job, so he was there all summer. Randy took two weeks without pay so that he and Pamela and their baby could be there for a month. Joan had not planned to come back; she had gone into partnership with a woman who owned a tearoom at Lake George, but she quarrelled with her partner early in this venture, and in June Mr. Nudd drove to the lake and brought her home. Joan had been to a doctor that winter because she had begun to suffer from depressions, and she talked freely about her unhappiness. "You know, I think the trouble with me," she would say at breakfast, "is that I was so jealous of Hartley when he first went to boarding school. I could have killed him when he came home that year for Christmas, but I repressed all of my animosity . . ." "Remember that nursemaid, O'Brien?" she would ask at lunch. "Well, I think O'Brien warped my whole outlook on sex. She used to get undressed in the closet, and she beat me once for looking at myself in a mirror when I didn't have any clothes on. I think she warped my whole outlook . . ." "I think the trouble with me is that Grandmother was always so strict," she would say at dinner. "I never had the feeling that I gratified her. I mean I got such bad marks at school, and she always made me feel so guilty. I think it's colored my attitude toward other women . . ." "You know," she would say on the porch after supper, "I think the whole turning point in my life was that awful Trenchard boy who showed me those pictures when I was only ten . . ." These recollections brought her a momentary happiness, but half an hour later she would be biting her fingernails. Surrounded all her life by just and kindly people, she was having a hard time finding the causes of her irresolution, and, one by one, she blamed the members of her family, and their friends, and the servants.

Esther had married Tom Dennison the previous fall, when she returned from California. This match pleased everyone in the family. Tom was pleasant, industrious, and intelligent. He had a freshman job with a firm that manufactured cash registers. His salary was small, and he and Esther began their marriage in a cold-water tenement in the East Sixties. Speaking of this arrangement, people sometimes added, "That Esther Nudd is so *courageous!*" When the summer came around, Tom had only a short vacation, and he and Esther went to Cape Cod in June. Mr. and Mrs. Nudd hoped that Esther would then come to Whitebeach Camp, but Esther said no, she would stick it out in the city with Tom. She changed her mind in August, and Mr. Nudd drove to the junction and met her train. She would only stay for ten days, she said, and this would be her last summer at Whitebeach Camp. Tom and she were going to buy a summer place of their own on Cape Cod. When it was time for her to go, she telephoned Tom, and he told her to stay in the country; the heat was awful. She telephoned him once a week and stayed at Whitebeach Camp until the middle of September.

Mr. Nudd spent two or three days of every week that summer in New York, flying down from Albany. For a change, he was pleased with the way his business was going. He had been made chairman of the board. Pamela had her baby with her, and she complained about the room they were given. Once, Mrs. Nudd overheard her in the kitchen, saying to the cook, "Things will be very different around here when Randy and I run this place, let me tell you . . ." Mrs. Nudd spoke to her husband about this, and they agreed to leave Whitebeach Camp to Hartley. "That ham only came to the table once," Pamela would say, "and I saw her dumping a dish of good shell beans into the garbage last night. I'm not in a position

OLD IS FOR BOOKS

A poet named Robert Browning eloped with a poetess named Elizabeth Barrett,
And since he had an independent income they lived in an Italian villa instead of a London garret.
He created quite a furor
With his elusive caesura.
He also created a youthful sage,
A certain Rabbi Ben Ezra, who urged people to hurry up and age.
This fledgling said, "Grow old along with me!
The best is yet to be . . ."
I term him fledgling because such a statement, certes,
Could emanate only from a youngster in his thirties.
I have a friend named Ben Azzara, who is far from a fledgling;
Indeed, he is more like from the bottom of the sea of life a barnacled dredgling.
He tells me that as the years have slipped by
He has become utterly dependent on his wife because he has forgotten how to tie his tie.
He says he sleeps after luncheon instead of at night,
And he hates to face his shaving mirror because although his remaining hair is brown his mustache comes out red and his beard comes out white.
Furthermore, he says that last week he was stranded for thirty-six hours in his club
Because he couldn't get out of the tub.
He says he was miserable, but when he reflected that the same thing probably eventually happened to Rabbi Ben Ezra
It relieved his mizra.

—OGDEN NASH

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to correct her, but I hate to see waste. Don't you?"

Randy worshipped his thin wife, and she took full advantage of his protection. She came out onto the porch one evening when they were drinking before dinner, and sat down beside Mrs. Nudd. She had the baby in her arms.

"Do you always have supper at seven, Granny?" she asked.

"Yes."

"I'm afraid I can't get to the table at seven," Pamela said. "I hate to be late for meals, but I have to think of the baby first, don't I?"

"I'm afraid I can't ask them to hold dinner," Mrs. Nudd said.

"I don't want you to hold dinner for me," Pamela said, "but that little room we're in is terribly hot, and we're having trouble getting Binxey to sleep. Randy and I love being here, and we want to do everything we can to make it easy for you to have us here, but I do have to think of Binxey, and as long as he finds it hard to get to sleep, I won't be able to be on time for meals. I hope you don't mind. I want to know the truth."

"If you're late, it won't matter," Mrs. Nudd said.

"That's a beautiful dress," Pamela said, to end the conversation pleasantly. "Is it new?"

"Thank you, dear," Mrs. Nudd said. "Yes, it is new."

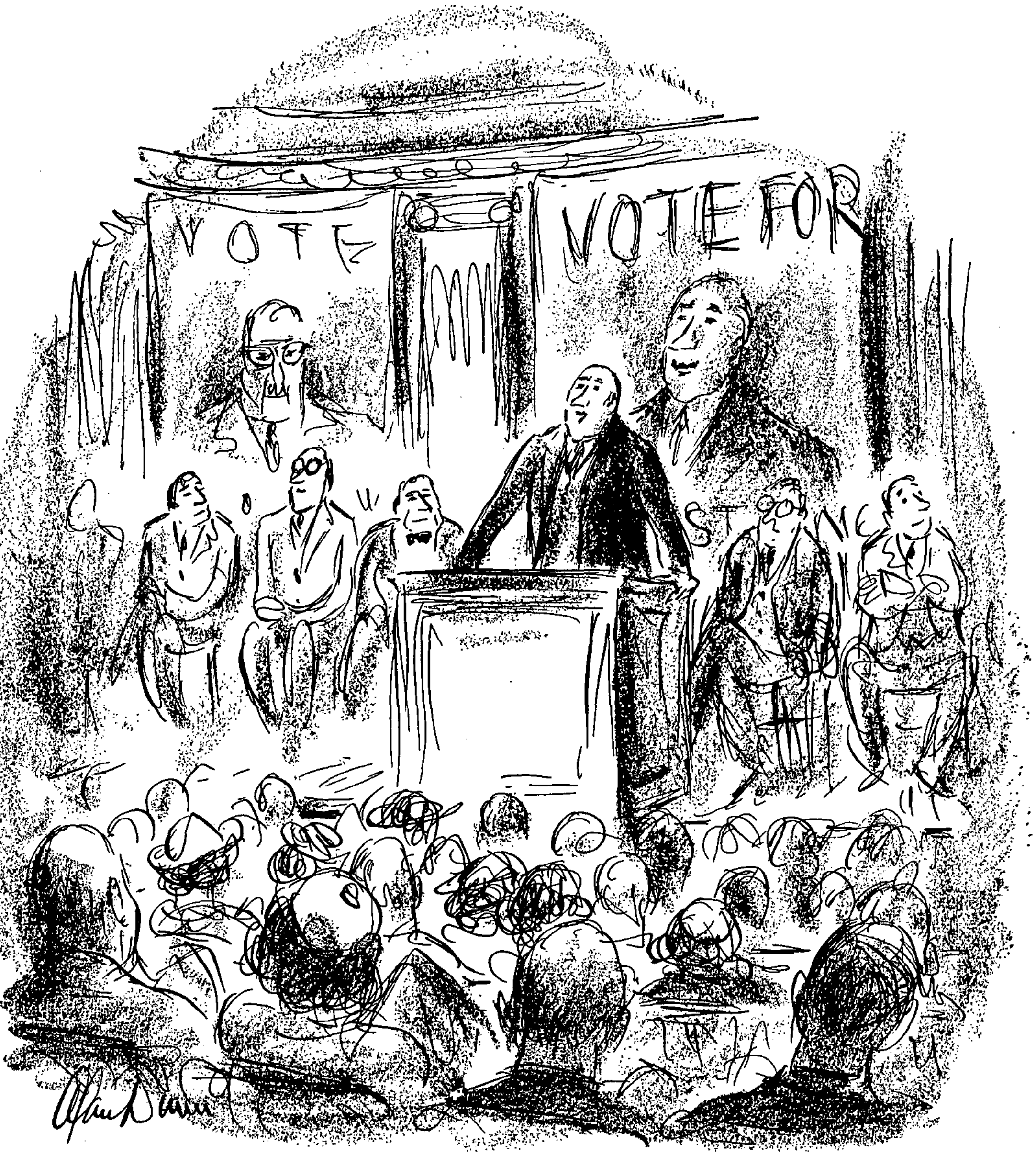
"It's a beautiful color," Pamela said, and she got up to feel the material, but some sudden movement made by her or by the baby in her arms or by Mrs. Nudd brought Pamela's cigarette against the new dress and burned a hole in it. Mrs. Nudd caught her breath, smiled awkwardly, and said that it didn't matter.

"But it does matter!" Pamela exclaimed. "I feel awfully about it. I feel awfully. It's all my fault, and if you'll give me the dress, I'll send it to Worcester and have it rewoven. I know a place in Worcester where they do wonderful reweaving."

Mrs. Nudd said again that it didn't matter, and tried to change the subject by asking if it hadn't been a beautiful day.

"I insist that you let me have it rewoven," Pamela said. "I want you to take it off after dinner and give it to me." Then she went to the door and turned and held the baby up. "Wave bye-bye to Granny, Binxey," she said. "Wave bye-bye, Binxey do it. Baby do it. Baby wave bye-bye to Granny. Binxey wave bye-bye. Wave bye-bye to Granny. Baby wave bye-bye . . ."

But none of these disturbances changed the rites of summer. Hartley took the maid and the cook to Mass at St. John's early every Sunday morning and waited for them on the front steps of the feed store. Randy froze the ice cream at eleven. It seemed as if the summer were a continent, harmonious and self-sufficient, with a peculiar range of sensation that included the feel of driving the old Cadillac barefoot across a bumpy pasture, and the taste of water that came out of the garden hose near the tennis court, and the pleasure of pulling on a clean woollen sweater in a mountain hut at dawn, and sitting on the porch in the dark, conscious and yet not resentful of a sensation of being caught up in a web of something as tangible and fragile as thread, and the clean feeling after a long swim.



"Let there be no mistake about it, my friends, on these things I stand foursquare. International Understanding! Honest Government! Racial Equality! Legalized Bingo!"

THE Nudds didn't ask Russell to Whitebeach Camp that year, and they carried on the narration without his help. After his graduation, Russell had married Myra Hewitt, a local girl. He had given up his plans for getting a Mas-

Whitney Darrow, Jr.

"Say, do you want to know something? I figure I've saved over four hundred and nineteen dollars on bus fares alone since I been in here."

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ter's degree when Esther refused to marry him. He now worked for his father in the hardware store. The Nudds saw him when they bought a steak grill or some fishing line, and they all agreed that he looked poorly. He was pale. His clothes, Esther noticed, smelled of chicken feed and kerosene. They felt that by working in a store Russell had disqualified himself as a figure in their summers. This feeling was not strong, however, and it was largely through indifference and the lack of time that they did not see him. But the next summer they came to hate Russell; they took Russell off their list.

Late that next spring, Russell and his father-in-law had begun to cut and sell the timber on Hewitt's Point and to slash a three-acre clearing along the lake front in preparation for a large tourist-camp development, to be called Young's Bungalow City. Hewitt's Point was across the lake and three miles to the south of Whitebeach Camp, and the development would not affect the Nudds' property, but Hewitt's Point was the place where they had always gone for their picnics, and they did not like to see the grove cut and replaced with tourist hutches. They were all bitterly disappointed in Russell. They had thought of him as a native who loved his hills. They had expected him, as a kind of foster son, to share their summery lack of interest in money, and it was a double blow to have him appear mercenary and to have the subject of his transactions the grove on Hewitt's Point, where they had enjoyed so many innocent picnics.

But it is the custom of that country to leave the beauties of nature to women and ministers. The village of Macabit stands on some high land above a pass and looks into the mountains of the north country. The lake is the floor of this pass, and on all but the hottest mornings clouds lie below the front steps of the feed store and the porch of the Federated Church. The weather in the pass is characterized by what is known on the coast as a sea turn. Across the heart of a hot, still day will be drawn a shadow as deep as velvet, and a bitter rain will extinguish the mountains; but this continuous displacement of light and dark, the thunder and the sunsets, the conical lights that sometimes end a storm and that have been linked by religious artists to Godly intercession, have only accentuated the indifference of the secular male to his environment. When the Nudds passed Russell on the road without waving to him, he didn't know what he had done that was wrong.

That year, Esther left in September. She and her husband had moved to a suburb, but they had not been able to swing the house on Cape Cod, and she had spent most of the summer at Whitebeach Camp without him. Joan, who was going to take a secretarial course, went back to New York with her sister. Mr. and Mrs. Nudd stayed on until the first of November. Mr. Nudd had been deceived about his success in business. His position as chairman of the board, he discovered much too late, amounted to retirement with a small pension. There was no reason for him to go back, and he and Mrs. Nudd spent the fall taking long walks in the woods. Gasoline rationing had made that summer a trying one, and when they closed the house, they felt that it would be a long time before they opened it again. Shortages of building materials had stopped construction on Young's Bungalow City. After the trees had been cut and the concrete posts set for twenty-five tourist cabins, Russell hadn't been able to get nails or lumber or roofing to build with.

WHEN the war was over, the Nudds returned to Whitebeach Camp for their summers. They had all been active in the war effort; Mrs. Nudd had worked for the Red Cross, Mr. Nudd had been a hospital orderly, Randy had been a mess officer in Georgia, Esther's husband had been a lieutenant in Europe, and Joan had gone to Africa with the Red Cross, but she had quarrelled with her superior, and had hastily been sent home on a troopship. But their memories of the war were less lasting than most memories, and, except for Hartley's death (Hartley had drowned in the Pacific), it was easily forgotten. Now Randy took the cook and the maid to Mass at St. John's early on Sunday morning. They played tennis at eleven, went swimming at three, drank gin at six. "The children"—lacking Hartley and Russell—went to Sherill's Falls, climbed Macabit Mountain, fished in Bates's Pond, and drove the old Cadillac barefoot across the pasture.

The new vicar of the Episcopal chapel in Macabit called on the Nudds the first summer after the war and asked them why they hadn't had services read for Hartley. They couldn't say. The vicar pressed the point. Some nights later, Mrs. Nudd dreamed that she saw Hartley as a discontented figure. The vicar stopped her on the street later in the week, and spoke to her again about a memorial service, and this time she agreed to it. Russell was the only person in Macabit she thought she should invite. Russell had also been in the Pacific. When he returned to Macabit, he went back to work in the hardware store. The land on Hewitt's Point had been sold to real-estate developers, who were now putting up one- and two-room summer cottages.

The prayers for Hartley were read on a hot day at the end of the season, three years after he had drowned. To the relatively simple service, the vicar added a verse about death at sea. Mrs. Nudd derived no comfort whatever from the reading of the prayers. She had no more faith in the power of God than she had in the magic of the evening star. Nothing was accomplished by the service, so far as she was concerned. When it was over, Mr. Nudd took her arm, and the elderly couple started for the vestry. Mrs. Nudd saw Russell waiting to speak to her outside the church, and thought: Why did it have to be Hartley? Why not Russell?

She had not seen him for years. He was wearing a suit that was too small for him. His face was red. In her shame at having wished a living man dead (for she had never experienced malevolence or bitterness without hurrying to cover it with love, and, among her friends and her family, those who received her warmest generosity were those who excited her impatience and her shame), she went to Russell impulsively and took his hand. Her face shone with tears. "Oh, it was so good of you to come; you were one of his best friends. We've missed you, Russell. Come see us. Can you come tomorrow? We're leaving on Saturday. Come for supper. It will make it seem like old times. Come for supper. We can't ask Myra and the children because we don't have a maid this year, but we'd love to see you. Please come." Russell said that he would.

The next day was windy and clear, with a heartening lightness, a multiplicity of changes in its moods and its lights—a day that belonged half to summer, half to autumn, precisely like the day when the pig had drowned. After lunch, Mrs. Nudd and Pamela went to an auction. The two women had reached a reasonable truce, although Pamela still interfered in the kitchen and looked on Whitebeach Camp impatiently as her just inheritance. Randy, with the best will in the world, had begun to find his wife's body meagre and familiar, his desires as keen as ever, and so he had been unfaithful to her once or twice. There had been accusations, a confession, and a reconciliation, and Pamela liked to talk all this over with Mrs. Nudd, searching, as she said, for "the truth" about men.

Randy had been left with the children that afternoon and had taken them to the beach. He was a loving but impatient father, and from the house he could be heard scolding Binxey. "When I speak to you, Binxey, I don't speak to you because I want to hear the sound of my own voice, I speak to you because I want you to do what I say!" As Mrs. Nudd had told Russell, they had no maid that summer. Esther was doing the housework. Whenever anyone suggested getting a cleaning woman, Esther would say, "We can't afford a cleaning woman, and anyhow I don't have anything to do. I don't *mind* doing the housework, only I just wish you all would remember not to track sand into the living room . . ." Esther's husband had spent his vacation at Whitebeach Camp, but he had returned to work long since.

Mr. Nudd was sitting on the porch in the hot sun that afternoon when Joan came out to him with a letter in her hand. She smiled uneasily and began to speak in an affected singsong that always irritated her father. "I've decided that I won't drive down with you tomorrow," she said. "I've decided that I'll stay here for a little while longer, Daddy. After all, there's nothing for me to do in New York. I have no reason to go down, have I? I wrote to Helen Parker, and she's going to come up and stay with me, so that I won't be alone. I have her letter right here. She says that she'd like to come. I thought we would stay here until Christmas. I've never been here in the winter before in all these years. We're going to write a book for children, Helen and I. She's going to draw the pictures, and I'm going to write the story. Her brother knows a publisher, and he said—"

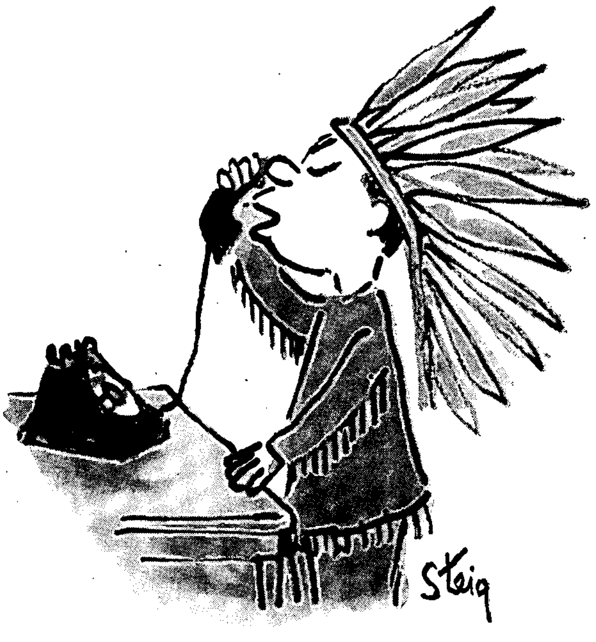
"Joan, dear, you can't stay here in the winter." Mr. Nudd spoke gently.

"Oh, yes I can, yes I can, Daddy," Joan said. "Helen understands that it isn't comfortable. I've written her all about that. We're willing to rough it. We can get our own groceries in Macabit. We'll take turns walking into the village. I'm going to buy some firewood and a lot of canned goods and some—"

"But Joan, dear, this house wasn't built to be lived in during the winter. The walls are thin. The water will be turned off."

"Oh, we don't care about the water—we'll get our water out of the lake."

"Now, Joan, dear, listen to me," Mr. Nudd said firmly. "You cannot stay here in the winter. You would last about a week. I would have to come up here and get you, and I don't want to close this house twice." He had spoken with an edge of impatience, but now reason and affection surged



"Speaking."

into his voice. "Think of how it would be, dear, with no heat and no water and none of your family."

"Daddy, I want to stay!" Joan cried. "I want to stay! Please let me stay! I've planned it for so long."

"You're being ridiculous, Joan," Mr. Nudd cut in. "This is a summer house."

"But Daddy, I'm not asking very much!" Joan cried. "I'm not a child any more. I'm nearly forty years old. I've never asked you for anything. You've always been so strict. You never let me do what I want."

"Joan, dear, please try to be reasonable, please at least try to be reasonable, please try and imagine—"

"Esther got everything she wanted. She went to Europe twice; she had that car in college; she had that fur coat." Suddenly, Joan got down on her knees, and then sat on the floor. The movement was ugly, and it was meant to enrage her father.

"I want to stay, I want to stay, I want to stay, I want to stay!" she cried.

"Joan, you're acting like a child!" he shouted. "Get up."

"I want to act like a child!" she screamed. "I want to act like a child for a little while! Is there anything so terrible about wanting to act like a child for a little while? I don't have any joy in my life any more. When I'm unhappy, I try to remember a time when I was happy, but I can't remember a time any more."

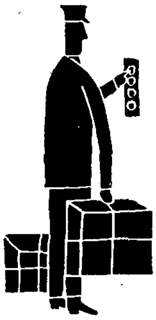
"Joan, get up. Get up on your feet. Get up on your two feet."

"I can't, I can't, I can't," she sobbed. "It hurts me to stand up—it hurts my legs."

"Get up, Joan." He stooped down, and it was an effort for the old man to raise his daughter to her feet. "Oh, my baby, oh, my poor baby!" he said, and he put his arm around her. "Come into the bathroom, and I'll wash your face, you poor baby." She let him wash her face, and then they had a drink and sat down to a game of checkers.

RUSSELL got to Whitebeach Camp at half past six, and they drank some gin on the porch. The liquor made him garrulous, and he began to talk about his war experiences, but the atmosphere was elastic and forgiving, and he knew that nothing he did there that night would be considered wrong. They went outside again after supper, although it was cool. The clouds had not colored. In the glancing light, the hillside shone like a bolt of velvet. Mrs. Nudd covered her legs with a blanket and looked at the scene. It was the most enduring pleasure of these years. There had been the boom, the crash, the depression, the recession, the malaise of imminent war, the war itself, the boom, the inflation, the recession, the slump, and now there was the malaise again, but none of this had changed a stone or a leaf in the view she saw from her porch.

"You know, I'm thirty-seven years old," Randy said. He spoke importantly, as if the passage of time over his head was singular, interesting, and a dirty trick. He cleaned his teeth with his tongue. "If I'd gone back to Cambridge for my reunion this year, it would have been my fifteenth."



"That's nothing," Esther said.

"Did you know that the Teeters have bought the old Henderson place?" Mr. Nudd asked. "*There's* a man who made a fortune in the war." He stood, turned the chair he was sitting in upside down, and pounded at the legs with his fist. His cigarette was wet. When he sat down again, the long ash spilled onto his vest.

"Do I look thirty-seven?" Randy asked.

"Do you know that you've mentioned the fact that you're thirty-seven eight times today?" Esther said. "I've counted them."

"How much does it cost to go to Europe in an airplane?" Mr. Nudd asked.

The conversation went from ocean fares to whether it was pleasanter to come into a strange city in the morning or the evening. Then they recalled odd names among the guests who had been at Whitebeach Camp; there had been Mr. and Mrs. Peppercorn, Mr. and Mrs. Starkweather, Mr. and Mrs. Freestone, the Bloods, the Mudds, and the Parsleys.

That late in the season, the light went quickly. It was sunny one minute and dark the next. Macabit and its mountain range were canted against the afterglow, and for a while it seemed unimaginable that anything could lie beyond the mountains, that this was not the end of the world. The wall of pure and brassy light seemed to beat up from infinity. Then the stars came out, the earth rumbled downward, the illusion of an abyss was lost. Mrs. Nudd looked around her, and the time and the place seemed strangely important. This is not an imitation, she thought, this is not the product of custom, this is the unique place, the unique air, where my children have spent the best of themselves. The realization that none of them had done well made her sink back in her chair. She squinted the tears out of her eyes. What had made the summer always an island, she thought; what had made it such a small island? What mistakes had they made? What had they done wrong? They had loved their neighbors, respected the force of modesty, held honor above gain. Then where had they lost their competence, their freedom, their greatness? Why should these good and gentle people who surrounded her seem like the figures in a tragedy?

"Remember the day the pig fell into the well?" she asked. The sky was discolored. Below the black mountains, the lake ran a rough and deadly gray. "Weren't you playing tennis with Esther, Russell? That was Esther's tennis summer. Didn't you win the pig at the fair in Lanchester, Randy? You won it at one of those things where you throw baseballs at a target. You were always *such* a good athlete."

They all waited graciously for their turn. They recalled the drowned pig, the launch on Gull Rock, Aunt Martha's corsets hanging in the window, the fire in the clouds, and the blustering northwest wind. They laughed helplessly at the place where Nora fell down the stairs. Pamela cut in to recall the announcement of her engagement. After this, they recalled how Miss Coolidge had gone upstairs and returned with a briefcase full of music, and, standing by the open door, so that she could get the light, had performed the standard repertoire of the rural Protestant Church. She had sung for more than an hour. They couldn't stop her. During her recital, Esther and Russell left the porch and went up to the field to bury the drowned pig. It was cool. Esther held a lantern while Russell dug the grave. They had decided then that even if they were in love they could never marry, because he wouldn't leave Macabit and she would never live there. When they got back to the porch, Miss Coolidge was singing her last selection, and then Russell left and they all went to bed.

The story restored Mrs. Nudd and made her feel that all was well. It had exhilarated the rest, and, talking loudly and laughing, they went into the house. Mr. Nudd lighted a fire and sat down to play checkers with Joan. Mrs. Nudd passed a box of stale candy. It had begun to blow outside, and the house creaked gently, like a hull when the wind takes up the sail. The room with the people in it looked enduring and secure, although in the morning they would all be gone.—John Cheever

THE READVILLE STARS

OF the house where we lived until I was four I can remember only certain effects of light, but I can remember it very well in terms of where the light came in. It is as if those infant years were lived in a dark box with holes cut in it; the holes, the arrangement of the holes, what I saw outside the holes are all that remains.

For example, I can remember my grandfather, who died when I was not quite three, as an immense shape filling the oblong of the front door. I am part way down a flight of stairs; my mother stands at the bottom opening the door, but we are shadowy and I feel rather than see us. What I am looking at is that huge silhouette—he was six feet four—against the outdoor sunshine of the porch, the path, the garden.

It is the same with my nursery. I lie in my crib in the left-hand rear corner of the dark cube; there are two windows, rectangles of light that fades and is brought up again. One window is on the left-hand wall and the other is straight ahead of me. Somebody comes and picks me up in his arms and carries me to the left-hand window. Is it my father?

My father was a witty man, with his own sense of humor. Years later, at the end of the First World War, we watched the victory march of the Yankee Division from the windows of an apartment at the corner of Beacon Street and Charles, where the parade was to start. A good many people were invited to sit by these windows, and I think I was the only child. As the parade began, the thrilling moment when General Edwards' horse stepped proudly forward across the line in front of the orderly ranks of the troops, a young mother who was one of our company began to berate herself for not having brought her six-months-old baby, so that she could hold him up to the unforgettable sight.

"He's too young to remember it," someone consoled her.

"But I could have told him later, 'You saw the parade of the returning Yankee Division,' " she insisted.

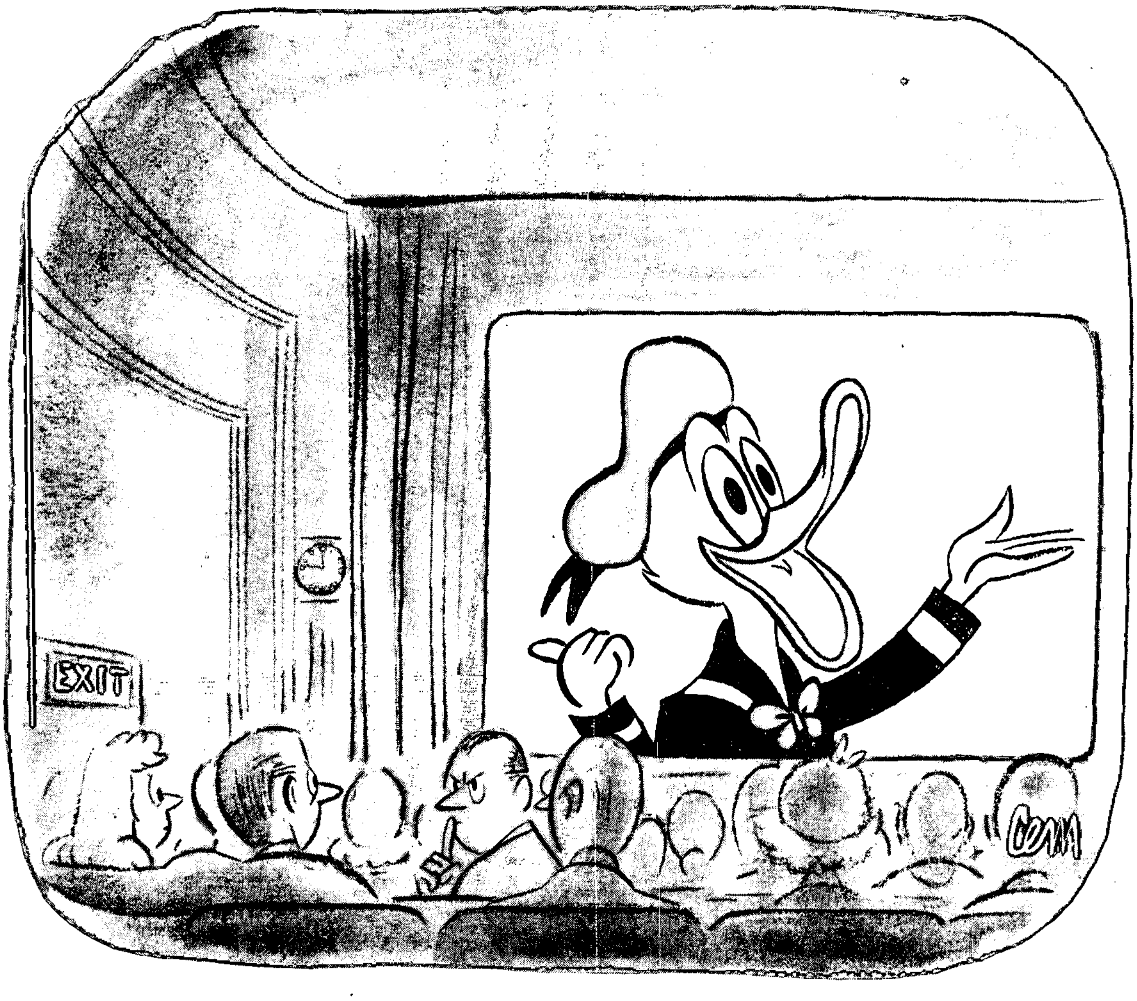
"Never mind," my father said. "You can tell him he saw it anyway."

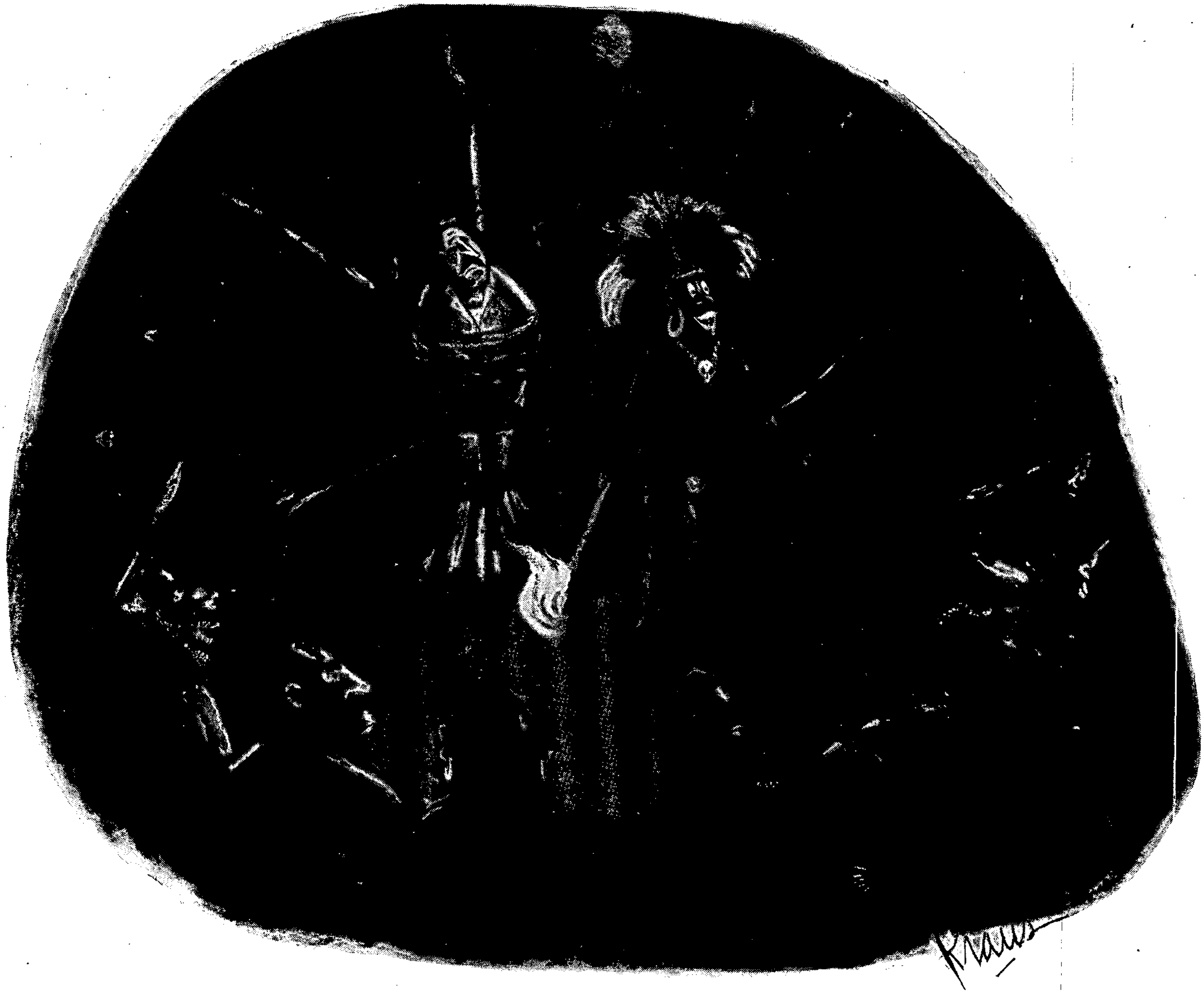
My father used to pick me up from my crib in that dim, forgotten room and carry me to the left-hand window. It is dark outside, but not the darkness of indoors—a luminous dark. Far away across the fields shine hundreds of lights, white and twinkling and incandescent. "Look," my father says. "See the stars."

Only, in point of fact, they were not the stars. I am sure that he must have sometimes shown me the real stars in the sky, but it was a family joke as I grew up that, held in my father's arms at the window looking east, I had pointed to the lights of Readville, a nearby slummy mill town, and said, in baby talk, "Stars." He had preferred not to contradict me, and had continued to call my attention on other nights to these other stars. "The Readville stars"—it was a family byword. (When I was sixteen and went to stay at a New York hotel with my mother, she walked over to the window the night we arrived and stood looking down the length of Park Avenue. "What are you looking at?" I asked as I unpacked my bag at the back of the room. "The Readville stars," she said. It means anything shining, exciting, glamorous.)

Then I was four, and we moved to another house. I remember the first night there. I am eating my supper at the child-size table, in my new nursery; there is a piece of clean white oilcloth tacked over the black tabletop, making it quite new. My new wallpaper is blue, with little white lozenges in a pattern. Beside me in the wall is something I have never seen before—a black iron grillwork through which comes heat. It is a register. It is as though in that move from one house to another, in one day, the focus had shifted entirely. I am looking at the inside of my room for the first time. It is as if the lights had gone on, *inside* the house.

I GREW up and left home and went to work. In my early twenties, I went to Italy for a time. It was the era of Mussolini. His stencilled silhouette, that jowly *profil perdu*, was on every hoarding, every stucco wall. But of politics I knew nothing and cared less, and I had been given a black silk shirt by a *commendatore* beau, and gone dancing in Florence with a Fascist Mil-





"But first, our national anthem."

• •

anese of exalted lineage, and walked along the Lung'Arno by moonlight with an admirer who, as he passed acquaintances, exchanged the straight-armed Roman salute. *Giovanezza!* I was full of *giovanezza* and excitement as I was driven in a hired Fiat from Siena to Rome. We passed rosy hill towns out of medieval woodcuts as we sped along, and white oxen with horns six feet from tip to tip. To one side, across the romantic countryside, a ruined castle would appear suddenly. My driver spoke no English and I only the most rudimentary Italian, so we drove in silence. I was busy being in love with Italy. What a place! I planned how I would have a cap made of black felt, with a black silk tassel falling over one eye, to wear with my trophy black shirt. They would look very smart with a gray tailored suit.

The twilight deepened as we drove, and night fell, and then, as we rounded a curve or mounted a rise, I saw stretched before us a million faraway lights, shining in the dusk.

Stars, I thought in my intoxication, the blaze of stars.

My driver turned his head slightly and spoke out of the corner of his mouth.

"È Roma," he said.

NOW it is years later, and I live in a house that has no view at all, since our North Carolina town is set in a cup in the mountains, and all the stars that can be seen are the real stars directly overhead. However, the inside of my house is charming to look at—dark-green walls downstairs, with white woodwork, and upstairs, lighter colors. In one bedroom I have a blue paper that reminds me of the paper in my old nursery, in that second house—the first room I ever really looked at.

But it made me sad the other day when, as I was remembering those things, I recognized that youthful blindness that could be so dazzled by a black shirt, so light-struck by Rome at dusk. I was, in fact, depressed; it gave me an uneasy feeling that I might still, at my age, be thrilling to some spectacle that was, really, only Readville stars. I must confess that I worried about it; I searched myself—oh, for several days.

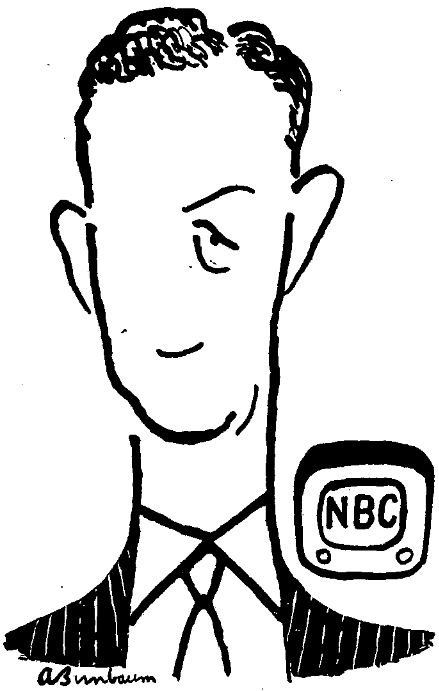
But as one grows older, one learns not to allow oneself to become depressed. Activity is the cure. I invited several people to lunch, several people to dinner. The table looked lovely. I was quite overwhelmed by compliments on the food. Mrs. Harbridge asked me to head a committee to investigate local fiscal policies; Mr. Jameson asked me to be his assistant in the Blood Bank work. I had no idea people thought so highly of me. It was most gratifying. So that today, far from being depressed, I feel just fine, in the swim, definitely set up. Almost, I might say, excited.

—NANCY HALE

PROFILES

THE COMMUNICATOR

II—WHAT ABOUT THE GRATITUDE FACTOR?



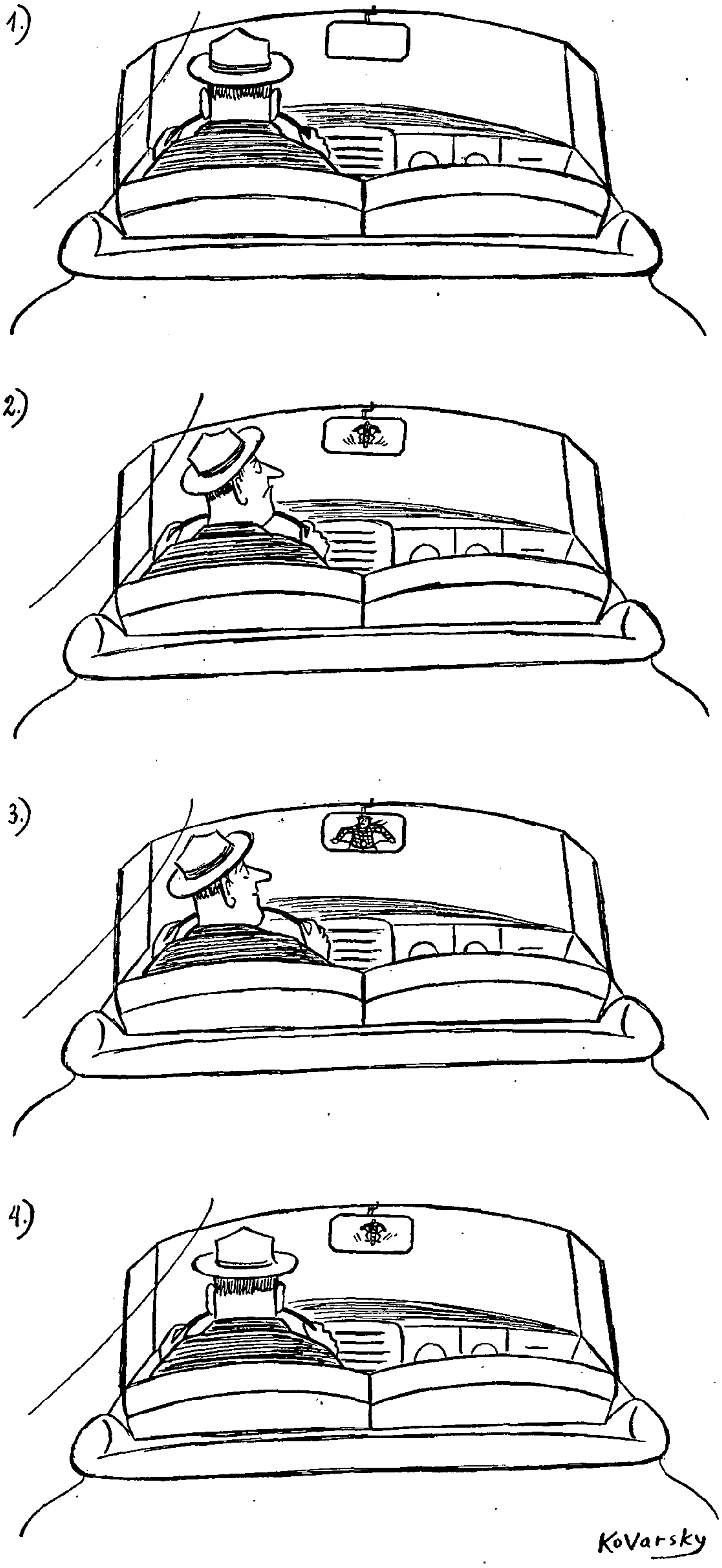
Sylvester L. Weaver, Jr.

"OUR inventions are wont to be pretty toys, which distract our attention from serious things," wrote Henry David Thoreau a hundred years ago. "They are but improved means to an unimproved end, an end which it was already but too easy to arrive at. . . . We are in great haste to construct a magnetic telegraph from Maine to Texas; but Maine and Texas, it may be, have nothing important to communicate." In the opinion of Sylvester L. Weaver, Jr., the tall, handsome, somewhat freckled, and highly vocal president of the National Broadcasting Company, the world has come a long way since the philosopher of Walden Pond set those words down on paper. Weaver, whose associates feel that he, too, is a rather profound philosopher, and who is inclined to think of himself as primarily what he calls a communicator, believes fervently that the important thing Maine and Texas—and every other place, including Massachusetts—have to communicate, through the facilities of N.B.C., is enlightenment. "The real punch, the vital, the most interesting thing about television is this area we call enlightenment," he has stated, and not long ago, in one of his myriad hyperbolic interoffice memos, he even threatened to confound Thoreau by sending a crew of N.B.C. cameramen up to Concord to get live television pickups for a network program from Walden Pond itself.

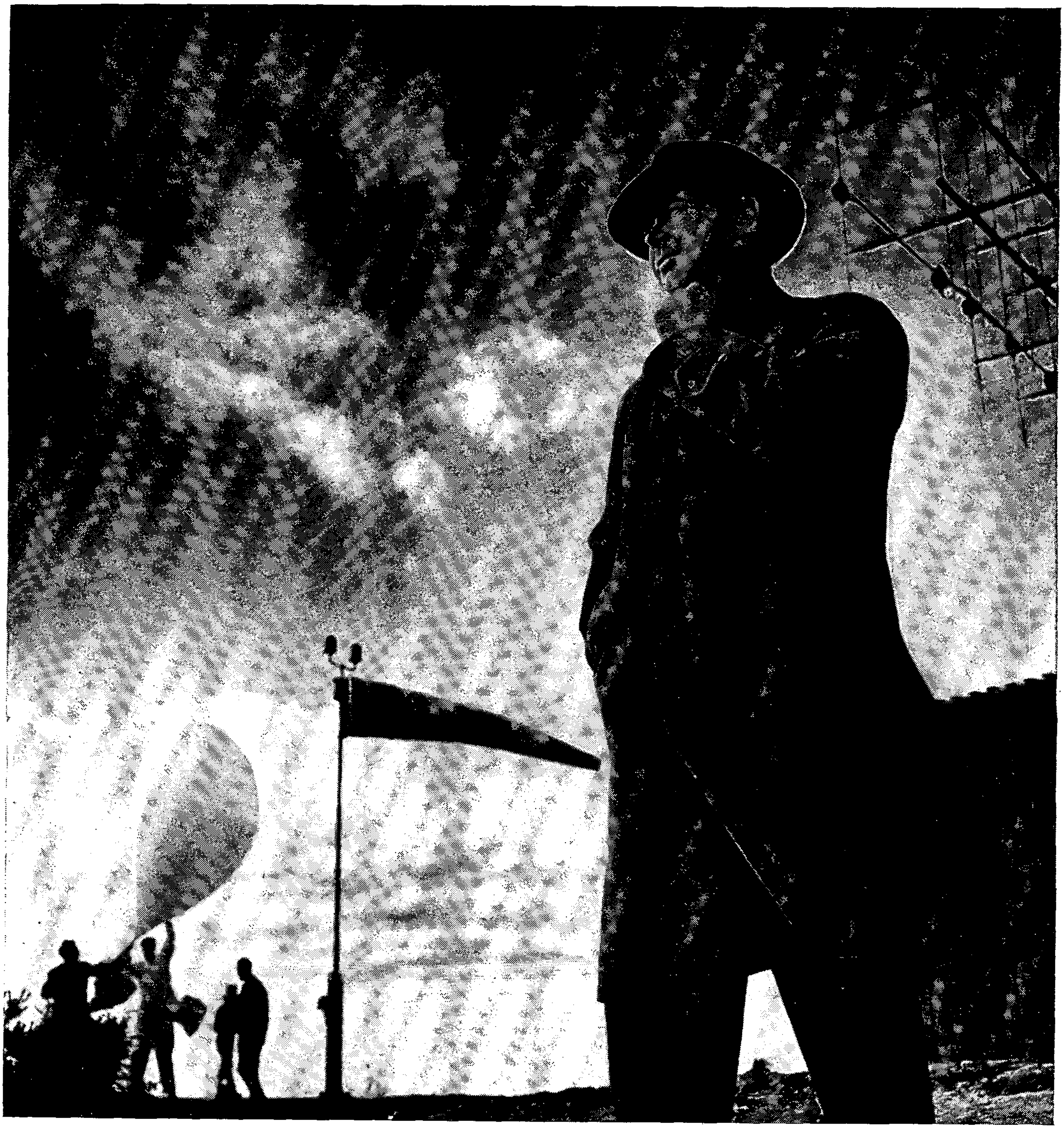
The concept of the communicator is a favorite of Weaver's. It is the concept of the key figure in a vast communications center, a showman, thinker, commentator, narrator, and enlightener all rolled into one—a man with one finger on the pulse of humanity and the others flitting over the controls of a great electronic receiving-and-transmitting machine. At N.B.C., Weaver has brought the title of communicator into common use by applying it to the men who conduct big television news programs like "Today," which has Dave Garroway as its communicator. On such programs, the communicator is usually surrounded by a battery of telephones, teletypes, television monitoring screens, and clocks showing what time it is in every part of the globe—all of which he earnestly consults as he keeps his public abreast of world developments. N.B.C. has many communicators, but only one like Weaver. He stands out from the others as a kind of super-communicator, a strategist to whom lesser communicators report in. Seated at a long, L-shaped desk in his big, bleached-mahogany-panelled office on the sixth floor of the R.C.A. Building, in Rockefeller Center, Weaver, with a great bank of push buttons and telephones to the left of him, a giant-screen television set to the right of him, and stacks of company reports in front of him, constantly alerts himself to the condition of humanity, the arts, sciences, and industry everywhere, and deploys the widespread resources of N.B.C. as he thinks circumstances require to keep the network's public enlightened on all fronts.

The latest discoveries in astrophysics, the latest Nielsen audience ratings of the rival C.B.S. morning-program schedule, the state of the cold war, the progress of the titanic battle between the floor-wax people and the wall-to-wall-carpeting interests for supremacy in the ranch-type suburban home—Weaver makes himself aware of all the urgent issues of the day as he proceeds with the task of directing his gigantic network and keeping the members of its staff *au courant.* Lecturing a group of N.B.C. vice-presidents on, perhaps, a new plan for television commercials ("Gad, the idea of selling in depth for Jack Frost Sugar! They'd go out of their minds!"), he may briefly discuss "the pluralistic nature of twentieth-century cultures" and the beneficent effect of television on them ("Right now we have men in Africa with Schweitzer and in Italy with Berenson"), and then swing off on the subject of the availability of an actress he has in mind for a new program ("I've fanged the boys about her. She's being lunched"). Weaver's extraordinary variety of interests is a source of wonder among his friends, to whom he is known as Pat. "A man of broad vision," says Max Schuster, the publisher. "Pat is up on the world. He is up on reading. He is up on history. He is up on Gibbon and the decline and fall of civilizations in general. He is up on the problems of education and science and the communication of knowledge. He is up on the theories of Norbert Wiener, the cybernetics man. He has put some very fundamental sixty-four-dollar questions to me about business—you know, whether business is a means to an end rather than an end in itself, and all that." To the band of executives who surround Weaver at N.B.C. and are known in the trade as Weaverites, his versatility is equally astounding. "The stuff the guy reads!" one Weaverite exclaimed a while ago. "Books on science! Books on history! Books on philosophy! Everything! Only last week, when I had the Bob Hope crisis right on my neck, Pat had me chasing all over the Oriental section of the Public Library looking for a book by some Indian philosopher—a guy whose name I couldn't even pronounce. Stuff nobody around here could make head or tail of except Pat. Now he's been reading up on astronomy, and he's got me running all over the place again. This time I'm supposed to find out about different kinds of telescopes, so he can buy one to observe the stars with on the lawn of his place at Sands Point." Weaver now has his telescope, and he finds his astronomical studies put him in a mood for the philosophical speculations he often indulges in about the past and future of the human race. Surveying the past, as he frequently surveys the heavens—in one broad, panoramic sweep—he sees only a beginning. ("Mankind is childkind, in my opinion," he said recently, tossing rhetoric around with characteristic abandon. "In other words, between Marathon and today—if you're used to thinking in terms of galactic clusters, which to me immediately sets you aside as somebody that is moving toward mutancy—there isn't much change.") But the future is something else. To Weaver, the future, with television to guide it, is unlimited. The age of the communicator is at hand.

WHATEVER the major forces that impelled Weaver into his career as a communicator may have been, poverty was not one of them. His father, Sylvester, Sr., who is now in his seventies, went West as a youngster and made good as the head of a roofing-materials company in Los Angeles. Sylvester, Jr., was born there on December 21, 1908, the first of four children (he was followed by Sylva, Rosemary, and Winstead, who is now a professional comedian and better-known as Doodles Weaver), and by the time he reached his teens, his father had become a minor California millionaire—a quiet, conservative man, prominent in Los Angeles country-club circles and for a while president of the city's Chamber of Commerce. Weaver's mother—she died in 1939—was an attractive woman who wrote poetry, composed music, and played the balalaika. Family conversation at the Weavers' was a mixture of business, politics, and the arts, and at an early age Sylvester, Jr., showed himself adept at all three. As a high-school student in Los Angeles, he went in for dramatics and school politics, and during his summer vacations he took a job in his father's firm. In 1926, he entered Dartmouth, where he was generally reckoned a fast man with a Marmon. His scholastic record, however, did not suffer. "You hardly ever saw Pat crack a book, but he got straight A's all the way through," a former classmate recalls. Weaver, majoring in philosophy, made Phi Beta Kappa in his junior year, and graduated, in 1930, *magna cum laude*. Then he set off for Europe to ponder his future. His first stop was Paris. "I joined the group at the Dôme, trying to be a writer. Didn't work out," Weaver says cryptically. He visited a number of Mediterranean ports as a passenger on a coastal steamer, and journeyed up the Nile to the dam at Aswan, where he lingered over the ruins of one of the fortress outposts of the Roman Empire, and then, after stopping off again in Paris, returned to New York, which he found in the depths of the depression.



By this time, Weaver's father had sold his business, which meant that, although the family was still very well off, there was no comfortable desk space in Los Angeles to which Weaver could retreat until times got better. Making the best of a gloomy situation, Weaver got a job in New York selling stores on the idea of a giveaway magazine that would have their names printed on the cover, as a promotion stunt. The magazine, Weaver now points out, was the forerunner of the highly successful magazines that are currently distributed by supermarkets, but few of the store managers he canvassed thought much of its potentialities. "I had a few hot prospects but no sales," Weaver says. "The job only lasted a few weeks." Disgusted, he returned home to Los Angeles, where, by letting it be assumed that his New York job had been a sales-promotion project of some magnitude, he was hired by Young & MacCallister, an advertising and printing firm. His assignment was to think up direct-mail advertising schemes and sell them to businessmen, who would, in turn, give Young & MacCallister the printing work involved. He made out fairly well at this—one of his customers was the Security-First National Bank of Los Angeles, to which he sold the idea of giving a handy household-budget book to its customers—but after a while it struck him as a rather tepid way to earn a living, and he found himself thinking more and more of the possibilities of a career in commercial radio, which was just beginning to come into its own on the West Coast, as elsewhere. In the fall of 1932, when he was twenty-three, he managed, with the help of a friend, to get himself taken on by Station KHJ, in



THE WISDOM OF WEARING "DACRON"

The Alligator All-Weather Coat is a sensible answer to the vagaries of a day's weather. When winds blow, it keeps you snug. When rains come, it keeps you dry. And when the sun breaks through, it serves as a neat and handsome topcoat.

For this versatile coat, scientists provided a versatile textile fiber: "Dacron". First of all, "Dacron" is *hydrophobic*—doesn't soak up moisture the way natural fibers do. "Dacron"* polyester fiber also has greater *resilience*—which means added wrinkle resistance. And it's an exceptionally *strong* fiber—for extra durability and shape retention. All important qualities for a coat that endures all kinds of weather . . . all kinds of wear.

Blended equally of "Dacron" and wool, this handsome gabardine coat is another example of the clothier's skill in using man-made fibers to give you new modern-living clothing.

You'll find the Alligator All-Weather Coat of "Dacron" and worsted, about $40.75, at leading stores everywhere. You'll also see Alligator coats made of "Dacron" blended with cotton.

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. . . THROUGH CHEMISTRY

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*REGISTERED TRADE-MARK FOR DU PONT'S POLYESTER FIBER

OPENS WED. NOV. 3 MAIL ORDERS NOW
JOHN C. WILSON & H. M. TENNENT, Ltd. present
ALFRED LUNT LYNN FONTANNE
BRIAN AHERNE EDNA BEST

"QUADRILLE"
A Romantic Comedy by
NOEL COWARD
PRICES: Opening Night Completely Sold Out; Evgs. thereafter, Mon. thru Thurs.: Orch. Divans (First 6 Rows) $5.75; Orch. $4.60; Mezz. $4.05; Balc. $3.45, 2.90, 2.30, 1.75. Fri. & Sat. Evgs.: Orch. Divans (First 6 Rows) $6.90; Orch. $5.75; Mezz. $4.60; Balc. $4.05, 3.45, 2.90, 2.30. Mats. Thurs. & Sat.: Orch. Divans (First 6 Rows) $4.60; Orch. $4.05; Mezz. $3.45; Balc. $2.90, 2.30, 1.75 (Taxes Included). The following evening performances are completely sold out: Nov. 29, 30. Dec. 1, 2, 6, 7, 8, 9, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 20, 21. Jan. 5, 6, 11, 12. Please enclose self-addressed, stamped envelope with check or money order and suggest alternate dates.
CORONET THEA. 230 W. 49 St., N.Y. 19, N.Y.

"SHIRLEY BOOTH IS THE CHAMP!"
—WALTER KERR, HERALD TRIBUNE
"'BY THE BEAUTIFUL SEA' IS 'AN ELEGANT SPREE!'"
—BROOKS ATKINSON, N.Y. TIMES
SHIRLEY BOOTH

"BY THE BEAUTIFUL SEA"
NEW YORK'S NO. 1 MUSICAL
with WILBUR EVANS
Evgs. $6.90 to 2.30. Wed. Mat. $4.05 to 1.75. Sat. Mat. $4.60 to 1.75. Tax Incl. Mail Orders Now.
IMPERIAL THEA., W. 45th St., N. Y. 36

"Restores our theatre to an art again"
—ATKINSON, N. Y. Times
The Playwrights' Company
in association with
Mary K. Frank present
JOAN FONTAINE
in ELIA KAZAN's production of
Tea and Sympathy
by ROBERT ANDERSON
with LEIF ERICKSON
ANTHONY PERKINS
BARRYMORE Theatre
W. 47th St. Eves. 8:35
Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30

Los Angeles, as a combination announcer, master of ceremonies, writer, director, producer, actor, and salesman.

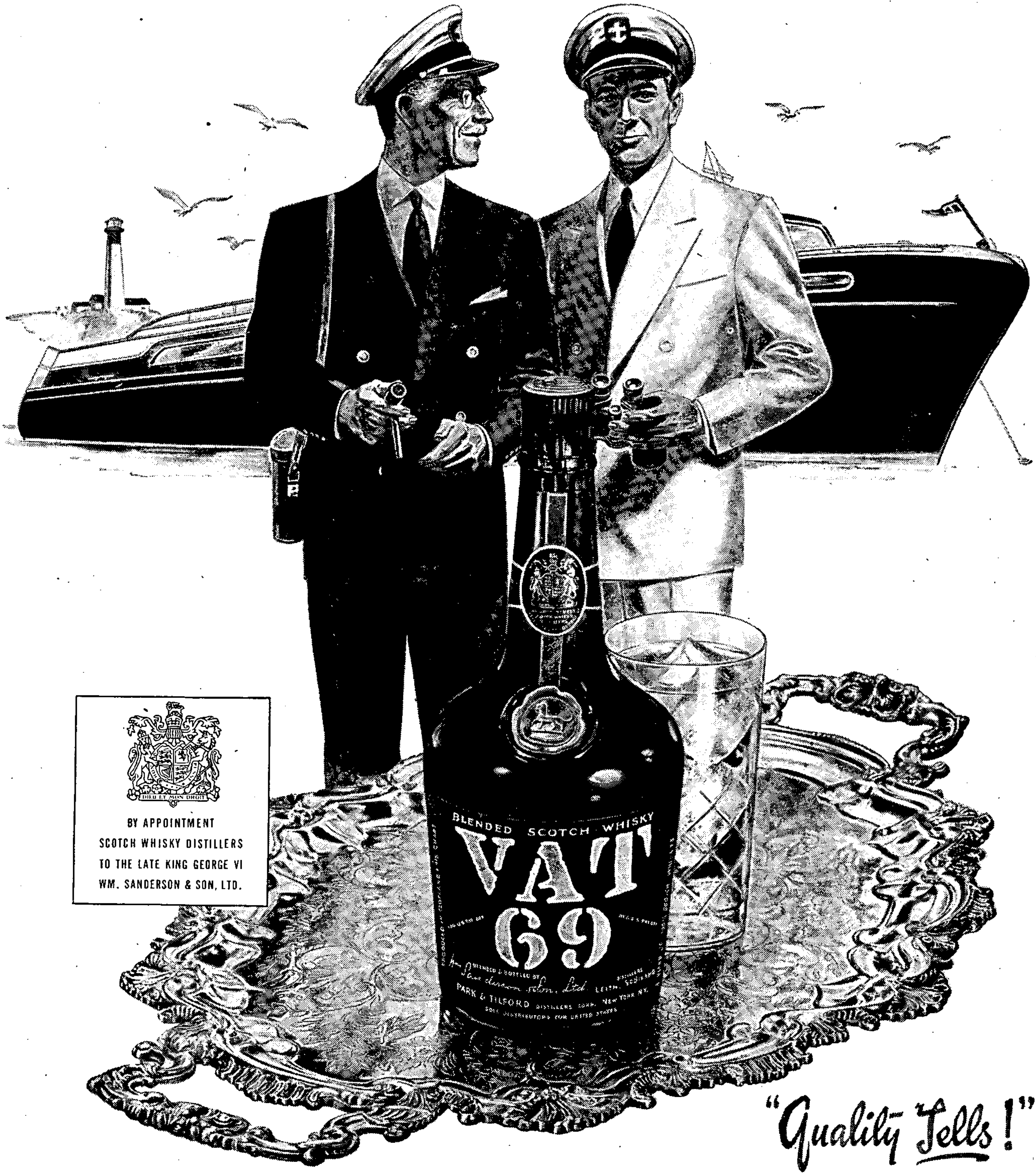
Meagre though Weaver's business experience was, it was considerably larger than that of most people on the staff of KHJ, and this was a fact that was quickly appreciated by his employer—a man named Don Lee, who was a big Cadillac dealer in southern California and was engaged in building up a West Coast network on the side. "I could talk to businessmen in their own language," Weaver recalls. He was given practical chores, such as getting in touch with a certain used-car dealer every day for descriptions of the bargains he wanted to advertise on the air. He also wrote, produced, directed, and acted in various programs; one of them, called "The Merrymakers," has been described by an old West Coast acquaintance of his as "a non-sequitur-humor type of show." By 1934, Weaver had earned something of a reputation for himself as a live wire, and he was made program manager of another Lee station, KFRC, in San Francisco. KFRC's studio was an unheated loft over a garage, and the ten or fifteen programs that Weaver wrote, produced, directed, and acted in each week were frequently punctuated by the sound of backfires. After a year of this, he decided to move on to bigger things.

Many of the radio people Weaver had worked with on the West Coast had migrated to New York, where radio and advertising paid better, and in the early summer of 1935, without anything definite in the way of a prospect, he quit his job and followed them. He moved in with a group of former Dartmouth classmates who were sharing an apartment on the upper East Side, and presently succeeded in getting an interview with Thomas A. McAvity, who was head of the radio department of the advertising agency of Lord & Thomas at the time and is now vice-president in charge of television programming at N.B.C. and one of Weaver's close advisers. McAvity found Weaver a job at N.B.C., writing and producing a weekly musical variety show called "Evening in Paris," which was sponsored by Bourjois perfume. Simultaneously, Weaver formed an artistic alliance with the United Cigar Company, which was looking for someone to put on a half-hour nightly radio program at a modest cost. Weaver, accustomed to produce radio shows on the puniest of budgets, demonstrated conclusively to the United Cigar people that he was their man. The program was called "The United Cigar Store Good Evening Serenade," and Weaver wrote it, produced it, m.c.'d it, and, he now says, loved every minute of it.

A college friendship led indirectly to Weaver's becoming acquainted with Chester La Roche, who as president of Young & Rubicam, was rapidly making that firm one of the biggest advertising agencies in the country, and this in turn led more directly to Weaver's first important job—producing the Fred Allen show "Town Hall Tonight" as a full-time employee of Y. & R. Weaver took his United Cigar account with him to the agency, but his superiors there swiftly discouraged him from doing any more broadcasting. "As I recall it, Pat as an m.c., wasn't so hot," Donald Stauffer, who was vice-president in charge of radio for Y. & R. in those days and is now a partner in the agency of Sullivan, Stauffer, Colwell & Bayles, said recently. "As a matter of fact, he had a pretty miserable show, and we felt we had to take him off as a performer. That wasn't any blow to us or to him, though. He was so damned smart that he was just being wasted in front of a microphone. We needed him elsewhere." The task of producing the Allen show, which many people consider the best weekly radio comedy program ever put on, was admittedly a difficult one. At that time—in the fall of 1935—Allen was beginning his first full season of network programs, and the low opinion he held of front-office men in both radio and advertising was a matter of common knowledge. "The Allen show had just been transferred to us from Benton & Bowles," Stauffer says. "We knew we had to have a guy as smart as hell to cope with Fred's vagaries. The show was sponsored by two Bristol-Myers products, Sal Hepatica and Ipana—you know, 'The smile of health, the smile of beauty'—and Fred, as usual, was being hard to handle. Complete disgust at the thought of any contact with agency, client, or network. Utter loathing of vice-presidents of any description. As I say, he presented problems."

Weaver and Allen, who, whatever his attitude toward vice-presidents, is quite a reasonable man, took to each other at once. Weaver poured ideas into Allen's ear, auditioned something like five hundred actors a week to find likely acts for his program, and effectively served as a buffer between Allen and the world of agencies, clients, and networks. Allen, who, unlike most big-

"It's a LIGHT, MILD Scotch"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Wm. Sanderson & Son, Ltd. LEITH
PARK & TILFORD DISTILLERS CORP. NEW YORK N.Y.
"Quality Tells!"

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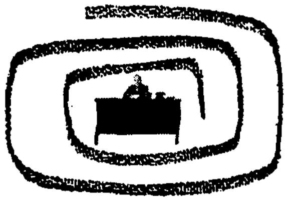
White House on Wheels

We've just made the startling discovery that President Eisenhower lives in a trailer. There's an easy way for you to find out. Next time you pick up a paper and read that Ike's in Denver, for instance, grab your telephone and call one of his aides. Just like that, an Army Signal Corps man at a special switch board will answer, "White House — Denver."

All in all about 30 people move from Washington with the President. They range from his valet and Mrs. Eisenhower's maid to secretaries, and include the President's physician, stenographers, teletype operators, decoding experts, the crew of the *Columbine*, and Post Office inspectors who have nothing to do but fly back and forth with the big White House mail pouches. And, of course, don't forget the Secret Service Agents, about 20 of them, and even more reporters and cameramen.

We're not really an "inside dopester". We learned about this from the veteran journalist, Ed Folliard, who in addition to his newspaper work, writes a regular feature for Nation's Business. We know it's a very popular feature because it's way up front in the magazine, and you can be sure the editor wouldn't put it there except by popular demand.

To us, Folliard's column is one of several special reading attractions that give Nation's Business editorial depth — permit it to explore any situation a little further — more below the surface — than the average weekly. After all, the editor who has to get out a dozen issues a year has more time to move around and do these things than the editor who has to push out fifty-two issues. The net result can only be better readership, and that's meat and drink to advertisers. Nation's Business, *a magazine for businessmen*, Washington 6, D. C.



(*Advertisement*)

time radio comedians, wrote most of his scripts himself, had to turn out and rehearse between fifty and sixty pages of dialogue—better than the equivalent of a one-act play—each week, and this left him with no time whatever for the scores of people who were constantly clamoring to see him about this or that. "You just lived in a fog, a bedlam," Allen says. "Pat made life bearable, at any rate." Allen recalls that about the only difficulty he had with Weaver was over Weaver's persistent desire to display his talents as a writer. "Pat was always batting out scripts and trying to get me to use them on my show," Allen says. "I remember one of them. It was a comedy sketch about the Foreign Legion. I suggested to Pat that he join it." What particularly endeared Weaver to Allen was his agility at fending off or sidestepping the crippling three-way censorship that the sponsor, the advertising agency, and the network carrying the program were forever trying to impose. Bristol-Myers contended that the tens of thousands of dollars it was pouring into the show each week to publicize the smile of health and the smile of beauty were definitely not meant to be squandered on gags about doctors, who might be considering prescribing Sal Hepatica, or about druggists, who sold Ipana, or about dentists, who might recommend it for tender gums. Such subjects struck the client as decidedly unfunny. The advertising agency, for its part, being responsible not only to Bristol-Myers but to a multitude of other clients, including, say, a manufacturer of cat food, was likely to frown on any joke that might turn people against cats as pets. And, finally, the network had its go at Allen's scripts, alert to pounce on anything it thought was the slightest bit off-color. All these taboos, coupled with a general policy of the sponsor and agency against dealing with any subject that might be too new, too special, or too parochial to be entirely familiar to everyone in a huge radio audience, tended to narrow Allen's range so drastically that at times it seemed to him there was nothing left for him to talk about. "It was fearful," Allen says. "But Pat fought the censors like a pioneer fighting Indians."

Even though he sometimes had to take Allen's side against the agency, Weaver apparently pleased his employers as much as he pleased Allen, for after "Town Hall Tonight" closed for the 1937 season he was made supervisor of all Young & Rubicam's radio programs. It was a big order, but Weaver

Our newest waistcoats

Popular with men of good taste everywhere.

AUTHENTIC TARTAN WAISTCOATS imported from Scotland in these attractive clan colorings . . .
- Black Watch
- Dress Gordon
- Eracht Cameron
- Hunting Menzies
- Royal Stuart

$14.50

- Billiard Green
- Hunter Green
- Scarlet

$16.50

. . . all with brass buttons

TATTERSALL WAISTCOATS
Red and black,
blue and black,
yellow and black
. . . all on white

$12.50

Sizes 36 to 46

Mail orders: state height and chest measurement. Add 35¢ shipping.

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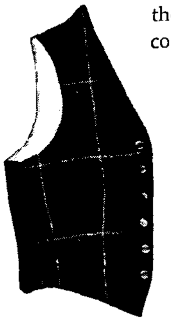
Tailors and Furnishers
9 EAST 49th ST. NEW YORK
264 YORK ST. NEW HAVEN



JEWELS OF THE HOUR

ORA
CREATIONS
Guaranteed for life

RALPH SINGER CO.
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parfums
ma griffe
robe d'un soir
PARIS

thoroughly enjoyed filling it. “I never saw such enthusiasm, even in the advertising business,” a former colleague of his at Y. & R. said recently. “Pat just breathed confidence. He would grab a client and get him so excited over a show—even a dog of a show—that he would hardly know what he was doing. Of course, a lot of clients were out-of-town businessmen who were stunned by New York advertising people, but Pat, with his six feet four, his wisecracks, and his fast talk, could stun them more effectively than anybody else.”

Toward the end of 1937, just after his twenty-ninth birthday, Weaver became manager of Y. & R.’s radio department. “Pat’s strategic thinking made him the logical choice for the job,” another of Weaver’s associates at the agency recalls. “There was his approach to the problem of Minute Tapioca, for instance. One of the difficulties with Minute Tapioca, saleswise, was that it was then a slow-moving item, and since Minute Tapioca was one of our accounts, that was considered quite a difficulty. Pat came up with a tick-tocking sound gimmick in which the announcer would give the time of day and tell housewives to make Minute Tapioca. It was a time signal and a reminder to the women to use up their Minute Tapioca, and buy more. I forget whether the thing ever went on the air or not, but it does show Pat’s approach to a problem. As I say, he thought strategically.”

“WE had Fred Allen, we had Jack Benny, we had Burns and Allen, we had Phil Baker, we had Kate Smith,” Weaver said not long ago, while reminiscing about the year or so that he spent as manager of Young & Rubicam’s radio department—a period that happened to coincide pretty much with radio’s palmiest days. The agency also had, though nobody paid a great deal of attention to it, one of the American Tobacco Company’s minor accounts—Half and Half pipe tobacco. In the course of trying to make Half and Half something more than minor, Weaver occasionally found himself dealing with George Washington Hill, Jr., who was the head of American Tobacco’s advertising department, and whose father was, of course, the head of the company and the irascible grand old man of tobacco advertising. The Hills were looking for a skilled radio advertising executive to help them push Lucky Strikes. It occurred to Hill, Jr., that Weaver might be just the man, and, after consulting his father, he of-

Sweet as you are

in a portrait by Bachrach

Natural colour photography, too.

Make your appointment for Christmas portraits now.

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THE BOY FRIEND
A NEW MUSICAL COMEDY OF THE 1920s
"A delightful burlesque. It is hard to say which is funnier: the material or the performance." —Atkinson, Times
MAIL ORDERS FILLED
Evgs. Orch. $6.90; Mezz. $5.75; Balc. $4.60, 3.45, 2.90, 2.30. Wednesday Matinee Orch. $4.05; Mezz. $3.45; Balc. $2.90, 2.30, 1.75. Saturday Matinee Orch. $4.60; Mezz. $4.05; Balc. $3.45, 2.90, 2.30. (All Taxes Included). Enclose self-addressed, stamped envelope with mail order and suggest alternate dates.
ROYALE THEATRE 45th St. W. of B'way. Ci 5-5760

"GAYER THAN A DAYDREAM." —Walter Winchell
"ORIGINAL and FUNNY." —Atkinson, N. Y Times
COURTNEY BURR and ELLIOTT NUGENT present
ELLIOTT NUGENT in
GEORGE AXELROD'S Comedy
"the seven year itch" with
SALLY FORREST
Robert Emhardt • George Keane • Rita Morley
Directed by JOHN GERSTAD
Mon. thru Fri. Evgs.; $4.60 to 1.73. Sat. Evg.; $5.75 to 1.73. Mats. Wed. & Sat.; $3.45 to 1.15 (Tax Incl.). Enclose stamped, self-addressed envelope.
Air-Cond. FULTON Theatre, 210 W. 46th St.

"A FUNNY COMEDY. Harry Kurnitz' wit is sharp, mordant and tonic." —Brooks Atkinson, Times
MARTIN GABEL and HENRY M. MARGOLIS (in association with Peter Cusick) present
"Reclining Figure"
The Comedy Hit by HARRY KURNITZ
Directed by ABE BURROWS
LYCEUM, 45 St. E. of B'way. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

"A Solid Gold Click"—Walter Winchell
". . . a very funny show"—Gibbs, The New Yorker
Max Gordon presents
The SOLID GOLD CADILLAC
by HOWARD TEICHMANN and GEORGE S. KAUFMAN
LORING SMITH
staged by GEORGE S. KAUFMAN
SEATS NOW FOR ALL PERFS. THRU JAN. 1
Orch. Mon.-Thur. $4.60, Balc. $4.60, 4.05, 3.45, 2.90, 2.30, 1.75. Fri. & Sat. Eves. Orch. $5.75, Balc. $4.60, 4.05, 3.45, 2.90, 2.30, 1.75. Wed. Mat. Orch. $3.45, Balc. $3.45, 2.90, 2.30, 1.75, 1.15. Sat. Mat. Orch. $4.05, Balc. $3.45, 2.90, 2.30, 1.75, 1.15. All Tax Incl. Good Balc. Seats Available for all Perfs.
MUSIC BOX, 45th St., West of B'way
CI 6-4636. Eves. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40.
MAIL ORDERS PROMPTLY FILLED

fered him the job. Weaver had never met Hill, Sr., but, like everybody else in the advertising business, he had heard a great deal about him and knew that he had the reputation of being far from easy to please. The average tenure of an agency account executive assigned to American Tobacco was about six months, some men lasted less than a week, and, all in all, most of the agency men along Madison Avenue considered the headquarters of American Tobacco, on lower Fifth Avenue, a much too exciting place to work in. Weaver, however, accepted the Lucky Strike job without hesitation, switched from Parliaments to Luckies, and reported for work. He regarded the task of getting along with Hill as an agreeable challenge.

Since the twenties, when massive advertising campaigns conducted by the tobacco industry played an important part in making cigarette smoking a national habit, the cigarette business had become, in large measure, an advertising business. Hill, Sr., was one of the most fanatical advertisers in history. He personally directed all the big Lucky Strike campaigns of the twenties ("Reach for a Lucky Instead of a Sweet," "It's Toasted," and so on), which made the brand the national best-seller, and he was a master of the strident approach to the consumer, especially in radio advertising. Radio as a sales medium fascinated Hill, and he saw limitless possibilities in it for drumming the names and advantages of his products into the public mind; he used it to bring endlessly repeated screaming commercials, including the babble of the tobacco auctioneer's chant, into countless living rooms. Hill seldom used the word "advertising;" he preferred the word "propaganda." "Gentlemen, we have here fifteen million dollars' worth of propaganda," he would tell his advertising executives, holding up a piece of paper on which he had just scribbled a new slogan. His appearance was arresting. Although he was of only medium size, he gave the impression of looming bulk. His complexion was fresh and ruddy, his hair and eyebrows were coal-black, and his eyes were a piercing blue. He always wore a hat at work—in winter a broad-brimmed felt one, in summer a panama—and always had a trout fly stuck in its band. His suits bulged with big patch pockets, in which he usually carried the equivalent of a carton of Luckies.

Hill held almost daily strategy-planning meetings in American Tobacco's big board room, at which half a dozen executives—agency representatives and his own advertising directors—gravely listened while he passed judgment on the form and scope of the millions of dollars' worth of advertising his company bought. Before a meeting started, everything that might be needed had to be arranged just so—layouts, charts, agency reports, and sales statistics spread out in perfect order, and trial recordings of Lucky Strike commercials placed on phonograph turntables and the machines warmed up. This done, the executives would seat themselves around a long, glass-topped table and apprehensively await Hill's arrival. A door would open, and the great man would enter. He would sit down at the head of the table and, without speaking, stare from under his hat at each man in turn. Then he would reach into one of his patch pockets, draw out two packs of Lucky Strikes, slap them down hard on the table, and look at each man again. "Tobacco is what it's all about, gentlemen!" he would bark, and light up a Lucky. He habitually smoked four packs a day, and inhaled so deeply that even when he was talking he wouldn't begin to exhale the smoke for ten or fifteen seconds.

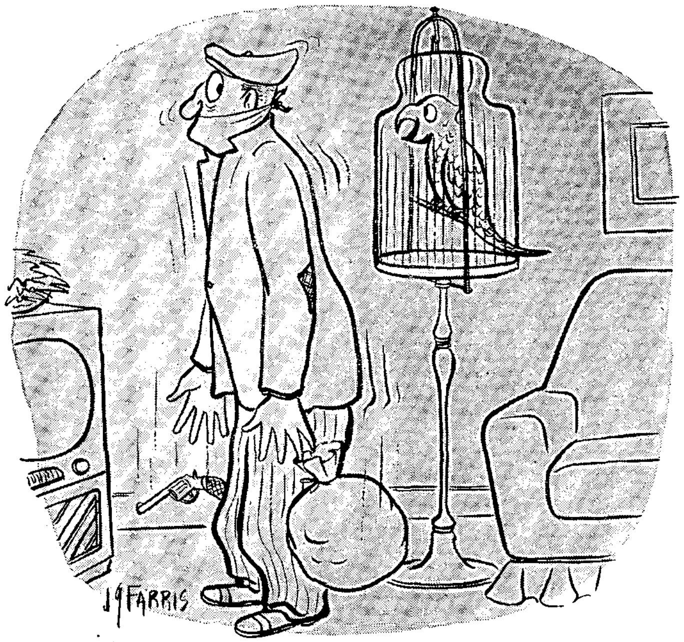
Once the meeting had got under way, Hill would call on first one man and then another to propose some plan for action in his particular field. If a proposal interested Hill, he might grunt. If it interested him seriously, he might slowly rise from his chair, strike a match on the top of the table with an extravagant, sweeping gesture, light another Lucky, and, half closing one eye as the glowing rim of tobacco crackled nearly halfway down the cigarette at a single draw, walk around the table and his silent vassals. Then he would sit down again, the smoke would begin to emerge in a swirling cloud, and he would announce his decision. "We will not pursue this course of action for the following eight reasons," he might say, and go on to enumerate the reasons. If he decided he liked a proposal, he would sometimes take off his hat to the lucky adman. "Grand!" he might say of a proposal involving a radio commercial. "Grand! It has great irritation value." His wrath was terrible. Once, after someone had suggested a new advertising approach that he did not care for, he bellowed "No foundation!" and, seizing a tall potted plant from the center of the table, thrust it on top of a wastepaper basket, from which it toppled, spilling soil and leaves across the carpet. In less explosive moments of disapproval, he simply glowered at the luckless offender with his piercing blue eyes for a full minute of dreadful silence.

Joining forces with Hill was more than a personal challenge for Weaver; it was a professional one as well. "Not only was Mr. Hill supposed to be impossible but the brand was in trouble," he recalls. (Weaver's respect for Hill was, and is, such that even now he uses the formal prefix.) "The fact was that the sale of Luckies had started skidding around 1931. To counteract this situation, Mr. Hill had thrown in what was then an incredible amount of advertising money—more than twenty million dollars in a single year—to see if power alone could push the brand back to the top. This was probably twice as much as any other company had ever spent on cigarette advertising over a similar period, and it didn't work. Lucky Strike sales kept going down, and by 1934 they had slumped to third place, below Chesterfields and Camels. They were down below the forty-billion-unit category, and ready to be built up again, when I decided to go to the company. At American Tobacco, I was back in *business*. I knew the needs of business, and before long I was operatingly in command."

Now a client instead of an agency man, Weaver found himself installed in a huge private office near Hill's. Like all the offices of American Tobacco executives, it had a spittoon and a large sign reading "QUALITY OF PRODUCT IS ESSENTIAL TO CONTINUING SUCCESS." His first move was to make a critical study of Hill's advertising policies, and he soon decided they weren't all they should be. "We had been undergoing a period of stagnation," Hill, Jr., said recently. "Our approach lacked a certain focus. There had been a lot of talk about acidity in cigarettes, and we'd been running ads about Luckies' being less acid—that sort of thing. Pat quickly came to the conclusion that the story to concentrate on was the fine-tobacco story—you know, 'The finer, the lighter, the naturally milder Lucky Strike tobacco'—and to treat all the other stories, like 'Luckies are easier on your throat,' as subordinate to the main theme. He devoted himself to making the fine-tobacco story more believable, more sincere, more exciting. It became a strong story, an *authoritative* story."

The new approach was well received. "How are you getting along with Father?" Hill, Jr., asked Weaver shortly after he joined the company. "Eating right out of my hand!" Weaver cried triumphantly, as, with a vaudeville gesture, he hitched up a

STERLING BY BLACK, STARR & GORHAM • SCOTCH BY
The Grand Macnish
Grand Macnish
The Grand Macnish Blended Scotch Whisky
BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND
Macnish's Stock of Blended Scotch Whiskies
DISTILLED BLENDED & BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY—86 PROOF—IMPORTED BY JAS. BARCLAY & CO. LTD., DETROIT, MICHIGAN



"American Airlines, Inc. carries more passengers than any other airline in the world."

(*Advertisement*)

MARK CROSS
Fifth Avenue at 55th, N.Y. 22

P-s-s-s-t!

surest way out of a Christmas quandary is ***the Mark Cross Christmas Catalog.*** *With it you can shop leisurely and easily right from your home, and choose from a 65-page gathering of gifts that range from the little (a morocco sewing kit $2.50) to the lavish (a gold-hinged crocodile wallet $159). Since your copy is ready and waiting, do clip the coupon* now.

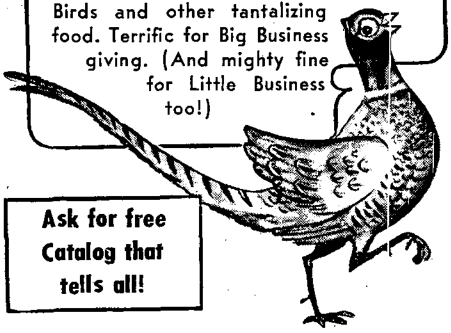
MARK CROSS
5th Avenue at 55th, New York 22, N.Y.
Please send me
your 1954 Christmas Catalog.
Name__________
Street__________
City_____Zone____State____

shoulder and thrust out a seemingly handless sleeve. Actually, Hill, Sr., and Weaver hit it off right from the start. When Weaver, partly to crystallize his own thoughts about Lucky Strike advertising and partly to indoctrinate a couple of new members of his staff, dashed off a memorandum of twenty-four single-spaced pages on American Tobacco advertising techniques, Hill was so delighted with it that he read it aloud at one of the daily meetings. The document, which was one of Weaver's first major efforts as a memo writer, bore promising signs of the discursive approach in which he eventually came to excel. It began by outlining the role of advertising in history ("Its present development was implied in the first social contact that man had with man"), traced its development through the voyages of Minoan merchants ("The social order imposed certain limitations on the selling process") and then through the rise of the medieval guilds and the beginnings of the machine age ("Salesmen were still using display and personal selling"), and triumphantly wound up with American Tobacco ("We have just started working out a new throat commercial. . . . The use of the chant of the tobacco auctioneer is the dramatic highlight of our entire tobacco-expert story. . . . It makes the whole campaign sing. We are attempting to get something with the same value into our throat story").

The throat story, the tobacco-expert story, the toasting story—Weaver tackled all these turbulent themes with wholehearted zeal. He spouted new advertising ideas in an apparently inexhaustible stream, and swiftly pressed them into action. The fact that some of his ideas ran counter to Hill's policies seemed to make no difference. "Pat handled Hill with an insouciance that amazed us all," a former American Tobacco man says. "He would turn up late for those meetings in the board room, lean back in his chair with his feet on the table right under Hill's nose, and argue with him on matters the old man had already made up his mind about." Taking liberties like that might well have doomed a lesser man, but Hill evidently found Weaver's lively manner refreshing and within a year he made him advertising director of the company. Hill, Jr., believes that his father had a deep respect for Weaver's ability and resourcefulness. "Father's relationship with Pat was never that of boss and servant," he says. "Father saw that Pat needed a freer rein than other men. Pat put a tremendous

Henri Fayette
CHRISTMAS CARDS

NEW 1954
COLLECTION
Personal representatives in most important social centers.
WRITE
HENRI FAYETTE Inc.
2735 Armitage Avenue
Chicago 47



You'll bless us! Our Catalog's just what you need—to track down wonderful, unusual Christmas gifts. Smoked Birds and other tantalizing food. Terrific for Big Business giving. (And mighty fine for Little Business too!)

Ask for free Catalog that tells all!

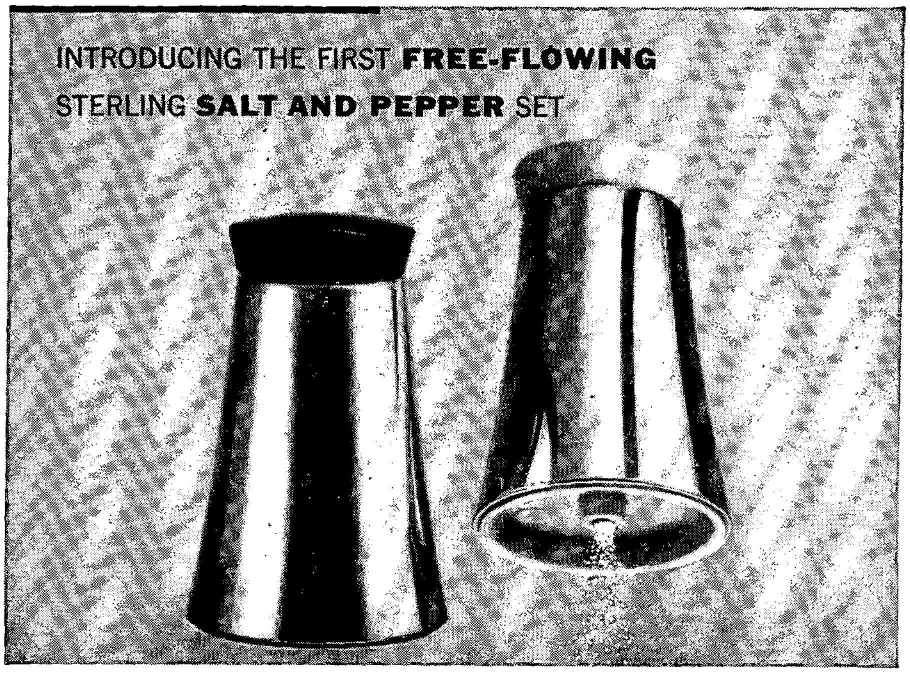
Fin'n Feather Farm Dundee, Illinois

JEWELS OF THE HOUR
RALPH SINGER CO.
656 N. Western Ave.
Chicago 12, Ill.
ORA
CREATIONS
Guaranteed for life

amount of creative work into our big existing programs—'Your Hit Parade' and 'Kay Kyser and His College of Musical Knowledge'—and he was largely responsible for our sponsoring 'Information Please,' to reach a higher-income audience. Also, he was in favor of toning down some of the more irritating commercials to rational point-by-point copy. He brought a certain finesse to our approach." By 1941, Luckies were again leading the field.

A commercial of Hill's that probably not even Weaver's finesse could have succeeded in toning down until it had run its course on the airwaves was the one that heralded the changing of the Lucky Strike package from green to white. The change, which took place in 1942, shortly after the United States entered the war, was made necessary by a government order restricting the use of certain pigments to war plants. To prepare the public for the transformation, Hill coined the slogan "Lucky Strike Green Has Gone to War" and ordered it broadcast with an insistency that made all his previous efforts to attain irritation value seem feeble. "LUCKY STRIKE GREEN HAS GONE TO WAR! LUCKY STRIKE GREEN HAS GONE TO WAR! YES! LUCKY STRIKE GREEN HAS GONE TO WAR!" announcers roared over the radio night and day. On one network program alone, Hill had the slogan repeated thirty times, and when a recording of the program was played back to him at a meeting in his board room, he disdainfully tapped his right ear several times with a forefinger, as if he were hard of hearing, and barked, "Not enough! Not enough!" This scene might have been a painful one for Weaver, had he been present. But, by 1942, Weaver himself had gone to war, well ahead of Lucky Strike green, and his mind was on other matters.

NOT long after the Battle of Britain began, Weaver, who had been doing a good deal of weekend sailing on a fifty-six-foot yawl that he and a friend owned jointly, decided to put his knowledge of seamanship at the disposal of the Navy, and in 1941 he applied for a lieutenant's commission. One of his last acts before taking leave of American Tobacco was to initiate a warlike commercial for the company's Pall Mall cigarettes. This creative occasion has been reconstructed by Merritt Barnum, formerly radio director for Ruthrauff & Ryan and now an N.B.C. producer. "Pat called me down to his office and told me he had been thinking about a


INTRODUCING THE FIRST FREE-FLOWING
STERLING SALT AND PEPPER SET

NEWEST GORHAM "TREND" DESIGN, combining finest sterling silver and modern Styron®. Salt and pepper pour from the base. Moisture and air sealed out to keep salt free-flowing, pepper fragrant and fresh. Easy to clean and fill. Noncorrosive Styron lining and top is ivory-white for salt...ebony-black for pepper. The set $10.00 (incl. Fed. Tax).

Your guarantee of authentic sterling silver design is the Gorham* seal under each piece. At leading jewelry and department stores. Or write to The Gorham Co., Dept. C, Providence, R. I.

Gorham STERLING

AMERICA'S LEADING SILVERSMITHS SINCE 1831. *Trade Marks. ©1954 by The Gorham Co.

mellow moment
Grand Marnier

LIQUEUR A L'ORANGE PRODUCT OF FRANCE — 80 PROOF

One of the world's great liqueurs, Grand Marnier has the exquisite fragrance and delightful taste that are prerequisite to after-dinner enjoyment. *No other liqueur is made exclusively with a Cognac base;* no other liqueur crowns a repast so royally.

For Grand Marnier recipe book write:
CARILLON IMPORTERS, LTD., 693 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. 22, N. Y., Sole U. S. Agent

"A HUMDINGER!" —KERR, H.-TRIB.
JOHN RAITT • JANIS PAIGE
EDDIE FOY JR.
IN A NEW MUSICAL COMEDY
THE PAJAMA GAME
MAIL ORDERS PROMPTLY FILLED
Eves.: Orch. $6.90; Mezz. $5.75; 1st Balc. $4.60, 3.45, 2.90; 2nd Balc. $2.30, 1.75. Mat. Wed.: Orch. $4.05; Mezz. $4.05; 1st Balc. $3.45, 2.90; 2nd Balc. $2.30, 1.75. Sat. Mat. Orch. $4.60; Mezz. $4.05. 1st Balc. $3.45, 2.90; 2nd Balc. $2.30, 1.75. (Tax Included).
Please enclose self-addressed, stamped envelope with mail order and suggest one alternate date.
ST. JAMES THEA., 246 W. 44th St., N. Y.
AIR CONDITIONED

LAST WEEKS!
CHERYL CRAWFORD
in association with Anderson Lawler presents
LLOYD BRIDGES in
Oh, men! Oh, women!
a COMEDY by EDWARD CHODOROV
Air.-Cond. HENRY MILLER'S Thea., 124 W. 43rd St.
BR. 9-3970 Evgs 8:40 Mats Thurs & Sat 2:40

PAUL GREGORY presents (IN PERSON)
LLOYD NOLAN JOHN HODIAK BARRY SULLIVAN
IN HERMAN WOUK'S
CAINE MUTINY COURT MARTIAL
Directed by CHARLES LAUGHTON
PLYMOUTH THEATRE, 236 West 45th Street, Cir. 6-9156
Mon. thru Thurs. Evgs.: $4.60, 4.03, 3.45, 2.88, 2.30. Fri. & Sat. Evgs.: $5.75, 4.60, 4.03, 3.45, 2.88. Mats. Wed. & Sat.: $4.03, 3.45, 2.88, 2.30, 1.73. Incl. Taxes.
MAIL ORDERS PROMPTLY FILLED

"Tallulah's dynamite" —CHAPMAN, NEWS
MOROSCO THEA.

Dale Carnegie Course
teaches poise and confidence. It's good fun too. Why not arrange to see a class in action? No obligation of course. Phone Mrs. Pridgen at—JU 2-4560 or write 22 W. 55th St.

RESTAURANT FRANCAIS
Le Chanteclair
LUNCHEON • COCKTAILS • DINNER
Your hosts: Rene and Maurice Dreyfus
MEMBER OF THE DINER'S CLUB
18 E. 49 St. • PL 5-7731 • Open Sun. 5-10 P.M.

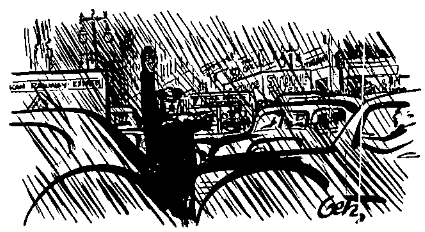
new commercial gimmick for Pall Mall," Barnum said a while ago. " 'Did you ever hear a British destroyer whistle?' he asked, and began whooping at me. 'Yes,' I said. 'O.K.,' he said. 'Take it from there, boy.' I knew right away what he meant." Barnum took it from there and quickly came up with a commercial that began with the cry "ON LAND! [sound of a bugle], IN THE AIR! [sound of a dive-bomber], AND ON THE SEA! [whoop-whoop-whoo-o-o-p!]. IT'S MODERN DESIGN!" "It was a great success," Barnum said. "Mr. Hill lifted his hat to Pat and me three times when he heard it."

Just as Weaver, with these sounds still ringing in his ears, was about to report to the Navy, his plans were temporarily changed. Nelson A. Rockefeller, a friend of his since his Dartmouth days, who had become Coördinator of Inter-American Affairs in August, 1940, persuaded him, and the Navy, that the most valuable work he could do for the defense effort, at least for a time, would be to help out with C.I.A.A.'s anti-Fascist radio programs to South America. Joining C.I.A.A. as associate director of communications, with offices in New York and Washington, Weaver organized a broadcasting network that covered a large part of South America, and before long he was putting on programs in which villainous Japanese, hissing away in Portuguese, received their comeuppance from Brazilians devoted to the Allied cause.

In January, 1942, Weaver married an English actress named Elizabeth Inglis (they now have two children), and a few months later he received his commission from the Navy. After attending subchaser training school in Miami, he went to sea, first as executive officer, then as skipper, of an escort vessel on convoy duty in the South Atlantic area. It was monotonous work. There were no air attacks on the convoy, and Weaver never so much as sighted, let alone sank, a submarine. In 1944, he was detached from sea duty and assigned to the Armed Forces Radio Service in Hollywood, where he produced the program called "Command Performance." Looking back on this period, he says laconically, "I became a Vine Street Commando."

A few days after the war ended, Weaver, having been discharged from the Navy, showed up at American Tobacco, where Hill, in deference to his war service, tipped his hat to him, and then immediately got down to work with him on new plans for promoting Lucky Strikes. The great tobacco man did not look well, and, indeed, he was quite sick, but he continued to be as active as before. "Tobacco is what it's all about, gentlemen!" he would still cry to his assembled executives at his famous meetings as he drew two packs of Luckies from his pocket. He still smoked steadily, but often now he felt obliged to spray his throat with a medicinal preparation before smoking a cigarette. "L.S.—M.F.T.! Lucky Strike means fine tobacco!" the failing magnate would shout hoarsely to his silent audience, and after pumping at his throat with an atomizer he would take another deep draw at a Lucky. "L.S.—M.F.T.!" he would gasp as he exhaled the smoke, and then, rapping sharply on the glass-topped table with a big monogrammed ring he wore, he would beat out the rhythm of the new slogan as he repeated it over and over: "L.S.—M.F.T.! L.S.—M.F.T.! L.S.—M.F.T.!" The end was not far off. Hill died in 1946, and, like many other people who were close to the old man, Weaver was genuinely distressed by his death. "Mr. Hill was my *friend*," he has said with considerable emotion.

Hill's death was something of a double blow for Weaver. When he returned from the Navy, Hill had given him to understand that before long he would be offered a vice-presidency at American Tobacco, at a salary of around a quarter of a million a year. But when Vincent Riggio, whom Hill had trained and had elevated to the post of vice-president in charge of sales, was named to succeed Hill to the presidency, Weaver, for reasons of his own, thought there was now little chance of his becoming a vice-president, and resigned. He also quit smoking Lucky Strikes, or any other brand of cigarette, and went back to Young & Rubicam, where he became the agency's vice-president in charge of radio and television and a member of its executive committee and plans board. Commercial television was only just beginning, and Weaver, who was entranced by the possibilities of the new medium, plunged eagerly into the business of getting up television programs for Y. & R.'s clients. As time



went on, however, he began to reflect increasingly on television's role in the future scheme of things—and his own future role in television—and gradually came to wonder whether his job was leading him in the right direction. "The agency business was a great business, but I found myself becoming less and less interested in the commercial aspects of television and more and more interested in what was happening in the world and where we were going," he says. "The medium seemed to offer tremendous potentialities for upgrading humanity." Everard Meade, who worked with Weaver at Young & Rubicam, has put it in other words. "Pat was too restless to accept the true mission of an agency department head, which is to get his client a safe investment," he said not long ago. "Around the time Arrow Shirts came to feel they couldn't live any longer with the Phil Silvers show and cancelled it, Pat saw the limitations of the agency business. He *outgrew* Y. & R." In 1949, Weaver talked things over with Niles Trammell, who was then president of N.B.C., and also with Robert W. Sarnoff, a personal friend of his who was then the network's production manager and whose father is Brigadier General David Sarnoff, the chairman of the board of N.B.C., and as a result of these conversations he was offered the job of vice-president in charge of television and head of the television network. He promptly resigned from Young & Rubicam and burst upon N.B.C., ready to upgrade humanity.

As it happened, after his second resignation from Young & Rubicam, Weaver found himself called upon to deal with problems that were not entirely dissimilar to the ones he had faced at American Tobacco after his first one. N.B.C., despite its traditionally dominant position in the broadcasting field and despite the vast resources of its owner, the Radio Corporation of America, was not doing particularly well in adjusting itself to the television age. "Programwise, the place was falling apart," Weaver said in a retrospective moment shortly after he became president of the network last December. Much of the difficulty lay in the inconsiderate manner in which the rival Columbia Broadcasting System was elbowing its way to the top. C.B.S. had just dealt N.B.C. a series of severe blows by buying up, at spectacularly lavish prices, the services of a number of N.B.C.'s star performers. As the performers switched to C.B.S., so did millions of habitual N.B.C. lis-

You're so well received when you bring

Ballantine's

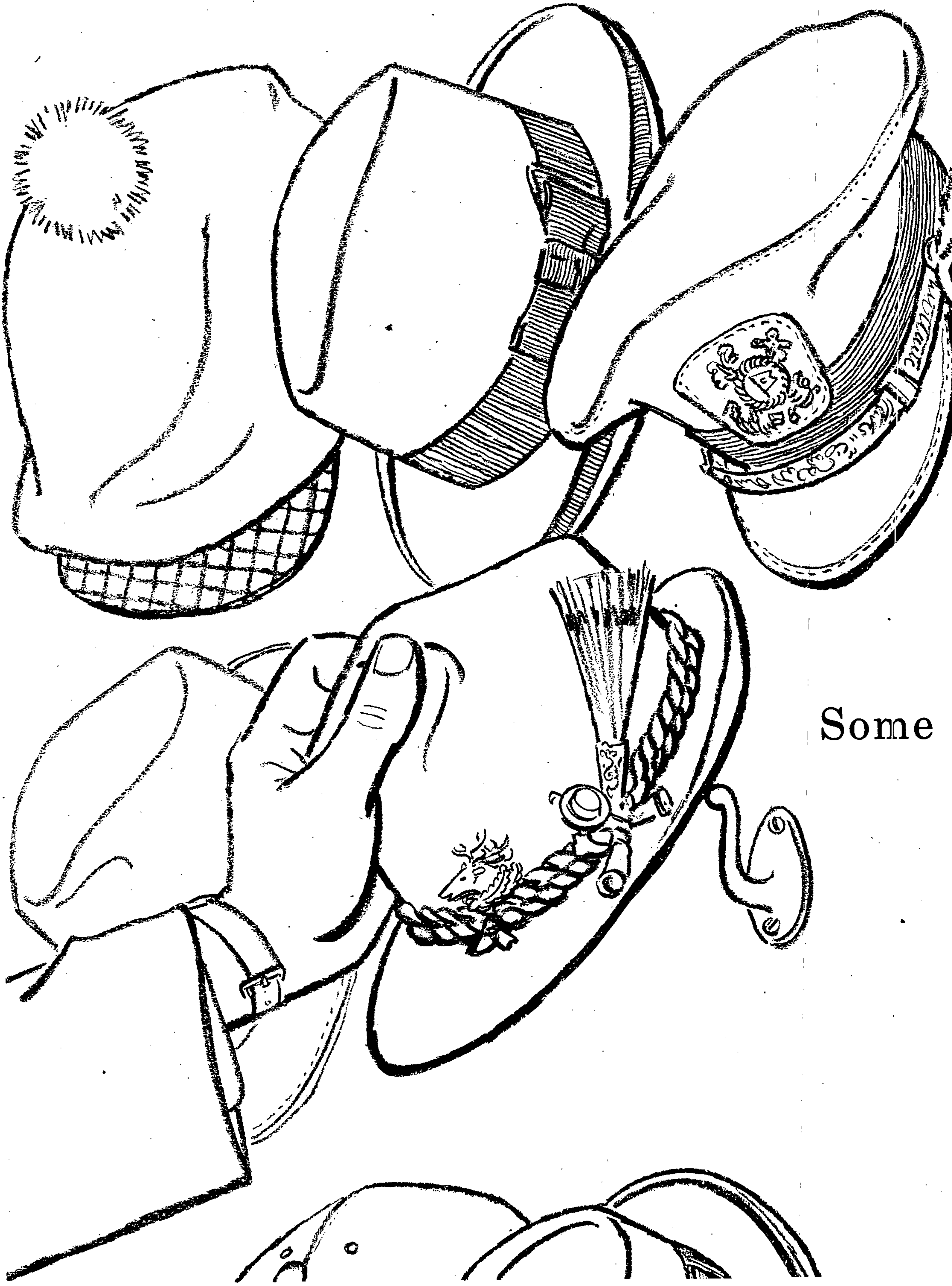
LIQUEUR BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
86 PROOF

Here are several examples of forte. One, of course, is the pianoforte. But more important, we show the unique forte of Ballantine Scotch for making itself at home wherever it is presented. After the seal is broken, the reasons for its warm reception (and for its giver's) are only too evident.

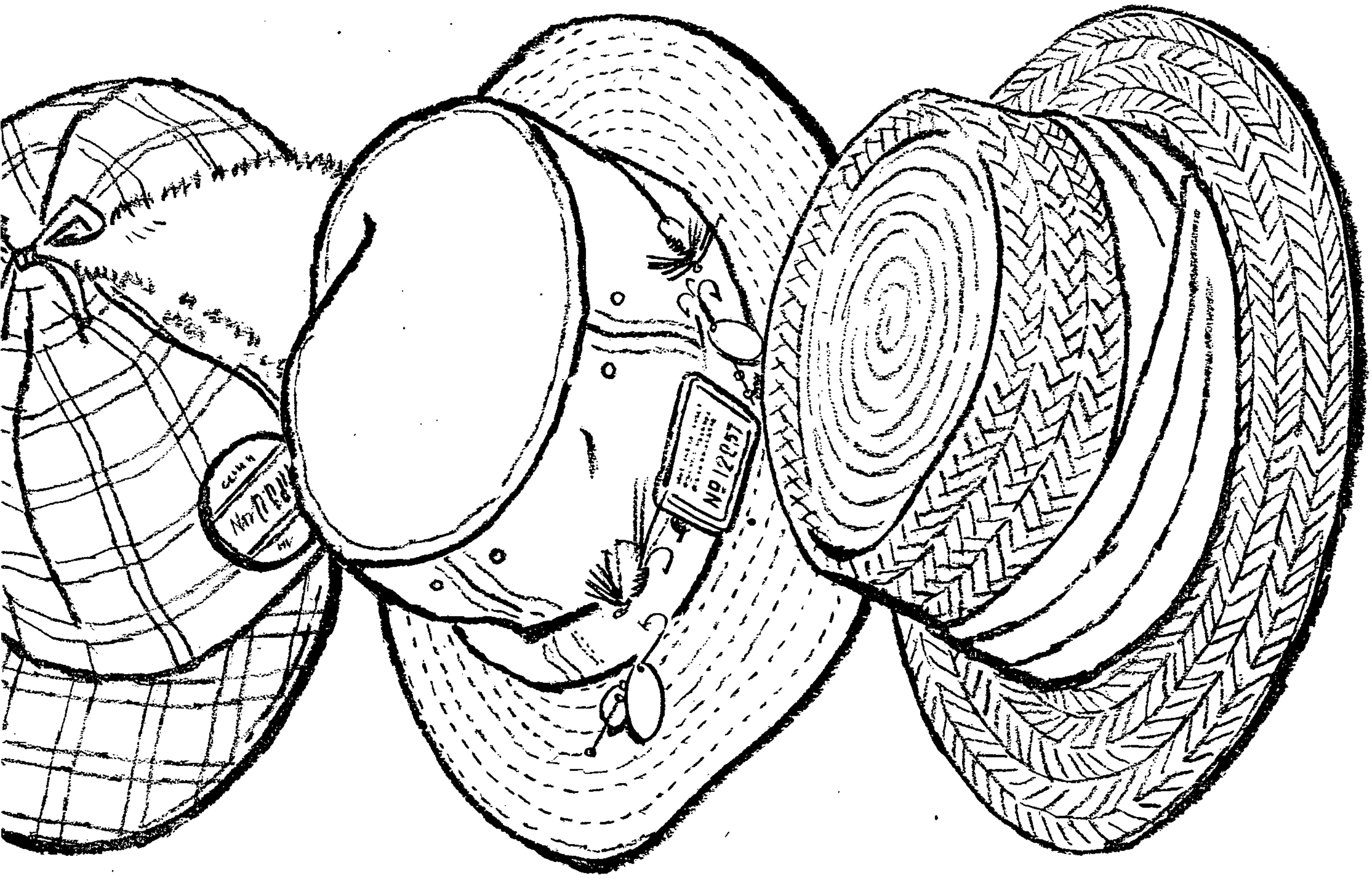
Masterfully blended of premium Scotch whiskies, aged in ancient oaken casks, Ballantine's Scotch is extremely light, though mellowed to an unusually subtle bouquet. Renowned for its continuity of flavor for more than 125 years, Ballantine's sets the standard for Scotch throughout the world.

For The Best of Quality The Crest of Quality

THE HOUSE OF BALLANTINE "21" Brands, Inc. NEW YORK CITY
SOLE DISTRIBUTORS IN THE U.S.A.



Some



people's lives are brimful of activity...

All these hats belong to Mr. Fothergill.

Right away, you can see that he is a *doer*, not a viewer. Fothergill belongs to that special breed of people who'd rather play a game than watch it . . . who lead rather than follow, who are creative rather than vegetative. To these people, leisure hours generate activity. Money burns a hole in their pockets.

Hence the many hats. And hence the remarkable success of Holiday over the years. For Holiday's appeal is to the restless. To the many Fothergills in this country who entertain often, who take up hobbies, travel, and enjoy all the leisure-time activities of today.

Each month, millions of active people like this look to Holiday. They look to it as a catalogue (they shop in it). Some look to it as a book (they find the world's best writers in it). Others look to it as a map (they seek new places to go in it).

But they all buy Holiday for another reason. A simple one. It is the only magazine that completely reflects the modern way they live. It gives them not just one or two leisure activities, but all of them.

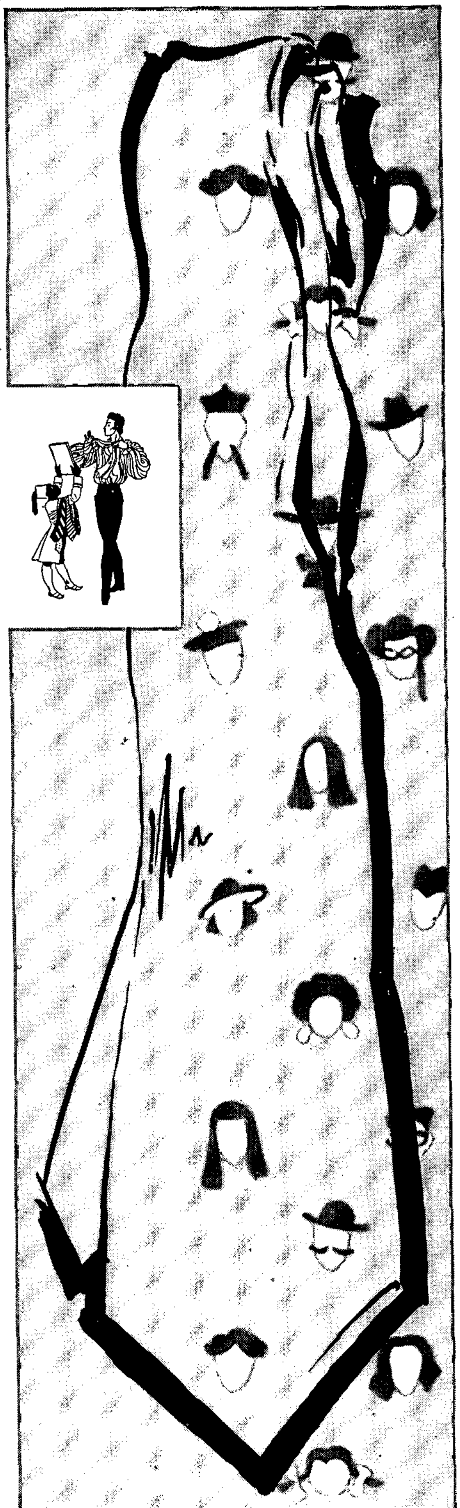
This prime Holiday market appeals to advertisers—who, in turn, have helped make Holiday the most successful new magazine of our time. This year there were 1,038 advertisers in Holiday.

Which is a feather in anybody's cap!

HOLIDAY

A CURTIS MAGAZINE

. . . its readers are the leaders of
the big change to "everyday holiday living!"



CAFE MONTPARNASSE
A COSMOPOLITAN DESIGN WHICH TAKES ITS INSPIRATION FROM THE WONDERFUL MOTLEY OF CHARACTERS YOU RUB ELBOWS WITH ON THE LEFT BANK. DEFINITELY FOR THE SOPHISTICATE.
6.50
CATALOGUE ON REQUEST
Dominique France
53 EAST 51ST STREET - N. Y. 22

teners and lookers, along with millions of dollars in advertising revenue. In addition, C.B.S. was developing a generally more imaginative pattern of television programs than its rival, and was gaining prestige so rapidly that a number of N.B.C.'s affiliated stations were threatening to transfer their affiliations to the other network.

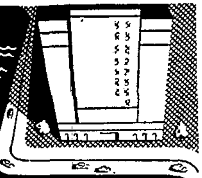
It was up to Weaver to do something quickly to entice back the members of its audience who had strayed over to C.B.S. "Columbia was doing all right, with Arthur Godfrey, 'The Goldbergs,' 'Studio One,' 'Toast of the Town,' and 'Mama,' and we simply weren't competing with them," he has since said. "You can put 'The Quiz Kids' against 'Mama' only so long, you know, before your affiliates begin to kick. I decided, among other things, on the strategy of comedy at eight o'clock and drama at nine. At eight, the kids are still up in most homes and they control the sets. By nine, they're doing homework or they've gone to bed, leaving the grownups free to tune in drama. Kids like to be in on the real world—they like the feeling of spontaneous living now—and comedians usually respond to current events. I calculated that the kids would hold the sets for us against Columbia until nine."

To judge by the results, Weaver knew what he was talking about. Once he had overhauled his program schedule and bolstered his comedy department with such big, expensive programs as "The All Star Revue," "The Comedy Hour," and "The Saturday Night Revue," in which "The Jack Carter Show" was followed by "Your Show of Shows," N.B.C. began displaying signs of new life. This counter-assault of his is still spoken of admiringly in the trade. "Weaver fights fire with fire," the president of one of N.B.C.'s affiliated stations has said. "Who else but Pat would have gone in on Sunday night with Colgate against a powerhouse like 'Toast of the Town' and got away with it? Who else but Pat would have given us 'The All Star Revue' against Godfrey on C.B.S. and knocked him out of the top ten ratings for a whole year? Who else but Pat would have had the courage to go in on Saturday night—a dog night, viewingwise—with Sid Caesar and Imogene Coca and put on a show so big and so terrific that it kept the American family in front of its TV set instead of going out to the movies?"

In certain sections of the advertising-agency business, another aspect of Weaver's approach to the problem is

FOR HOSTESS—
FOR GUEST
Our short lace dinner dress has charm and distinction in navy, black, toast and charcoal.
Sizes 12-42.
PRICE 110.00
Kathleen Inc.
118 East 60th St., New York 22, N. Y
88 Main St., New Canaan, Conn.

"ROYAL HOLLAND PEWTER"
Most graceful lines, satin finished, will not tarnish.
Capacity 1 Pt.— 6" Tall .... $ 7.50
" 1 Qt.— 8" " 12.00
" 1¼ Qt.—10" " 16.00
" 2½ Qt.—12" " 22.00
Also Coffee and Tea Sets not shown.
Illustrated Catalogue on request.
Cardel LTD
For N.Y.C. 3% City Tax and out of town 60¢ postage
615 Madison Ave. New York 22, N. Y.

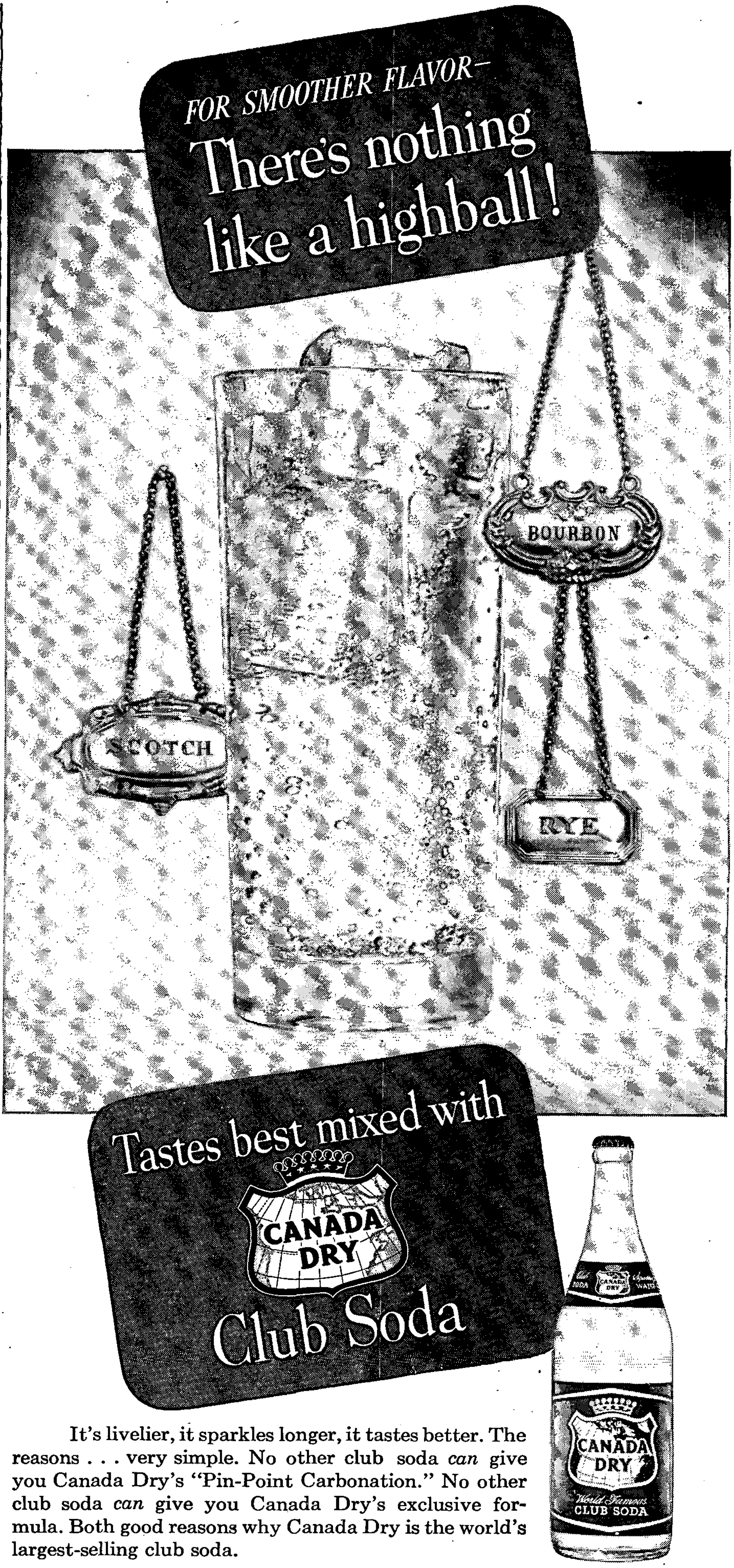


Lake Shore Drive HOTEL
ROOMS and SUITES
181 East Lake Shore Drive CHICAGO

looked upon in a far less favorable light. In the course of building up his big programs, Weaver instituted the policy of having them produced and controlled by the network rather than by the advertiser—a policy that many big agency executives regard as interference with their own prerogatives. At the time Weaver joined N.B.C., the company's program schedule was controlled for the most part not by the company but by its advertisers. The advertising agencies, in collaboration with the sponsors, the big talent agencies, and independent program-producing organizations, bought and produced the programs they wanted and put them on the air at the time they wanted; the network, apart from producing some newscasts and public-service features, served merely as a common carrier of the prepaid commercial messages.

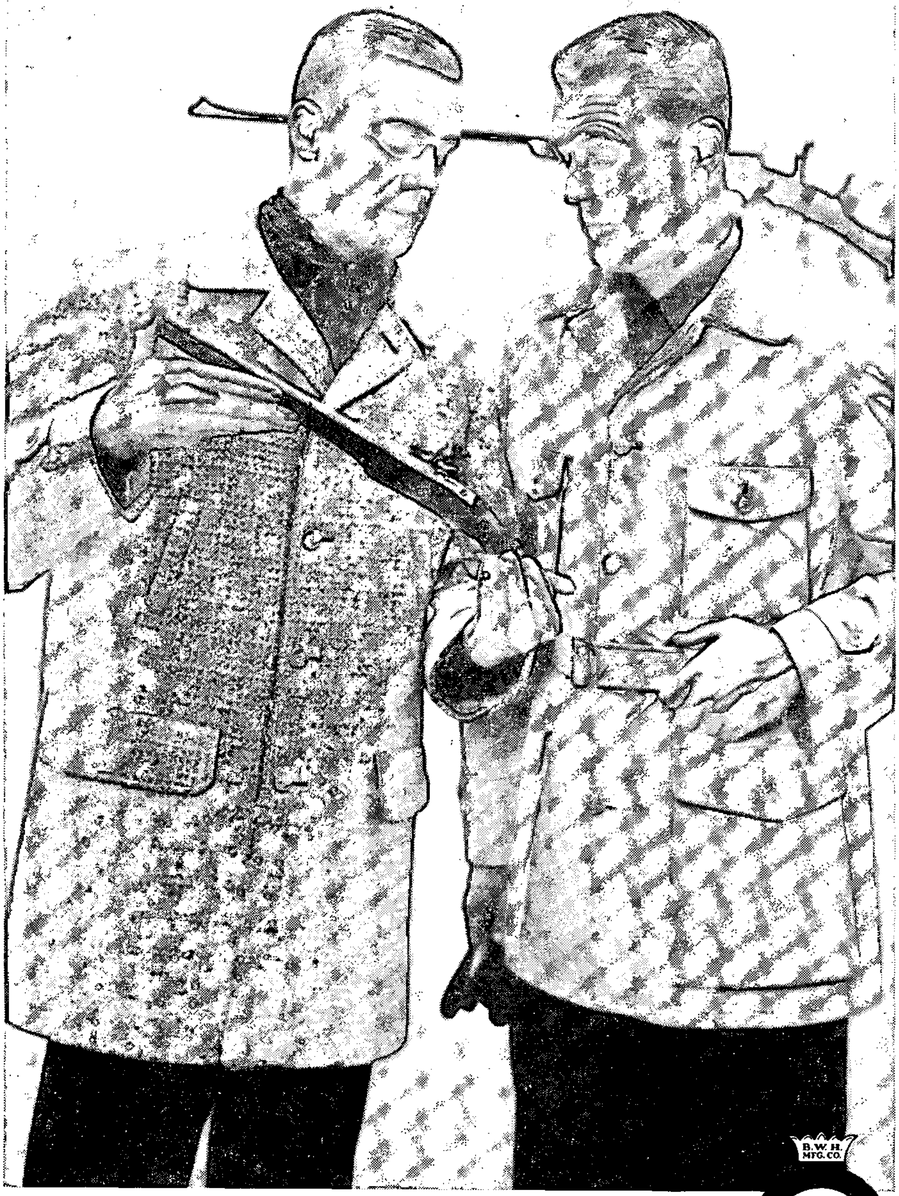
It was after Weaver had examined the effects of the traditional system upon the network's programs as a whole that he decided the time had come for a change. "The programming just had no direction," he says. "Programs landed next to each other by mere chance, with each agency building its show in a way that was aimed at nothing more than keeping its client happy. There was no planned relationship of one program to another or to the competition, and no particular attempt to create a listening pattern for the people at home. I could see that the whole programming service was running downhill, with sponsors and agencies seeking the cheap way of getting their messages across—quiz programs, audience-participation and mystery shows, and low-cost talent shows that, in the long run, would be bound to reduce the importance of the network service generally in the lives of the people." As a practical businessman, Weaver also reasoned that deterioration of the network's programs might well mean deterioration of the network's importance as a subsidiary of R.C.A. To R.C.A., the basic raison d'être of the network is to create a market not only for the products of advertisers but for the parent company's receiving sets, and it didn't take Weaver long to realize that if N.B.C. didn't improve its programs, the sale of television sets, and especially of R.C.A. television sets, was bound to suffer.

Just as vigorously as he had done his best to make broadcasting an advertiser-controlled industry in his Young & Rubicam days, Weaver now set about trying to make television a network-controlled industry, risking millions of



It's livelier, it sparkles longer, it tastes better. The reasons . . . very simple. No other club soda *can* give you Canada Dry's "Pin-Point Carbonation." No other club soda *can* give you Canada Dry's exclusive formula. Both good reasons why Canada Dry is the world's largest-selling club soda.

there is no finer sportswear



for the Warm Luxury of Leisure

Zero King, recognized authority on gentlemen's sportswear, offers two authentic versions of exclusive outerwear fashions. Each is crafted of superlative fabrics with an infinite skill and patience in the details.

Left... The WESTOVER... a 34 inch surcoat of fine all wool tweed, lined in luxurious alpaca pile. Exclusive Highland patterns ranging from Oatmeal to Charcoal Brown and Charcoal Black.

Right... The BUSHMASTER... adapted from the bush coat of the "derring-do" Australian military. Made of self sealing Pima cotton and lined throughout body sleeve and collar with lustrous woven Orlon pile. Tan only.

Each in sizes 36 to 46 . . . about $42.50.

B. W. HARRIS MFG. CO., Park Square, St. Paul 1, Minn.

ZERO KING

WHERE TO BUY ZERO KING SPORTSWEAR

CALIFORNIA	
Walter's Encino	Encino
COLORADO	
Brownson Clothing Co.	Grand Junction
CONNECTICUT	
Frank Rocano & Son	Danbury
Stackpole Moore Tryon	Hartford
J. Johnson & Sons	New Haven
Balmer & Ferris	*Stamford*
Jones Morgan	Waterbury
WASHINGTON, D. C.	
David-Richard	Washington, D. C.
Julius Garfinckel & Co.	Washington, D. C.
Woodward & Lothrop	Washington, D. C.
IDAHO	
Fisher's Men's Wear	Idaho Falls
Shirley & Mendiola	Twin Falls
ILLINOIS	
Bill's Hat Shop	Aurora
Phillips Men's Wear	Barrington
Stephan's	Berwyn
Marshall Field & Co.	Chicago
For Men	Chicago
Bachrach Clothing	Decatur
Robert's	Des Plaines
Charles M. Danner	Elgin
Joseph Spiess	Elgin
Al Emrich	*Freeport*
Bohan Men's Wear	Galesburg
Fell Co.	Highland Park
The Squire Shop	Hinsdale
Al Baskin Co.	Joliet
Plant-Kerger Co.	Kankakee
G. W. Stevens	La Grange
Robertson's Men's Store	Lake Forest
Langworthy's	Libertyville
Sklut's	Morris
Sethness Men's Store	Park Ridge
O'Brien-Jobst Co.	Peoria
Stuckey's	Rockford
Myers Brothers	*Springfield*
Arch Wilson	Springfield
Curran's Men's Wear	Streator
Durkin & Durkin	Waukegan
INDIANA	
Meyers & McCarthy	Fort Wayne
Jack Fox & Sons	Hammond
L. S. Ayres & Co.	Indianapolis
Samuel Spiro & Co.	South Bend
IOWA	
Gildner's	Mason City
Younker's	Des Moines
KANSAS	
Henry's	Wichita
KENTUCKY	
Roche & Roche	Louisville
MAINE	
A. H. Benoit & Co.	Portland
H. R. Dunham Co.	Waterville
MARYLAND	
Hochschild Kohn & Co.	Baltimore
William H. Lohmeyer	Baltimore
MASSACHUSETTS	
Johnny Appleseed's	Beverly
R. H. Stearns Co.	Boston
Gollis' Men's Apparel	New Bedford
Chitel's Men's Shop	Winchester
MICHIGAN	
The J. L. Hudson Company	Detroit
A. May & Sons	Grand Rapids
Colenso's	Iron Mountain
Colenso's	Ironwood
Art Fleming's Men's Shop	Mt. Pleasant
Dickinson's	Pontiac
Heavenrich Bros.	Saginaw
MINNESOTA	
Gildner & Lageson	Albert Lea
Gildner Bros.	Austin
Cook's	Duluth
The Dayton Company	Minneapolis
Maurice L. Rothschild & Co.	Minneapolis
Gildner-Odle	Owatonna
Cook's	St. Paul
Maurice L. Rothschild & Co.	St. Paul
MISSOURI	
Boyd's	St. Louis
Famous-Barr Co.	St. Louis
MONTANA	
Kaufman's	Great Falls
NEBRASKA	
Miller & Paine	*Lincoln*
Wheeler's	Scottsbluff
NEW HAMPSHIRE	
David Heller Co.	Concord
NEW JERSEY	
Chas. Levinsohn	Asbury Park
Ben Karrow	Flemington
Kresge-Newark Inc.	Newark
Charles W. Elbow	Paterson
Kaplan & Kaplan	Paterson
Tepper Bros.	Plainfield
Frederick W. Donnelly & Son	Trenton

MORE STORES LISTED ON NEXT PAGE

N.B.C. dollars on his big programs before they began to be profitable. Meanwhile, he worked out a fairly revolutionary method of advertising on them. In defiance of the prevailing system, in which a single advertiser bought and controlled an entire program, Weaver, whose position was strengthened by the network's ownership of a number of big shows, offered short segments of time on them to several advertisers, who could insert whatever commercials they chose—a system much like the one magazines use in selling space. "You don't find many advertising men telling the *Saturday Evening Post* how to rewrite its feature articles, but hardly an advertising man is now alive who hasn't tried to be a helpful showman to some poor, broken-down, neurotic writer or producer who only wants to do as good a job as he can—silly boy," Weaver once reminded his staff, in pointing out one of the more obvious advantages of network-controlled programs. As Weaver saw it, there were two other big advantages to this plan: One was that the costs to each advertiser would be lower than if he had to pay for an entire program, so many medium-sized companies that were shying away from television because of the almost prohibitive expense of putting on a program would be encouraged to advertise, and the other was that N.B.C., with more money from more sources, could put on bigger and better programs not only in the field of entertainment but in the field of public service.

It is not hard to understand why Weaver's new order of things didn't go down so well at the advertising agencies. "I'll fight this to the death!" one agency vice-president cried a while back in discussing it. "Who does Pat think he is, anyway? Hell, in the old days he was the greatest believer in agency programming! What does this plan offer the agencies? What does it offer *my* agency, with millions of dollars in billings? The chance of making commercials, that's all! Does Weaver think all the creative ideas come out of the network? No, sir, this plan will not work."

"Oh, no, no, no, no!" the president of another big agency exclaimed at the very mention of the Weaver method. "Our reasoning here at the agency revolves around expenditures and the results of those expenditures," he went on after he had regained his composure. "Looking at the sales curves. Looking at the audience ratings. Compiling research. Talking to dealers. Talking to clients. The client wants his money's worth. He wants the largest possible audience at the lowest possible cost per thousand viewers. If he doesn't get it—bingo! Off the show goes. When you buy half an hour of network time for three minutes of sell, that half hour has to have *impact*. This magazine concept of Weaver's is bound to decrease the effectiveness of the sales message when several advertisers have commercials on the same program. What about the gratitude factor—the public's association of an artist with a particular product, the implicit understanding that a ticket of admission to the program is a purchase of the product advertised? This gratitude factor is vital in broadcast selling—vital! Look at Jack Benny. Most people *still* think of him as a Jell-O salesman. What happens to the gratitude factor when you have half a dozen advertisers on one show and the star doesn't even *sell*? What about the composition of the audience and of the show itself—something the agencies can tailor to their needs at the lowest cost per thousand? Do I have sportsmen I can sell tobacco to, or sick people I can sell Postum to? That's something the agency is equipped to find out. As I say, the client wants his money's worth. I don't see Weaver giving it to him."

Weaver, who refused to let such opposition bother him, went right ahead and deluged his subordinates with memorandums relating to the new setup. "N.B.C. can go through the period of transition ahead and become the greatest social force and the greatest selling force in American history," he wrote in one of them. And in another: "Either our clients are small and trading up or they are big and protecting themselves against a little competitor getting the franchise. Slay those little advertisers by letting them in the Big Time, Blue Chip, Giant Company league." At the outset, he found the going pretty rough, but gradually his plan began to catch on, and within a couple of years of its inception advertisers were begging for the opportunity to present their commercials—for thirty seconds here, for a minute there—on big Weaver "magazine" programs like "Your Show of Shows" and "The All Star Revue." Not until early in 1952, however, when Weaver introduced the morning program called "Today," did he really begin to make converts of some of those who were originally hostile to the plan. When "Today," a two-hour morning program, first went on the air, a great many people in television were cer-

there is no finer sportswear

ZERO KING SPORTSWEAR

RETAIL DEALERS
CONTINUED FROM
FACING PAGE

NEW YORK	
Dorsey's Men's Wear	Brooklyn
Ben Epstein	Cedarhurst, L. I.
H. Strauss	Elmira
Schapiro's Men's Shop	Endicott
C. V. Peters Co.	Glens Falls
The Four	Newburgh
B. Altman & Company	New York
John David	New York
Gavin-McCarthy Co.	Olean
McFarlin Clothing Co.	Rochester
Nusbaum's	Schenectady
Webb's	Utica
NORTH DAKOTA	
Greengard's	Williston
OHIO	
M. O'Neil Co.	Akron
Roland's	Ashland
C. N. Vicary Co.	Canton
Halle Bros. Co.	Cleveland
The Higbee Co.	Cleveland
John H. Pumphrey	Columbus
Harry J. Rook	Columbus
Kanner's	Massillon
Jack Thornton's	Springfield
Hoffman-Thomas	Toledo
The Gentry Co.	Warren
The Squire Shop	Youngstown
OKLAHOMA	
Rothschild's	Oklahoma City
PENNSYLVANIA	
Hess Brothers	Allentown
P. A. Meyers & Sons	Erie
C. J. Crego & Son	Harrisburg
Doutrich & Co.	Harrisburg
Ratcliff & Swartz	Harrisburg
Gimbel Bros.	Philadelphia
Jacob Reed's Sons	Philadelphia
Strawbridge & Clothier	Philadelphia
John Wanamaker	Philadelphia
Sitterley Co.	Pittsburgh
Kalin's Men's Shop	State College
Wright Metzler Co.	Uniontown
The Hub	Wilkes-Barre
RHODE ISLAND	
Gollis Bros.	Pawtucket
SOUTH DAKOTA	
Hedblom's	Huron
Grigg Clothing Co.	Mitchell
TENNESSEE	
J. S. Hall's Sons	Knoxville
TEXAS	
Blackburn Brothers	Amarillo
UTAH	
Fred M. Nye Co.	Ogden
VERMONT	
Miles & Riley	Burlington
VIRGINIA	
Berry-Burk & Co.	Richmond
WISCONSIN	
Ferron's	Appleton
Levitas Clothing Co.	Green Bay
Newburg's	La Crosse
F. W. Karstens Co.	Madison
Brill's	Milwaukee
Gimbel's	Milwaukee
Siegel Bros.	Superior
WYOMING	
Fowler's	Cheyenne

"no sweet aperitifs for me"

I'm watching my figure.
I ask for "T.O. Peppy".
Really dry—not sweet.

Tio Pepe

THE MOST FAMOUS **DRY SHERRY** IN THE WORLD

GONZALEZ BYASS Y CA • BROWNE VINTNERS CO., INC., N.Y.C. • SOLE U.S. DISTRB.

FOR THOSE WHO APPRECIATE THE FINEST

BAKER

NEW YORK • CHICAGO
GRAND RAPIDS • LOS ANGELES

For "The Baker Guide to Good Furniture," please send 50 cents.

BAKER FURNITURE INC., 45 MILLING ROAD, HOLLAND, MICH.

"The bridal attendants wore velveteen." An impressive array in glowing colors . . . deep-throated, generously skirted. To order, $45.00.

From our collection for
BRIDES AND
BRIDESMAIDS,
fifth floor.

Henri Bendel
10 WEST 57
NEW YORK 19 NY

Olé the MATADOR SHIRT
sheer white batiste
sizes 30 to 36
(to order for men)
$15.00
plus 50c handling
Brochure upon request

PHOTO BY SEAWELL

WILLIAM B. RILEY, LTD.
150 SOUTH RODEO DRIVE
BEVERLY HILLS, CALIFORNIA

tain that it would be a failure. For one thing, the show began at 7 A.M., an hour when nobody ever dreamed of looking at television in those days. For another, it was believed that even if the program did succeed in attracting some sort of audience, seven o'clock in the morning was no time to try to interest people in buying something—why, they would barely be awake. Weaver, of course, differed; the basic objection to "Today," he wrote in an article that appeared in *Variety*, was its originality. "Us mutants never worry about that," he added. In two and a half years, "Today" has become N.B.C.'s most profitable program, with a long list of participating advertisers that have ranged from General Motors to the R. T. French Company, manufacturers of a food for parakeets. "We find early morning a great time for TV advertising," one of the men who help put on "Today" said recently. "When a viewer goes to sleep at night, he's surfeited with advertising, but when he gets up, he's a new man. The previous day's sales messages no longer register with him. He's been brainwashed by Mother Nature. His mind is clear. He switches on 'Today,' and the first selling point that hits him carries terrific impact. It *implants* itself in him."

EARLY one afternoon a while ago, Weaver, splendidly attired as usual and on his way to lunch at "21," was pressing the "Down" button at the bank of elevators on the sixth floor of the R.C.A. Building when a quiet voice behind him said "Pat." Weaver turned, and found himself facing Davidson Taylor, a tall, thin, pleasant-mannered man who is N.B.C.'s vice-president in charge of public affairs.

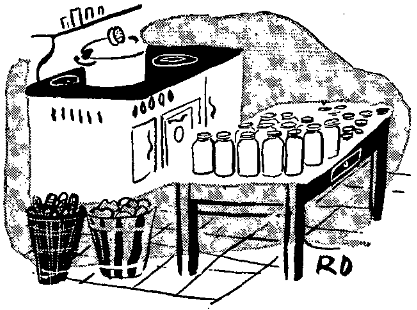
"Well, Dave!" Weaver said in a tone of pleased surprise. "I'm just segueing out to lunch."

"Good news, Pat," Taylor said. "I just got back from the Detroit client meeting, and came right up to let you know what the big fellows out there are thinking. Detroit wants to buy the football games and the 1954 elections. But you're in a hurry. I'll tell you about it later."

"Good, Dave, good. We'll talk about it," Weaver said. Then, as if he had just remembered something, he quickly added, "Say, Dave! I've been thinking of a big new weekly afternoon show that Detroit is sure to be interested in. I've got the title already. It'll be called 'The Wide Wide World,' and it's great, just great. A sure Peabody. I'm writing a memo on it now—" Weaver was interrupted by the arrival of an elevator. He stepped in, and waved jubilantly to Taylor as the door slid closed.

The next morning, a four-page mimeographed memorandum from Weaver dealing with the new program—a program designed to someday take its place alongside such other big-scale Weaver inspirations as "Today," "Your Show of Shows," "Home," and the network's current series of color spectaculars—lay on the desks of a number of N.B.C. executives and producers. "We must have the show that gets the most talk in the coming season, that wins the Peabody award, that enables me to keep carrying the fight to the intellectuals who misunderstand our mass-media development, and that can be profitably sold without affecting any of our present business," the memorandum began, soberly enough, and then Weaver began warming up to his subject: " 'The Wide Wide World' is what its name is. It takes you OUT. It takes you THERE. It puts you in IT. 'The Wide Wide World' uses our five New York remote units . . . plus our other units, plus the remote units of our affiliates, plus our Cadillac unit, plus units aboard helicopters, aboard diving bells, plus vidicon walkie-peepie units on skis, and on surfboards, and on water skis; and watching frogmen, plus candid camera installations here and there but not by chance."

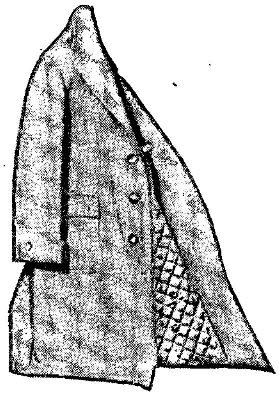
The memorandum went on to outline the sort of subjects the program might deal with: the arrival of the seasons ("A creative task force will frame a 90-minute picture of Fall for the American television audience"); famous American scenery ("All have not seen Niagara Falls, Yellowstone, and Old Faithful, and, depending on the season, the wonders of the blossoming of dogwood, or yucca, or desert wildflowers"); the arts ("We will be at the Hollywood Bowl for a symphonic concert one Sunday and at Carnegie Hall the next"); life after eighty ("May sound limited in appeal, but that is because most of us figure we'll do well to stay off the slab until the medium settles down. But it could be something. Geri-



J. PRESS TOPCOATS AND OVERCOATS

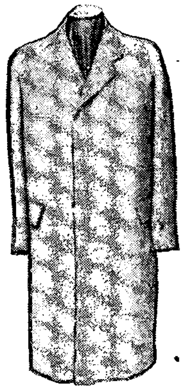
ENTIRELY EXCLUSIVE, these are coats which cannot be bought elsewhere. The Materials are especially woven to J. PRESS direction and the Make is either Our Own or that of careful English Tailoring adhering strictly to J. PRESS pattern proportions and model specifications. J. PRESS Coats are recognized and admired the world over for their Distinguished Character. They are equally deserving from the standpoint of Dollar Value.

ENGLISH MADE
BOX TOPCOATS
Straight falling, single breasted with inset sleeves, fly front and frame pockets in 17 oz. Real Shetland herringbone blends—black and natural brown, moorit tan and natural mixture, moorit tan and gray, and gray and black $80

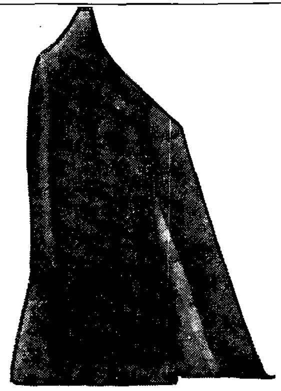


ENGLISH MADE
BOX OVERCOATS
Same make and model as Box Topcoats completely lined with Tropaline quilting in 19 oz. Real Shetland porridge patterns — black and brown, moorit tan and deep gray mixture, and gray and black $110

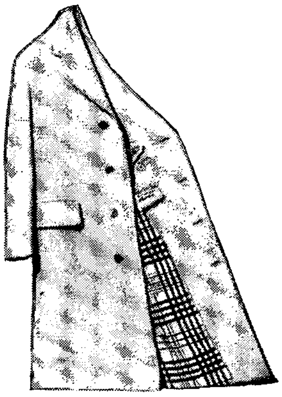
OWN MAKE
CHESTERFIELD COATS
Medium weight midnight gray fine English Melton, single breasted, slight body tracing with fly front and velvet collar, satin lined throughout $100



REAL SHETLAND
TOWN TOPCOATS
Made by Jaeger, London, natural shoulders, slight body tracing, single breasted with regular pockets and breasted pocket. Tick weaves in black and brown, lovat and tan, gray and black; Twill weaves in black-brown and midnight gray $90



REAL SHETLAND
TOWN OVERCOATS
Same make and model as Town Topcoats, fully lined with Lindsay lambswool deep tone Tartan. Natural Shetland twills in black brown, and midnight gray $110
Also West of England herringbone, midnight gray $115



BURBERRY'S LONDON
CUSHA TWEED OVERCOATS
Tailored from handwoven Orkney Island Tweeds with lambswool plaid linings. Heather herringbones of black-brown, grain tan, dark gray, and lovat mixture. $130

TRAVEL EXHIBITS

Travel exhibits regularly in leading centres throughout the country. Dates on request.

MAIL ORDERS
Sample swatches and measurement form mailed on request.

262 York St., New Haven
82 Mt. Auburn St., Cambridge
341 Madison Ave., New York

Man on the go

There's something about a trip that makes a man want to look his best. He expects to travel on luxury planes and trains and to stay at fine hotels. He knows he'll see, and be seen by, important people. He knows, too, that good clothes add to his confidence and to his enjoyment of going places.

That's why the executive in the photograph wears his Vicasha topcoat by Hart Schaffner & Marx proudly and frequently. He'd no more take a cool-weather trip without it than he would travel without his luggage.

Deserves the attention he gets . . .

The rich and handsome fabric is imported. It is a magnificent blend of 70% fine wools with aristocratic cashmere and Vicuna, the rarest of luxury fibers. The soft cashmere lends a lofty touch and makes the coat lighter and warmer. The Vicuna is responsible for the wonderfully-silky feel and appearance that give the Vicasha topcoat its top-bracket look.

And because the base of this superb topcoating *is* fine wool, you are assured far longer wear from your Vicasha than you've any right to expect of such luxurious material.

So get yourself inside a Vicasha topcoat by Hart Schaffner & Marx who matched the fabric with the finest tailoring. Marvel at its not-too-expensive price . . . and enjoy *feeling* as rich as you *look*. You will find it exclusively at Hart Schaffner & Marx dealers.

At these and many other fine dealer stores:

Boston.................Filene's
New York..............Wallachs
Dayton, Columbus........Walkers
Indianapolis.............Block's
Chicago.................Baskin
Denver................Cottrell's

HART SCHAFFNER & MARX

atrics and gerontics are loaded with new and interesting developments"); field and stream ("Gad, what a ninety minutes we have here. Gun and bird, hound and possum, fox and horses, fighting marlin and lightning bonefish, the sizzling trout at 12,000 feet in the Sierras and the silent flash of the underwater harpoon a hundred feet below the surface of the water . . . all live, simultaneously, using split screen, flying spot scanner techniques to make your head come to a point. And this is without trying!"), and the fine arts ("Let us get the Sadler's Wells Ballet to do an outside original in an exciting locale, like a fleet of barges being towed around Manhattan, with a symphony orchestra on the first barge, and cameras with telescopic lenses spotted ashore, to zoom in from the Empire State, the Statue of Liberty, the Spuyten Duyvil Bridge on a particular scene, and with a natural finish as it turns into a water ballet, and they all drown"). Attached to each memorandum was a small slip of paper with Weaver's name printed at the top and, below it, this mimeographed message:

> TO ALL CONCERNED:
> WORK!
> PAT WEAVER

Everybody worked, and a few days later about fifteen members of the N.B.C. staff gathered in Weaver's office to discuss the proposed program and present their views and suggestions. As the group filed in, Weaver sat comfortably at his desk, at one end of the large room, busily signing mail. Arranged in a casual semicircle in front of the desk were a number of chairs, and off to one side stood Weaver's Bongo Board, a sort of one-man seesaw device on which he exercises regularly to keep in shape. When everyone was settled, Weaver put down his pen, placed his fingertips together, and leaned far back in his swivel chair. "Well, fellows," he said, after a moment, "as you know, we're anxious to establish N.B.C. as it ought to be, and 'Wide Wide World' is the sort of show that will do it. The show ought to be on Sunday afternoon. We'll get new money for 'Wide Wide World'—there's no use creating a show like this on the usual agency level, where all they're concerned about is the problem of people buying the client's goods. If we did that, the results would be too standard, and, besides, the agencies wouldn't go for the show anyway. You know that, fellows."

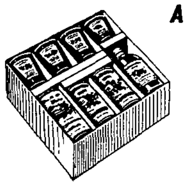
Everybody smiled, and Weaver leaned forward and began a detailed

Three slices at a time, . . . no waiting!

Is there a big-family breakfast "bottleneck" at your house? Not enough toast—fast enough? Then this new toaster featuring "Toastmaster's"* exclusive Power-Action is the answer. Takes the bread right out of your fingers—and gives it back perfectly toasted. Toasts three slices—light, dark, or in-between. Brand-new. If not yet available at your dealer's, ask him to order it.

$39⁵⁰

NEW Toastmaster
3-SLICE
SUPER DE LUXE TOASTER
*TM Reg.



A gift of rare goodness!

CRANBERRY DELICACIES
From Cranguyma Farms
Long Beach, Washington

"INDIAN HARVEST" assortment contains Fancy Whole Berry Cranberry Sauce, Jellied Cranberry Sauce, Steamed Cranberry Pudding, Fancy Pure Strawberry-Cranberry Preserves, Pure Raspberry-Cranberry Jam, Fancy Pure Blueberry-Cranberry Preserves, Pure Cranberry Juice, Pure Cranberry Jelly. $5.95 delivered.

You must taste to believe the wonderful flavors of fruit blends made with tangy cranberries from the Pacific Northwest! Beautifully boxed jams, jellies, sauces, preserves, pudding and juice. Shipped direct. Send check or money order to Eastern Sales Office, Cranguyma Farms, Box 172, Wynnewood, Pa.

NEW YORK'S MOST EXCLUSIVE HOTEL RESIDENCE FOR YOUNG WOMEN
The Barbizon

If you are seeking a career in New York, you will appreciate The Barbizon. Music studios. Social activities. Sun deck, swimming pool, radios. Coffee shop. From $3.75 daily. Weekly on application. Write for booklet N.

Lexington Ave. at 63rd St., New York

dissertation on what he felt were the minimum financial requirements of the program. Then, tilting his chair back again, he surveyed his listeners. "Now, some of you have sent me memos with ideas for 'Wide Wide World,'" he said. "After reading them, I think that perhaps what didn't come through from *my* memo was what I thought the show was. This isn't to be a point-of-view show but one in which we use television as communications to show the sort of places and events that normal, cultured, well-informed people want to see. Dismal Swamp, the Sadler's Wells Ballet, the Greek Theatre in Los Angeles, playing an ancient Greek play with Greeks—real Greeks, fellows—as performers. Why not? It would be a non-hit, I admit, but it would be real nutsy. We should consider the artistic tastes of the whole populace."

"Pat, a question," Davidson Taylor said. "Is this 'The Wide Wide World' or 'The Wide Wide U.S.A.'?"

"'Wide Wide World' will be going to London, Moscow, and the Vatican before we're through," Weaver replied. "This program goes *there*."

"Suppose you went to the Greek Theatre in Los Angeles. Would most people *want* to go to the Greek Theatre?" Robert Sarnoff, who is now N.B.C.'s executive vice-president, asked. He was smoking a cigar, and he examined its ash as he awaited an answer.

"This show is not just about what the public wants to do but what you want them to do, Bobby," Weaver said. "You *take* the American people to see the Greek drama, you *take* them to see 'King Lear' at Stratford, Ontario. It would be good for them to see Shakespeare, whether they liked it or not." Weaver paused and looked around the room. "I assume you all dig the cultural side of this," he said.

"Would you like some suggestions from our boys in Hollywood?" asked Fred W. Wile, a vice-president of N.B.C. and its West Coast program chief.

"For laughs?" Weaver inquired.

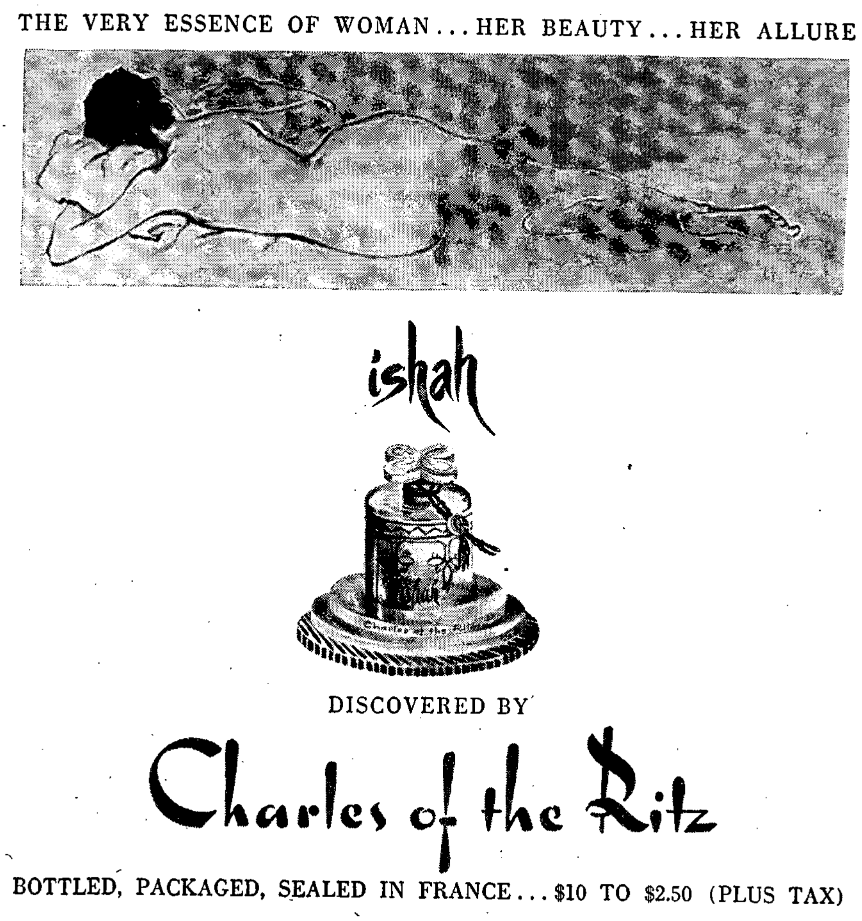
"Well, laughs, too," Wile said. He read a list of suggestions that had been teletyped to him from California.

"Negative," Weaver said when Wile finished. "Negative, negative."

Richard A. R. Pinkham, another vice-president, suggested that the Dance Festival at Jacobs Pillow might make a subject for "The Wide Wide World."

"An hour and a half of Jacobs Pillow?" Sarnoff asked.

"Maybe there *is* an hour and a half


THE VERY ESSENCE OF WOMAN . . . HER BEAUTY . . . HER ALLURE

ishah

DISCOVERED BY

Charles of the Ritz

BOTTLED, PACKAGED, SEALED IN FRANCE . . . $10 TO $2.50 (PLUS TAX)

from any angle...
TEACHER'S
HIGHLAND CREAM
Perfection of Blended Scotch Whisky
WM TEACHER & SONS LTD
DISTILLERS
GLASGOW
SCOTLAND
86 PROOF
Schieffelin & Co.
New York
Always right! It's the flavour

PANNIERED SILK
DINNER DRESS FLOWN
FROM ROME TO PUT
ON AT ONCE.
PEACOCK OR NAVY,
10 TO 18. $175.

Eleanora Garnett
47 EAST 51 ST., NEW YORK
VIA DI VILLA SACCHETTI 17 ROMA

in Jacobs Pillow, Bobby," Weaver said. "Who knows?"

"Would you want to do a 'Wide Wide World' show on oil?" Sarnoff said. "There's a lot of oil coming up nowadays."

"It would be peachy if a gusher came up and we caught it, but oil generally—no, Bobby," Weaver said patiently. "Oil is a good telementary subject, and so is the traffic problem, and so is hunger and so is Chicago. But they are not 'Wide Wide World' subjects. In winter you can see children starving and in summer you can see golfers being struck by lightning, but you don't see them on this show."

Everybody looked thoughtful. Weaver began to tap one foot on the rug in a muted tattoo.

"Suppose there were, say, some strange festival, with some vestigial quality to it, where they get the seventh son of a seventh son and shoot him before breakfast," Wile said. "Some strange bit of provincial tradition. Would that qualify?"

Weaver hunched himself in his chair and, with his knees drawn up, swivelled from side to side a couple of times. "Mmm," he said.

There was another silence. Then Worthington Miner, a television producer, spoke up. "It would be exciting going down the Grand Canyon in Cinerama with a stunt pilot," he said. "It would just make your stomach turn over. Of course, TV isn't Cinerama, but we could try some ideas along similar lines. For example, in a show on winter sports, if you mounted a camera on skis and showed the skis plunging downhill, then the *audience* is skiing."

"Winter sports would be great—real solid," Weaver said, brightening. "I don't know whether people would identify with the skis, but they might. You could do all sorts of things that way. You could go over Niagara Falls in a barrel. Say, wouldn't that be something! We could put a camera in the barrel and people would see what it feels like to go over the falls."

"Now you're talking not about 'Wide Wide World' but about a show called 'Live It Up,' " Wile objected.

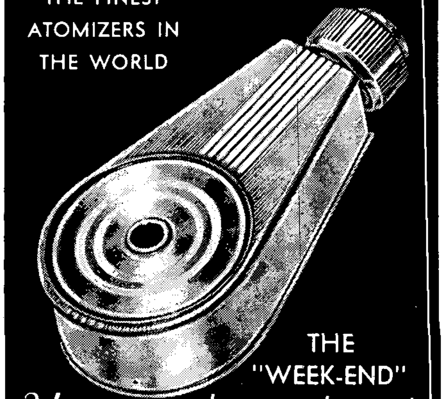
"Vidicon cameras on water skis in Dismal Swamp would be great," Weaver said, paying no attention to Wile's remark.

"Gee, Pat, vidicons can shake a good deal," Pinkham said. "We were going around Manhattan on a barge at three knots with a vidicon for a 'Today' sequence and got lousy pictures."

"There's an engineer here could tell

Marcel Franck

THE FINEST
ATOMIZERS IN
THE WORLD



THE
"WEEK-END"

You can take it with you!

If it's perfume — and you have this perfect purse-size atomizer.

It puts your perfume where you want it — not all over the inside of your handbag!

Made in France, and complete with black suede travel bag, in Chrome 9.00; in Gold Finish 11.50.

FRENCH ATOMIZER CORP.
663 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 22

THE "FEEL" OF
Real Puerto Rico
U.S.A.

Starlit nights
Sun-filled days
Old World Charm
But modern ways

• BEACH • SPORTS
• POOL • DANCING

Condado Beach HOTEL
AIR-CONDITIONED
San Juan, Puerto Rico

JAMES WEBER, Managing Director
Frederick Dieterle, Resident Manager
See Travel Agents or New York Office
212 Essex House. Tel CI. 5-6727

the
GASLIGHT
club
CHICAGO

A National Institution

A man hardly ever has TIME all for himself

Somebody in any household has to read TIME first—
But then somebody else always reads TIME second—
And out of the combination comes much good talk and mutual discussion—
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by Helen Porter

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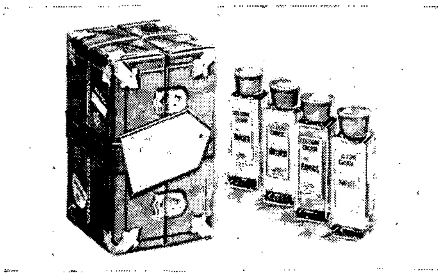

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you about the vidicon problems," Wile said.

Weaver looked expectantly at the engineer, who had been sitting stolidly near the door. "Well," the engineer said, "a vidicon is pretty heavy, and it's usually got a five-ton truck behind it to carry the relay equipment. I don't know how you could support all that weight on water skis."

"Get bigger water skis," Weaver replied. "I'm sure if it were easy, it would already have been done."

Someone suggested motorboating as a possible subject, and someone else suggested golf.

"Golf is a possibility, but motorboating is better," Weaver said. "Golf is a game, but motorboating is a way of life. With a motorboat, you *go* places."

"Isn't going down the Hudson something you see in the newsreels?" Ted Mills, another producer, asked.

"We don't care about the newsreels," Weaver replied. "The important thing is the opening on the world."

"Godfrey stood on the Atlantic, and it was really exciting," Michael Dann, the manager of N.B.C.'s television programming, said. "It didn't matter to the viewer that the Atlantic had been seen on TV before."

"How about a murder trial at a county seat in Georgia?" Mills asked.

"On Sunday afternoon?" Weaver raised his eyebrows. "Anyway, in urbane life I see no reason why such subjects should come up."

"What do you mean by urbane, exactly?" Mills asked, in a puzzled tone.

"Why, you know, Ted," Weaver said in an exaggerated drawl. "New York-type stuff."

Everybody laughed, and then Weaver went on earnestly, "I think I know what I want but I'm not sure that you all do. I want a show that will give people a chance to go out of their homes to almost every part of our wide world that is America and participate in all of our activities—a show that people will say has enabled us to become more mature, more cultured, and more urbane, and that will be the conversation piece wherever people meet. That is why I say no to hunger and no to Chicago, but boating, yes—and if everybody was a member of the élite he'd have seen the show. Nobody would watch 'Wide Wide World' all the time unless he was paralyzed, but he would see it occasionally and it would do him good. Fellows, don't you see I'm trying to get something *civilized*?"

When Weaver had finished, there was a respectful hush in the room. Then

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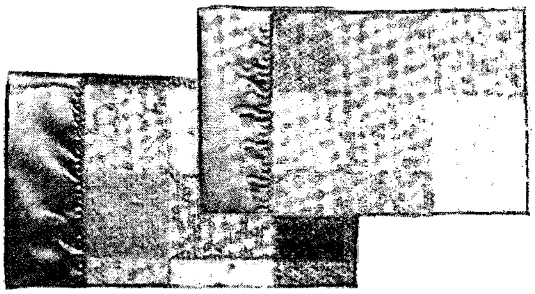

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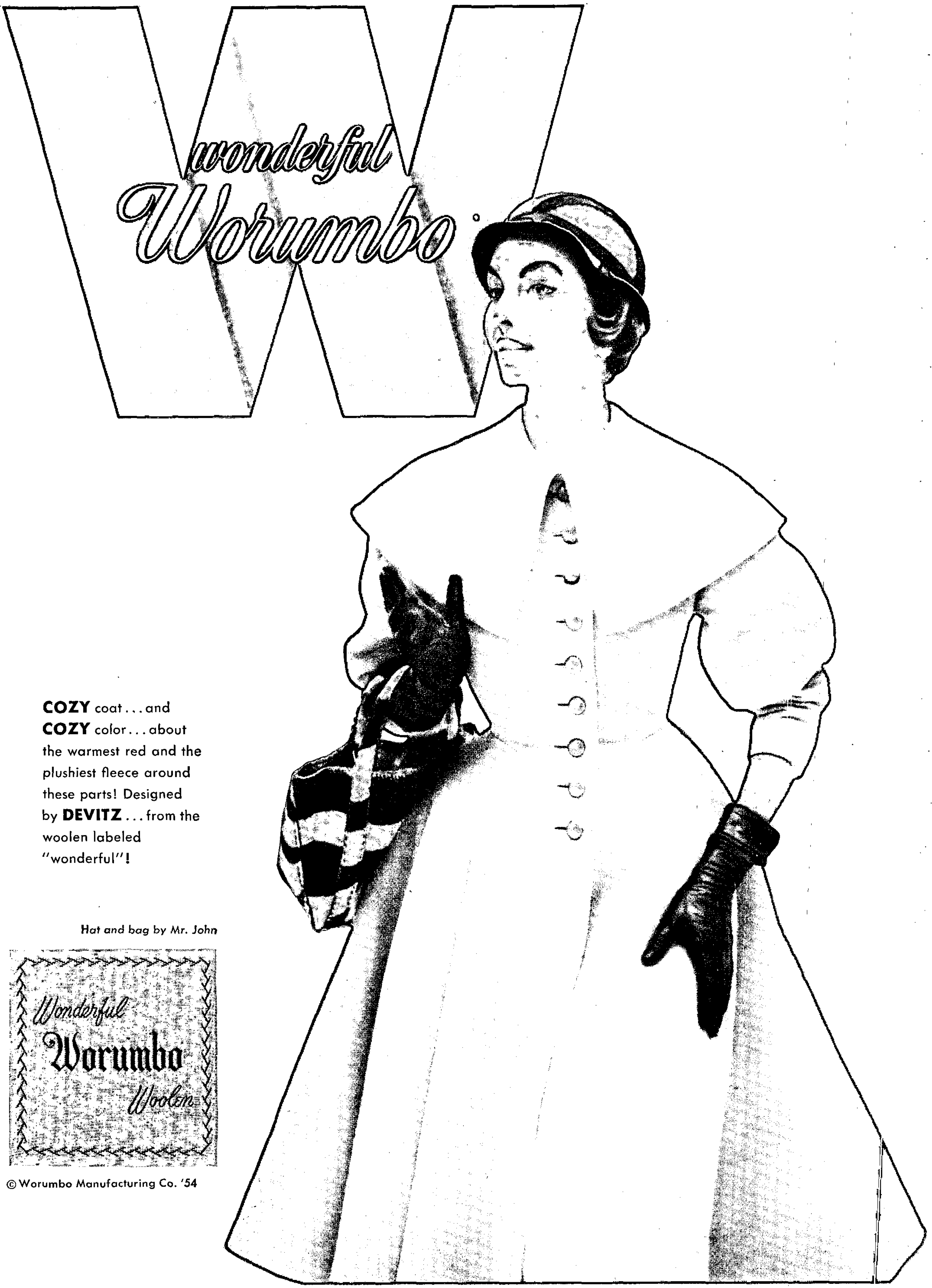

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Miner said soberly, "Pat, isn't what you are reaching for something like this: What would people best like to do on Sundays if they had the means and the time to travel about the country and see the best of what the country has, and wouldn't you like to give them the experience of doing just that, through television?"

Weaver sat silent for a long time. Then, with an undertone of excitement in his voice, he said, "Tony, I think you're right. *Right!* Very good, Tony! I think you've hit the common denominator. Fellows, I think we're on the right track. Now we know what we're going to be doing. 'Wide Wide World' is going to be great and we'll sell it to Detroit as a noble experiment. Fellows, I'm going to take the weekend and think."

A few minutes later, the meeting broke up, and the members of the staff returned to their own offices to do some thinking themselves. They are still at it.

Alone, Weaver put his feet up on his desk and gazed thoughtfully at the ceiling for a few seconds. Then, before taking up the next problem on his agenda, he swivelled himself off his chair, walked spryly across the office, sprang upon his Bongo Board, and, with feet astride and arms flailing gracefully, teeter-tottered from side to side like a man without a care in the world.

—THOMAS WHITESIDE

(This is the second of two articles on Mr. Weaver.)

•

On Thursday night party hubbub issued from the back yard of Betty and Bill Flower's house on S June St. The first person we met while walking up the driveway was Bill Bannerman—on his way home to get his undershirt. It was the second time in a week Bill had left a party to go home and get his undershirt. May we suggest, Bill, that next time you go to an outdoor party on a night that promises to become chilly you carry an undershirt in the trunk of your car? This will save you a trip home . . .

But it was a beautiful September evening. The guests were gathered in the wide driveway and garage, where the bar was set up. Was it Nel Hees who remarked, "Can you imagine having nerve enough to give a party in your garage?" —*James Copp in the Los Angeles Times.*

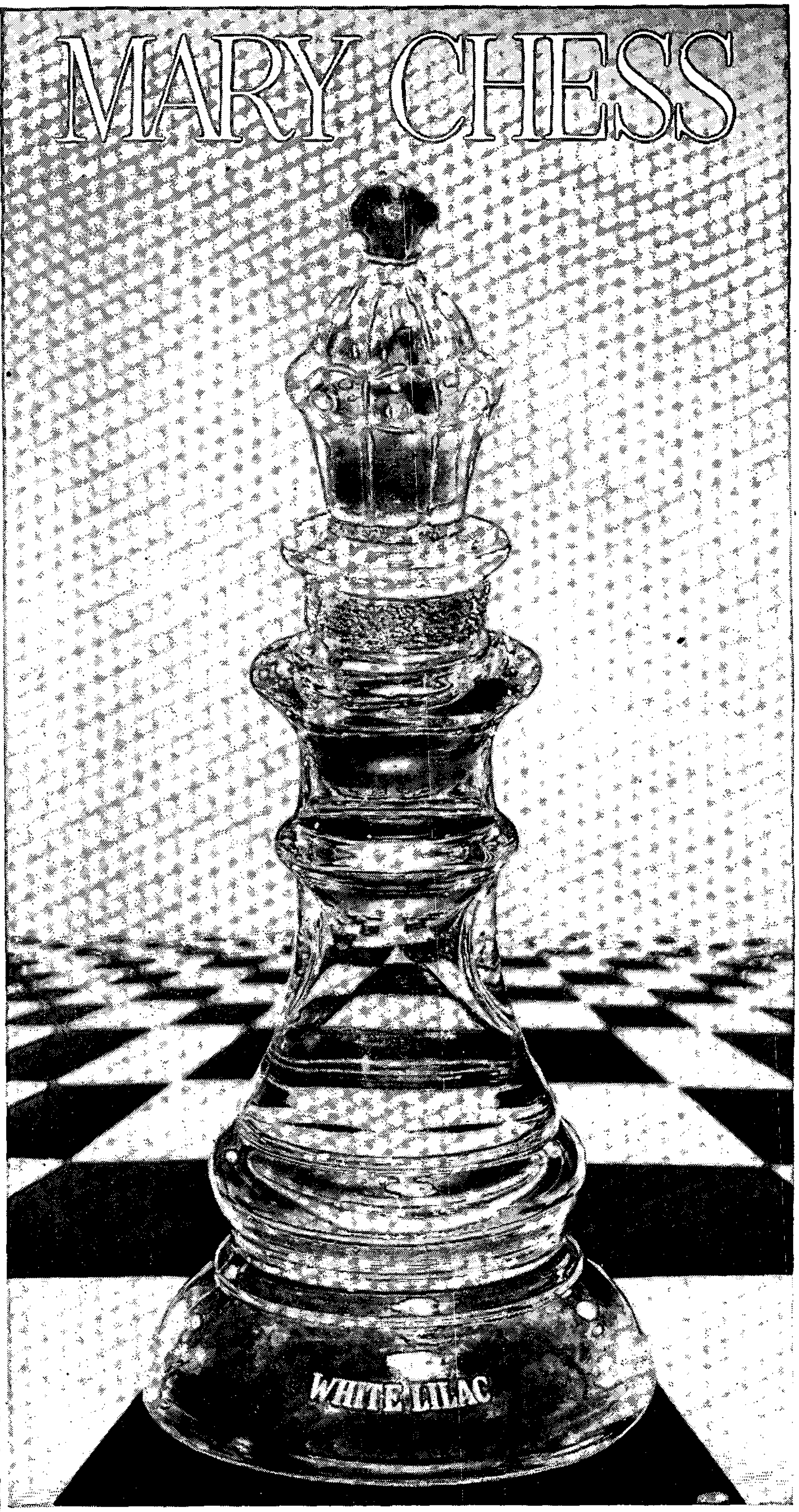
More likely it was Bill Bannerman.

•

ANTICLIMAX DEPARTMENT

[*From the Muret-Sanders German-English Dictionary*]

juch, -he, -hei, -heidideldum, -heirassassa, -heisa, -heissa, *int.* hurra(h)!, huzza!, heyday!, F [familiar—unrefined] oh, jolly!



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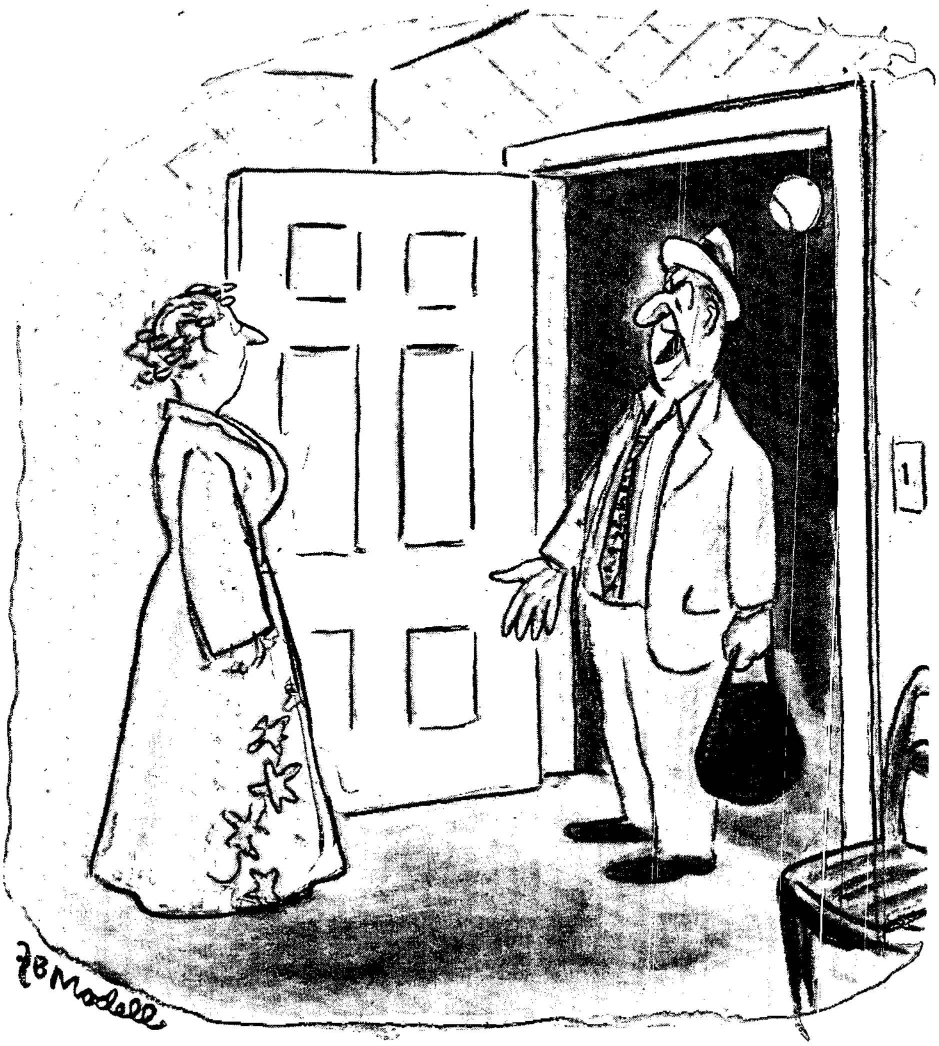
THE THEATRE

LOST IN TRANSIT

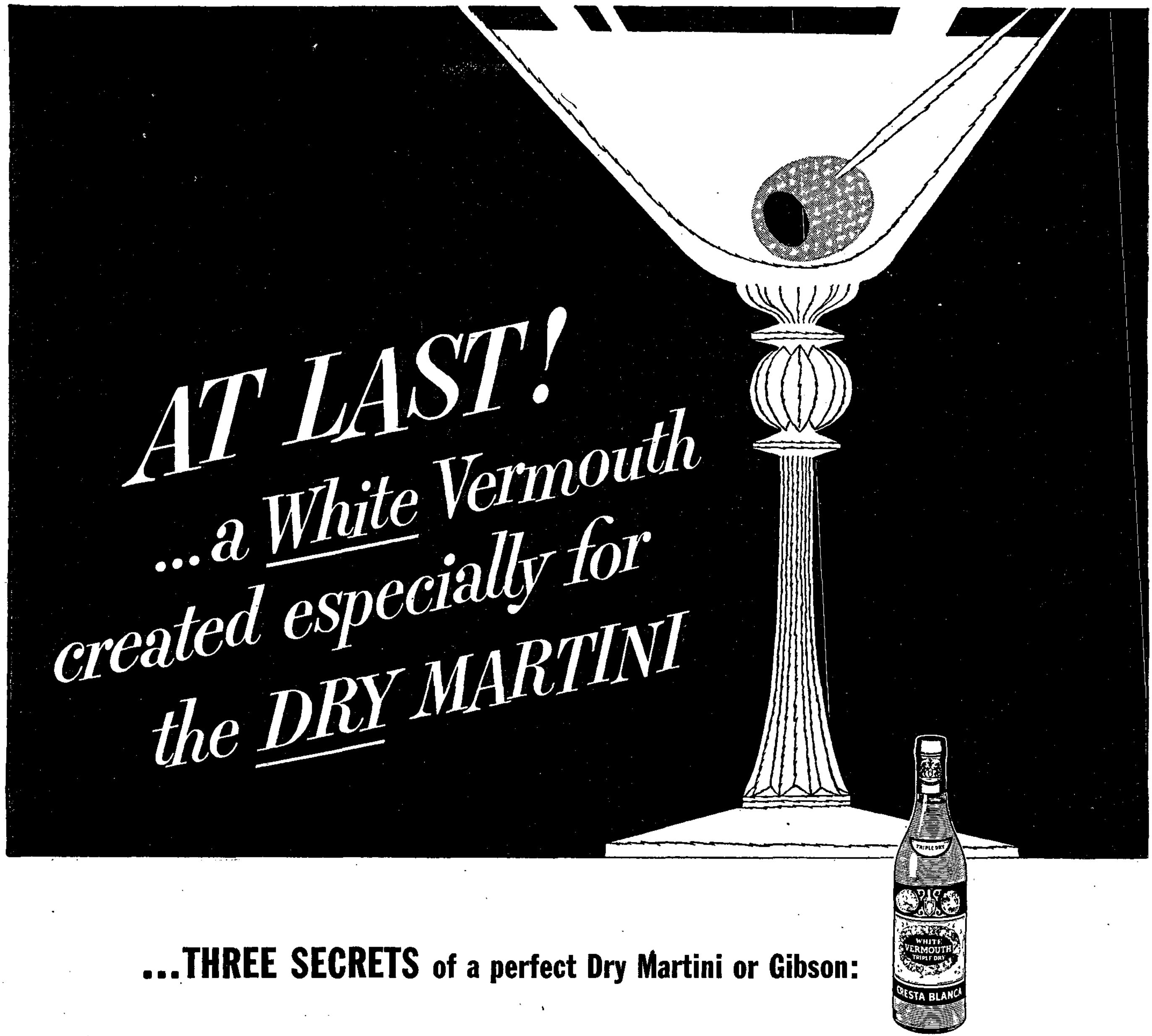
IT is, of course, quite possible to approve heartily of almost everything a play has to say and still to be so harassed by its method of saying it that you come out of the theatre fairly hostile to the whole operation. This, certainly, was what took place with me in the case of "Sing Me No Lullaby," Robert Ardrey's latest work, at the Phoenix. Mr. Ardrey's message (there can hardly be any other word for it) is that the man whose essential good will led him to actively support persecuted minorities twenty years ago can scarcely hope to survive economically in the political climate of today. The sensitive liberal of 1936, that is, was almost bound to admire and endorse the Communist stand on a great many issues, and although he may never have even contemplated membership in the Party, he is apt to be rendered permanently unemployable—if nothing worse happens to him—by the principle of guilt by association. This is obviously not a novel thought, or one with which very many of us would be inclined to argue, but I don't believe it has ever been stated in the theatre before without cautious reservations, and Mr. Ardrey deserves all our gratitude for bringing it into the light.

His manner of execution, however, is something quite different. Not since "Merrily We Roll Along," which, if you remember, rolled relentlessly backward through some twenty years, has the time sequence in a play been so strangely tortured out of shape to so little comprehensible purpose. The action (if I have my facts straight, which is by no means guaranteed) starts in the present, shifts to 1936, goes then to 1939, moves forward to 1954, retreats to 1946, and, finally, for the whole last act, settles down in our own time. Since the scene is always the same, even to the exact position of the copper pans hanging over the sink, this technical device leads to a certain amount of confusion, and there were sequences I was able to identify as taking place in a bygone day only by the circumstance that a character who had once been bald now sported a luxuriant head of hair or that another wore a sweater that bore lettering stating that he was currently a member of the class of 1939 at the University of Illinois. This rather ingenuous method of telling the audience what time it was was further assisted by a radio that delivered characteristic news items of the period, with special emphasis on the text of the Hitler-Stalin nonaggression pact, and by a phonograph on which a record of "Dancing in the Dark" was played at 78 r.p.m.

This oddly innocent dramaturgy was also evident in the dialogue, which abounded in the stately and improbable expository remark ("I have no wish to incur the humiliation of another defeat at the polls such as I suffered in 1946")—something that I thought had vanished from the theatre at about the time electricity replaced gas in the footlights. The acting, for the most part, was reminiscent, too, the performers clearly sharing their playwright's opinion that it was their function to convey ideas rather than to reproduce life, so that there was a tendency to deliver key speeches in what can best be defined as a platform manner. The players were Richard Kiley, Beatrice Straight, Jack Warden, Larry Gates, Jessie Royce Landis, Marian Winters, John Marley, John Fiedler, and Michael Lipton, in approximately that order of duration on the stage, and of them all, I'm afraid, only Miss Landis quite succeeded in suggesting a living personality rather than an animated pamphlet. As for the other physical aspects of the production, I can only



"O.K. then, have it your way—I wasn't bowling. I spent the evening with a lovely blonde. We had drinks and dinner at '21.' Then we went to the Copa for an hour or so, and then on to her place for a nightcap. And here I am back home."



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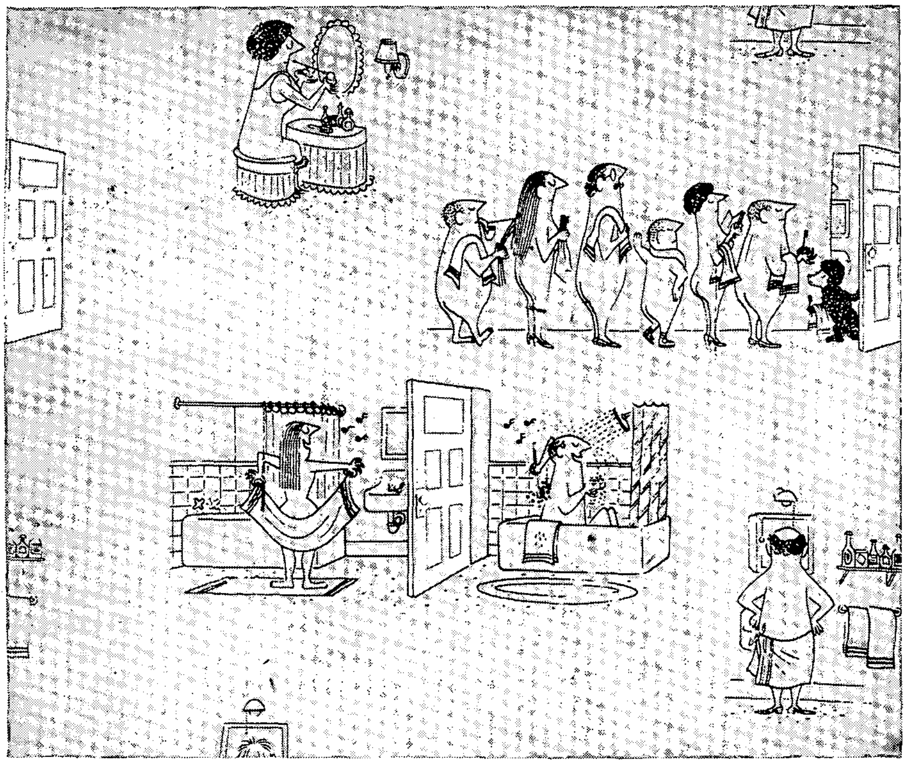

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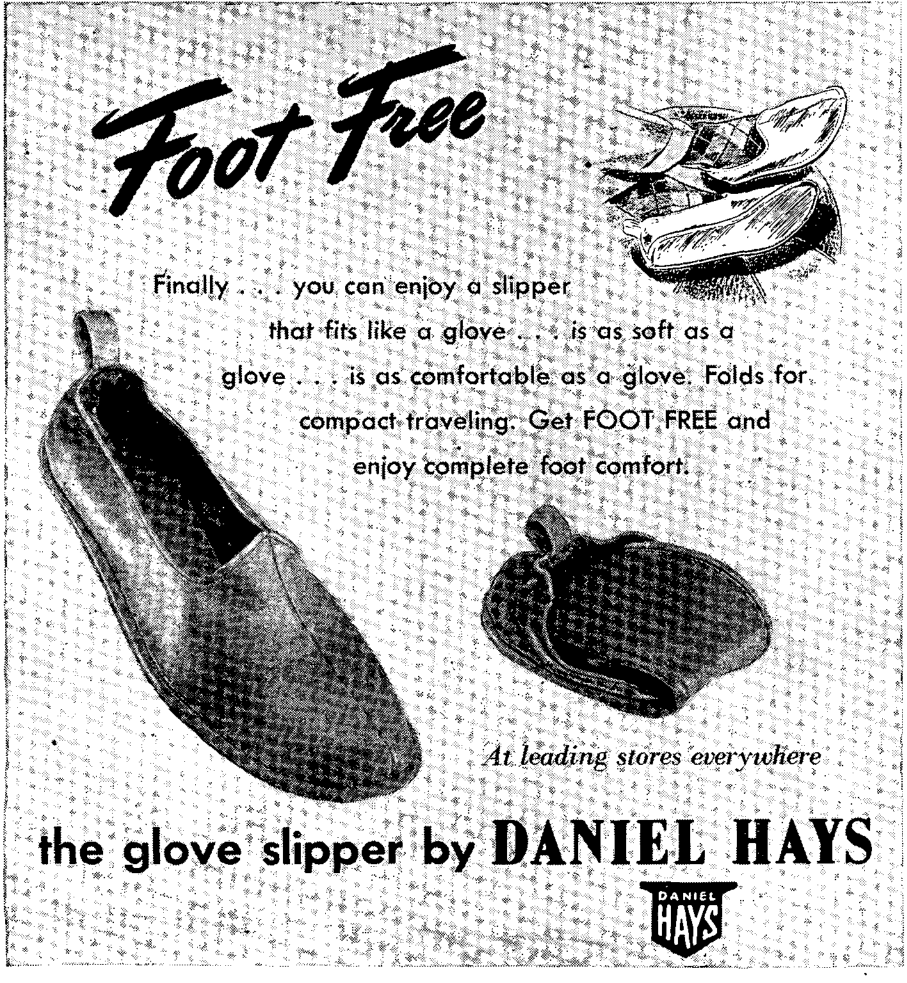

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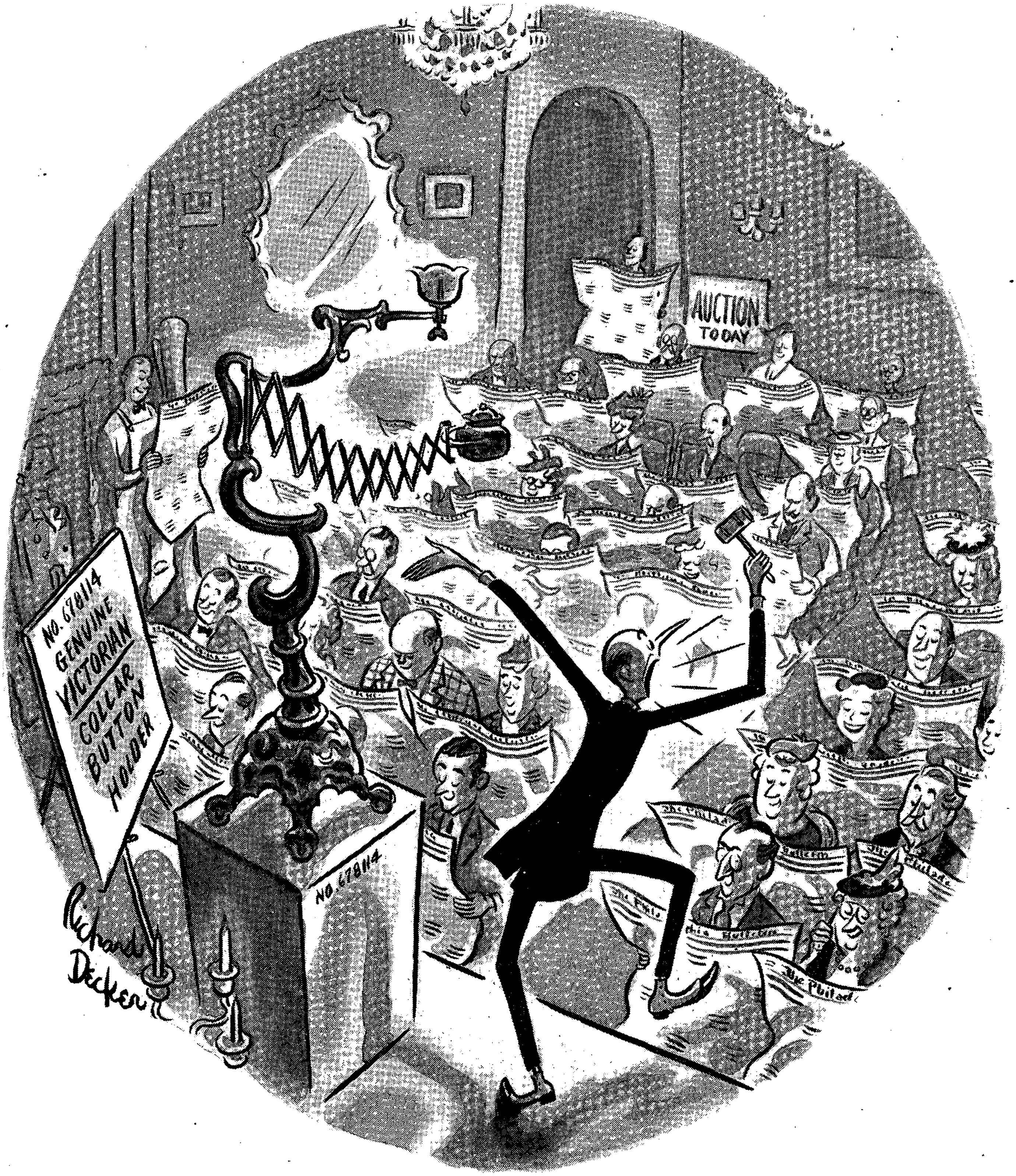
say that the lighting is incredibly naïve (for instance, a curtain is pulled up at night during a driving snowstorm, and the stage miraculously is bathed in sunshine), and that the set is hardly likely to take your mind off the ineptitudes that occur on it.

The plot, which I would be only too delighted not to have to discuss, has something to do with a man who, after being fairly conclusively eliminated from politics, thanks to the opposition of his rich and reactionary mother, decides to run for office again, in the faint hope of making a new world in which a Leftist friend of his can live in peace. There is a lot more to it than that, including love, pregnancy, the F.B.I., short-wave radio, and copious references to Abraham Lincoln, but that's the essence. Mr. Ardrey's heart is unquestionably in the right place; as a playwright, however; he must still be described as promising.

Any reasonably well-written play about men at war is certain to induce a sort of automatic tension in its audiences, and "Fragile Fox," at the Belasco, has more than its share of shattering violence, rough military humor, and more or less inarticulate heroism—set, of course, against a matching cowardice and villainy. Almost all the soldiers in it are members of a company designated as Fragile Fox, which has been assigned the suicidal task of holding the front line at the Battle of the Bulge, and from the first curtain to the last they live in a state of mortal peril, very few of them, indeed, surviving to enjoy the American victory at the end. From time to time, the intolerable strain of combat is relieved by comedy sequences in which the men make the familiar crude jokes about women, Army food, and the eccentricities of their commanding officers. The good soldiers, who constitute a satisfactory majority of the outfit, face what appears to be inevitable extinction with the tough composure that the stage has settled upon as the standard pattern of behavior for American troops under fire. The bad ones—a snivelling, drunken captain and a cynically ambitious lieutenant colonel—are persons of practically unadulterated corruption, and proper objects for the spectator's hatred and contempt.

The play has, in fact, just about every ingredient necessary to good theatre except, unfortunately, the highest and most difficult one, of producing any characters with whom a real emotional involvement is possible. You may well be stirred by "Fragile Fox," but your re-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action can hardly be more than the surface and temporary excitement you might just as readily experience at a lively and rather gory prizefight. Specifically, there is no authentic tragedy in the death of the most heroic soldier of them all, because he has never existed as a living human being but only as a kind of composite drawing of a type, and the shooting of the cringing captain by one of his own men hasn't any special impact, either, because he, too, has never been established as a human being but only as a caricatured summing up of all that is base. I have an idea that "Fragile Fox" contains enough noisy activity (the gunfire is nearly continuous, both offstage and on), picturesque conversation (at least one monosyllable is employed that I don't recall hearing in the theatre before), and correct moral sentiment from the military point of view (the end justifies the means, even when this demands shooting down an unarmed prisoner) to insure the play a moderate success, but I can't believe that the author, Norman A. Brooks, has written anything of a serious dramatic stature. Perhaps I ought to be shot, too.

Of the performers, I admired Dane Clark as the doomed lieutenant who is prepared to kill his superior officer for cravenly refusing to provide the support that might have saved his platoon; Don Taylor as another lieutenant, who commits this necessary execution at last; James Gregory as the lieutenant colonel, who has sided with the spineless victim because this man is rich enough to control the state of which he (the colonel) intends to be governor after the war; and Crahan Denton, Richard Carlyle, and Clem Fowler as assorted noncoms and private soldiers, mainly of a comic nature. None of these parts has any depth or complexity, and it is a tribute to the actors that they manage to make them generally interesting and occasionally even vivid. The only important acting failure of the evening is chargeable to Andrew Duggan, who, as the drunken captain, does little with the role except suggest an old-line Shakespearean heavy suffering from delirium tremens. Since I can imagine no way of making this character anything but grotesque, Mr. Duggan's bizarre portrayal can probably be laid more justly to sheer desperation in an impossible situation than to any personal desire to ham things up. Except for the blame he must share for this performance, Herbert Swope, Jr.'s, direction is well paced and inventive, and the settings, which were designed by Ralph

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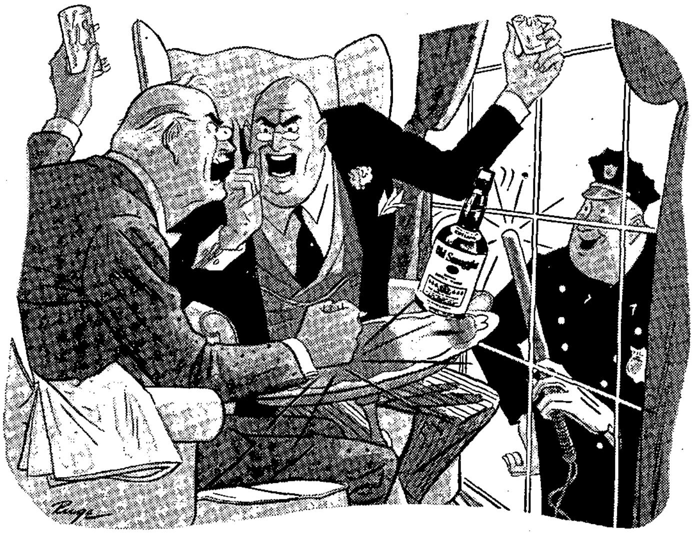
Alswang, are properly desolate and damaged.

IN spite of a few moments of acceptable comedy, "The Tender Trap," at the Longacre, strikes me as a cheap and highly objectionable play. The plot is largely a matter of desperate contrivance; the dialogue, though punctuated by the urgent ringing of more telephones and doorbells than I have heard in many a season, has only a kind of dispirited vulgarity; and the décor, centering on a large, black, and remarkably explicit female torso, is just about as tasteless as everything else. The acting, considering the handicaps under which it labors, is quite good, but this is the only note of approval the management is going to extract from me. There have sometimes been complaints that current criticism is guilty of issuing too many ambiguous verdicts. I hope I have succeeded in avoiding this error.

The curtain goes up on a man and a woman grappling on a pink sofa, under the torso. The nature of their relationship is unmistakable, and this firm insistence on the disreputable character of the apartment and nearly all the people who visit it is carefully maintained throughout the evening. It is stated, but never proved to my satisfaction, that this man is practically irresistible to the girls, and subsequently three more of them drop in, bearing gifts of fish and cheese, and embrace him as often as the circumstances permit, with little squeals of rapture. It is also stated that he lives a rich and fascinating life, but I wouldn't trade it even for my own, which is that of an aging drama critic, subject to God knows what horrid indignities.

Shortly after the initial wrestling match, another man is introduced. He comes from Indiana, where, it develops, he has three children with braces on their teeth and a wife addicted to wall-to-wall carpeting, and at the moment he is engaged in trying to peddle some quack remedy he has brewed that is supposed to cure the common cold. I think you can forget this awkwardly shaped fact; it is just a mechanism to keep the plot moving. Anyway, the new arrival



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By Tom Lee, Jr.

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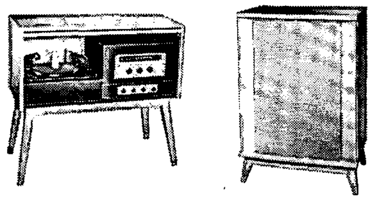

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has come to that sorry point in life where the girl he married has deteriorated abjectly into a wife, and, almost unbearably stimulated by his host's activities, he sets about arranging an illicit romance of his own. Despite its general air of seedy rakishness, however, "The Tender Trap" is essentially a moral play, and at the end of it the medicine man sees the light and goes back to his wife, and his host decides to marry one of his tedious little playmates. The chances that either of these arrangements could work out seemed to me infinitesimal, but it was all a matter of very slight consequence to me.

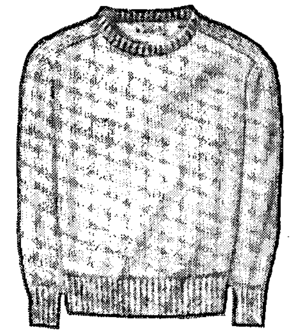
The actors principally involved are Robert Preston, Kim Hunter, Ronny Graham, and Janet Riley. They all deserve far better things—especially Mr. Preston, who seems to me surer at his trade every time I see him. I have no comment to make on Michael Gordon's direction, except to say that some of the diction he has permitted is quite abominable. Among the specimens noted on my program are "entire," "magazine," and "cigarette," all accented on the first syllable, and "congradulations," "beaudiful," "merridge," "reelly," and "mawral" ("moral"). Also, "like" was employed frequently as a conjunction, but I gave up on that one long ago. The authors of "The Tender Trap," by the way, are Max Shulman and Robert Paul Smith. Mr. Smith is a stranger to me, but Mr. Shulman has an earned reputation as a humorist. I haven't the vaguest idea what happened to him here.

I TOOK a junior member of my family to the revival of "On Your Toes," at the 46th Street Theatre, and I'm afraid it was a rather discouraging evening for both of us. Most of her ideas about entertainment come from the cinema, in which, of course, musical comedy is always conducted on approximately the same scale as the Battle of Gettysburg, and it was obvious that the entertainment we were watching struck her as meagre and archaic almost beyond belief.

"Did you and Mother really like these kind of things when you were young?" she whispered, somewhere in the course of the first act.

I let the grammar lie the way it was, and even neglected to say that actually I wasn't particularly young in 1936, when the Rodgers-Hart-Abbott show put in its first appearance. I could, in fact, only murmur feebly that the poor antique had seemed pretty good at the time.

"Goodness," she said, and trans-



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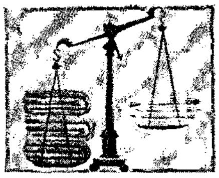

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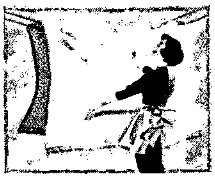

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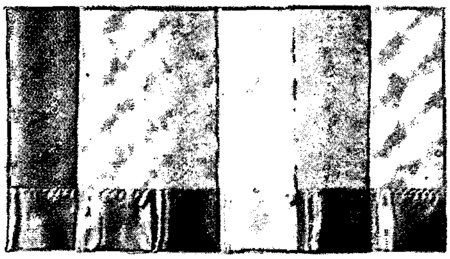

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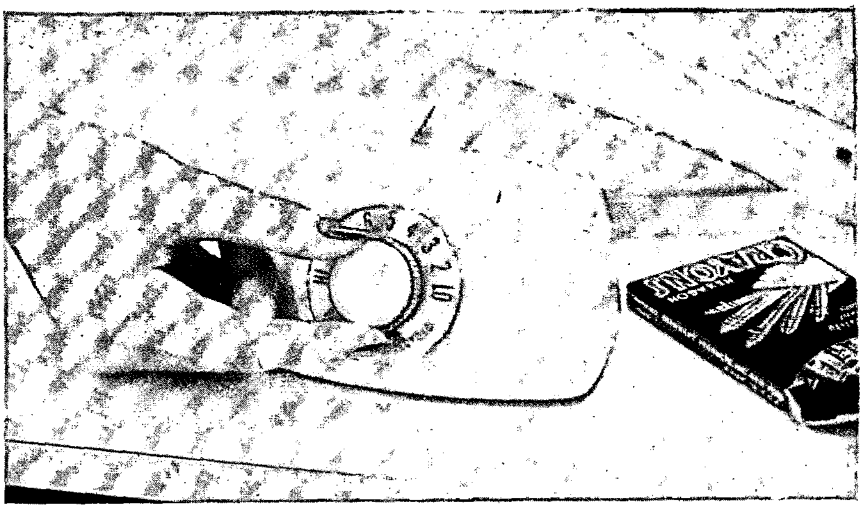

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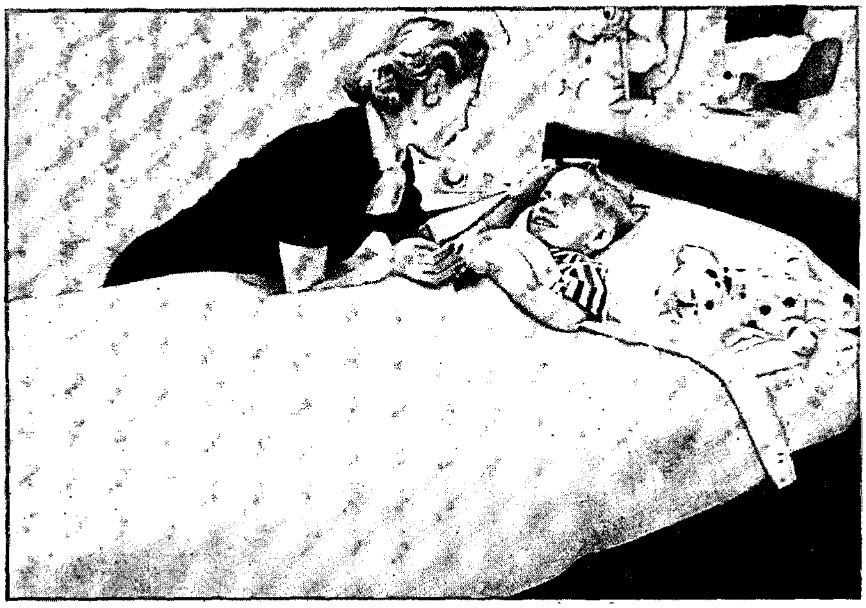

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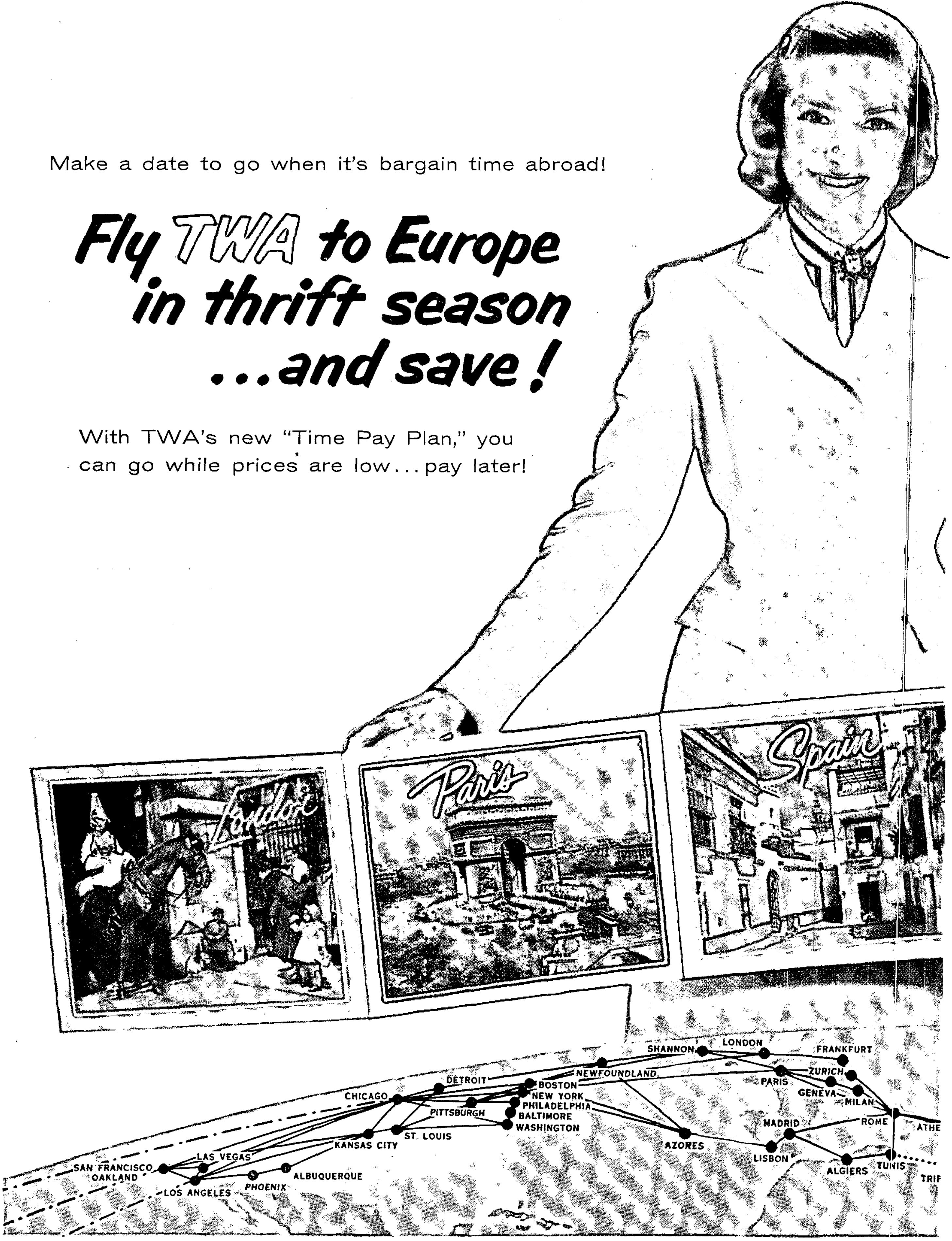
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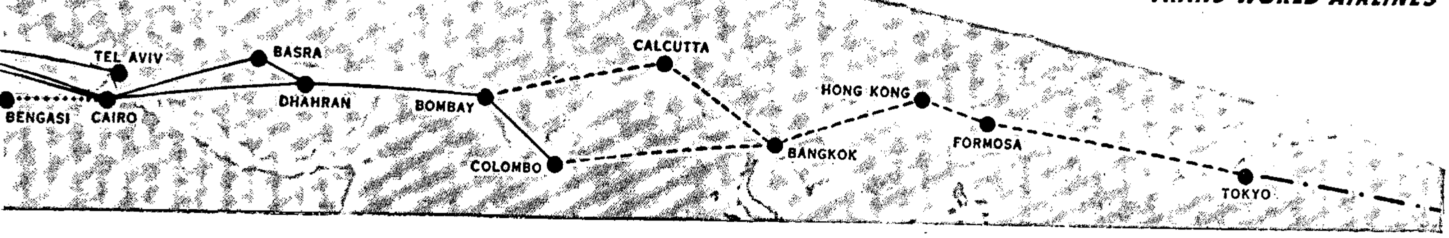

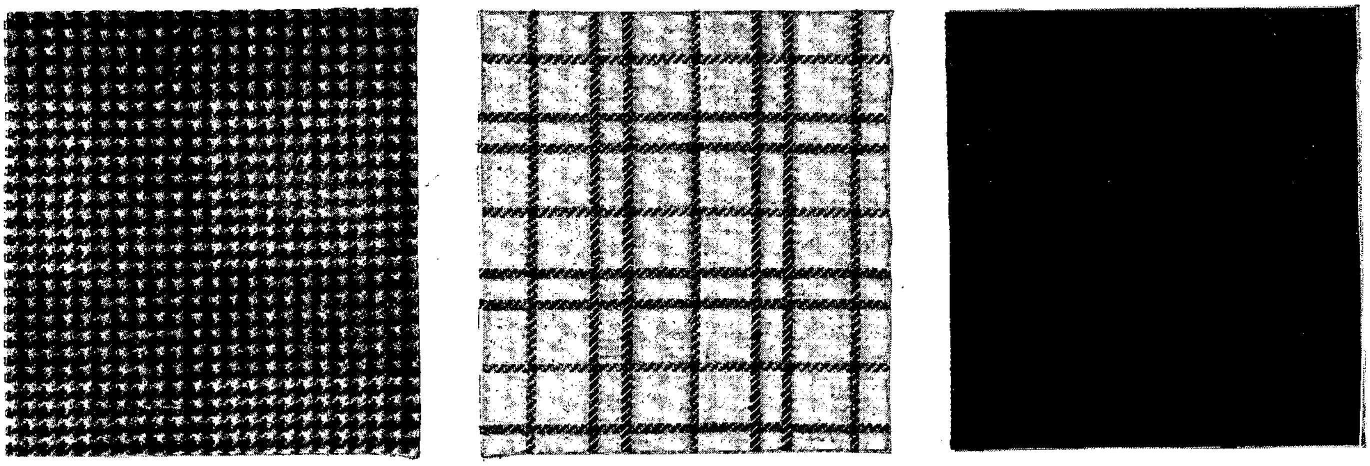

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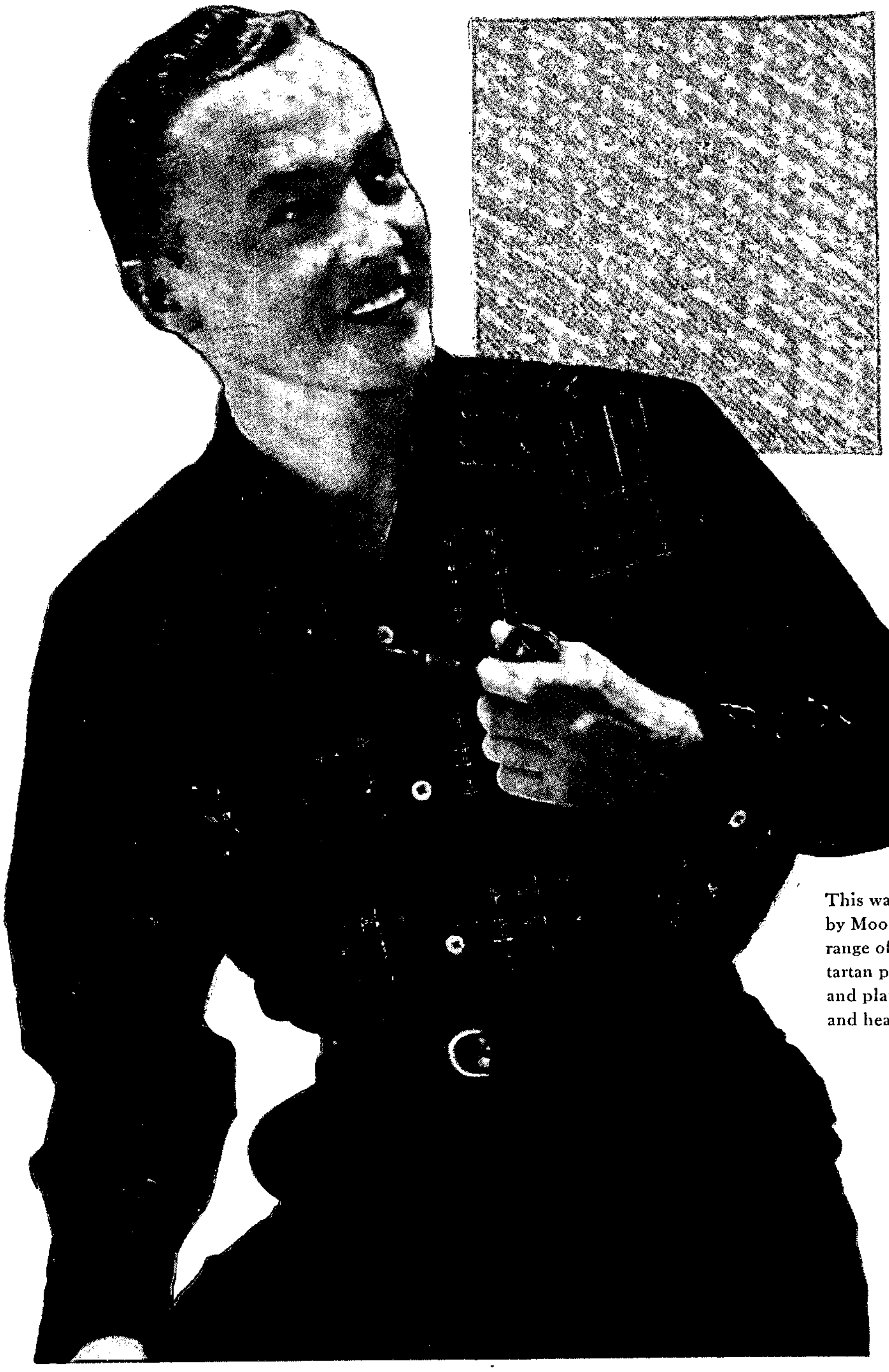

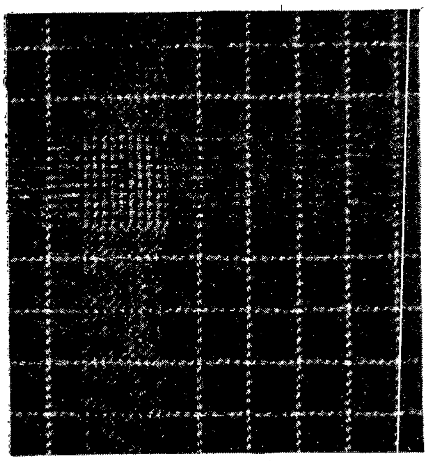

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ferred her attention again to the stage, where at the moment two actors were singing the song called "There's a Small Hotel" with only the barest suggestion of the old magic.

Things got a little better after that. A young man named Bobby Van tapped out an accompaniment to "The Heart Is Quicker Than the Eye" and, though he lacked the incomparable style and authority that Ray Bolger brought to the original production, it was still an agreeable performance; Elaine Stritch rendered "You Took Advantage of Me"—a number borrowed from another, and even older, Rodgers and Hart work, known as "Present Arms"—with a vocal and physical abandon that virtually annihilated the old tune but clearly enchanted the audience; the satire on classical ballet, in which Mr. Bolger and Tamara Geva once reduced that incomprehensible art form to such wonderful absurdity, retained at least a measure of its humor as executed by Mr. Van and Vera Zorina; there was some fine ensemble dancing accompanying the title song; and the famous old "Slaughter on Tenth Avenue" seemed almost as astonishing a tour de force as it ever had, since, although Mr. Van again failed to equal my memories of Mr. Bolger, Miss Zorina was not only a dream of lovely depravity but also danced with a sardonic brilliance that I don't think Miss Geva quite matched.

Even with these highlights, however, it was a generally melancholy occasion. Some explanation for this may be found in the fact that the current performances, except for Miss Zorina's, are not altogether up to the earlier ones (Luella Gear and Monty Woolley played the parts now taken by Miss Stritch and Ben Astar, and here, certainly, the difference in technique was enormous), but the chief reason, I suspect, is simply the disastrous influence of time on all but really superlative musical comedies. The changing fashion is particularly hard on the old plots. Even in 1936, it was conceded that "On Your Toes" had a moderately feeble book, but we weren't exacting about such things then, *all* books being merely the explanatory paragraphs that led into the songs and dances. Now, thanks largely to the efforts of Mr. Rodgers, Mr. Hart, and, subsequently, Mr. Hammerstein, we have come to expect a great deal more, and the old ways won't do. "On Your Toes" still sounds nice, the dancing is almost distinguished, and the scenery and costumes, by Oliver Smith and Irene Sharaff, respectively, have style

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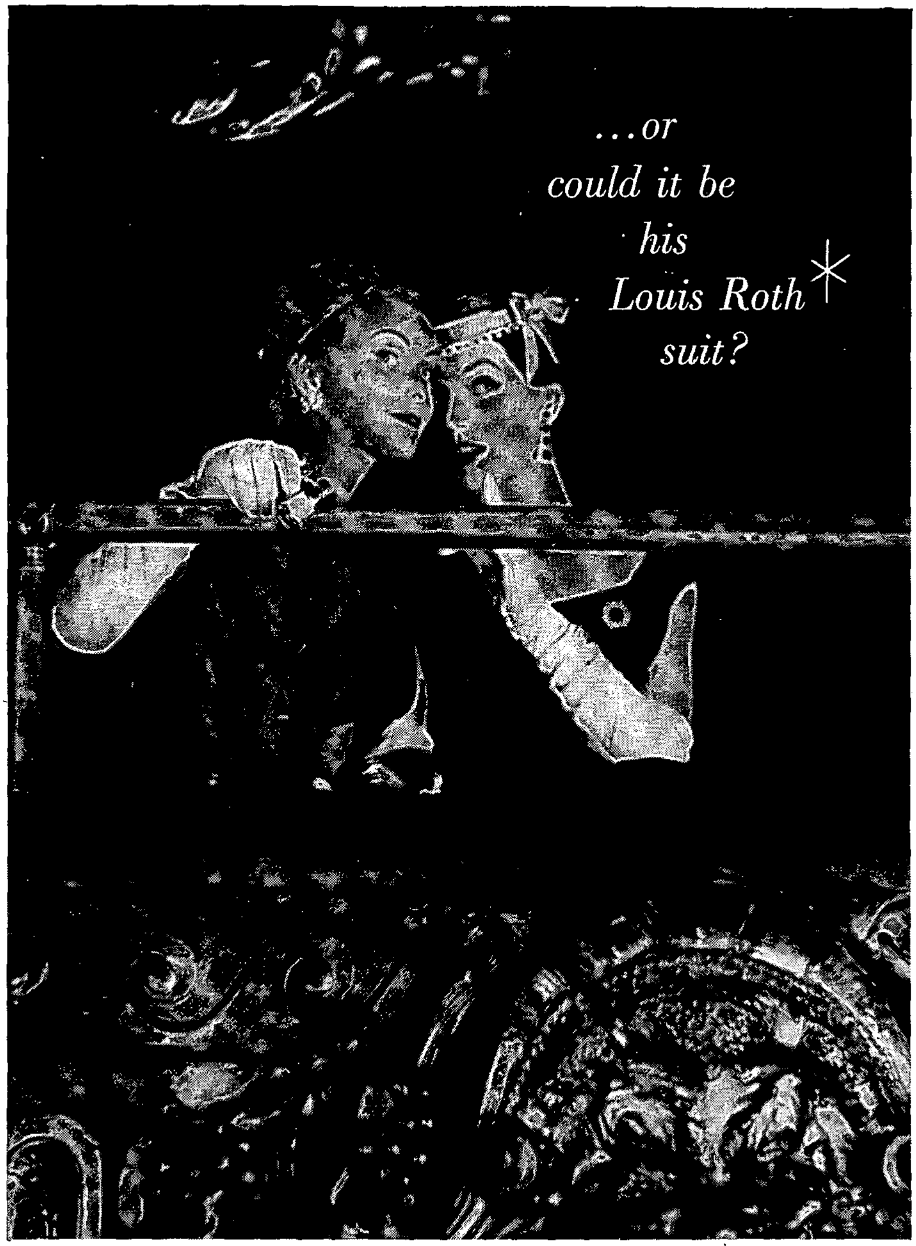

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and imagination, but the book, which was once at worst merely a nuisance, has turned into something close to a calamity. It is all a great pity, and I wish I didn't have to write about it.

—WOLCOTT GIBBS

•

FISTICUFFS IN THAILAND

[*Notice of some boxing contests in Bangkok*]

1ST. EVENT
5 ROUND CONTEST—THAI STYLE AT 112 LBS.

SNERDEZ SMARNCHANT (Red corner)
V. DHONGCHAI SIDSINGH (Blue corner)

Both fighters are fresh fighters just depended in their own camps which are all said that they are good youngsters from the provincial circle having provided sensation for fans to their heart's content.

2ND. EVENT
6 ROUND CONTEST AT 125 LBS.
UNDER THE QUEENSBURY'S RULE.

RAUNGDEZ S. PETCHNOY (Red corner)
V. SURIYA NARUBHAI (Blue corner)

Raungdez in the red corner, Comet of S. Petchnoy Camp, is a favourite kid in Thai style but he loves to bend his fistic line under the Queensbury's Rule. Terrific and aggressive. And Suriya in the blue corner, Shooting star of Narubhai Camp, is not a bad fighter in Thai style for many a year. Now ready to prove his fistic treat for fans to be long remembered in his first appearance.

3RD. EVENT
5 ROUND CONTEST—THAI STYLE AT 121 LBS.

THUANTHONG PHRAKHANCHAI
(Red ——)
V. VICHAI BARBOSE (Blue corner)

Thuanthong in the red corner, New flashing star of Phrakhanchai Camp, is a leading kid of the pocket division whose style is "Forward March" in violence and ferocity by plenty just to get a chance of giving a few drops of his sleeping medicine to his laurel-opponents. And Vichai in the blue corner, Bright star of Barbose Camp, is a brainy fighter with dangerous and confident tactics recently he had given the referee some job to do in singing, "One-, - - two, - - - ten," into his opponent's ears whilst he dreamed happily.

MAIN EVENT
5 ROUND SPECIAL CONTEST—THAI STYLE AT 149 LBS.

BOONMEE RAJWAT (Red corner)
V. SOMSRI THIAMPRASIDTH (Blue corner)

Bonnmee in the red corner, Super star of Rajwat Camp and good product of Lampang, Northwest of Thailand. Terrific kicking power and aggressive in good method which has sent many laurels to dreamland with narcotic knee and foot. And Somsri in the blue corner, Super star of Thiamprasidth Camp and product of Korat, Northeast of Thailand. Scientific and aggressive in such method—elbow-smashes and kick but not so good in willing power. Somsri is a colourful fighter with out-fighting style which has provided sensation for to their hearts content.

FOOTBALL

Uncrowned Head

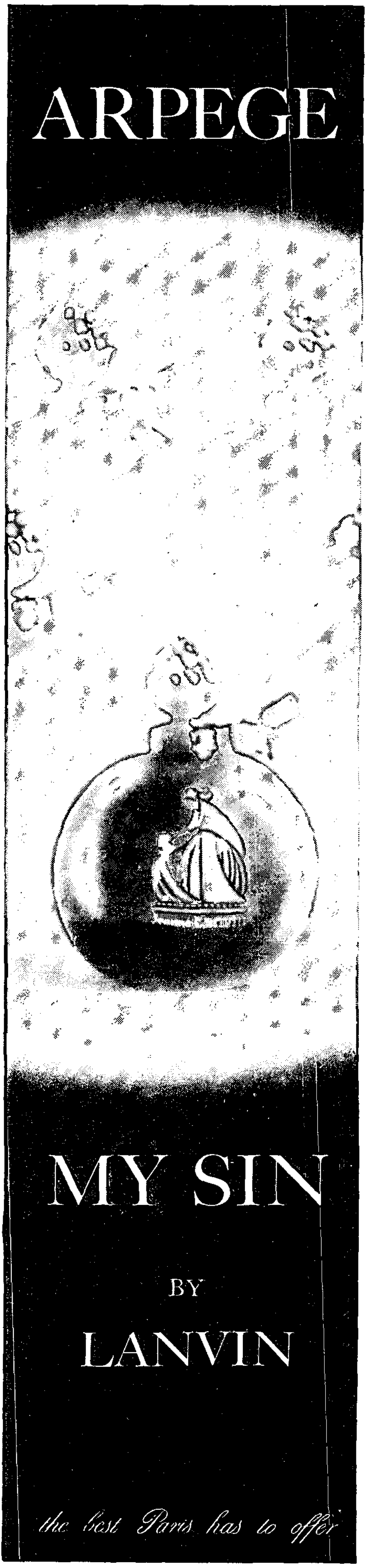
BY dusk last Saturday, the temporary championship of the Ivy League, that tight little island of rectitude in a world of sport that is not always as simon-pure as it should be, had descended upon the rather astonished shoulders of Yale. It required but a simple calculation to arrive at this conclusion: Yale was by then, although it was only the middle of October, the one Ivy League team that had not been beaten by another Ivy League team. (We can't count Dartmouth, which so far hasn't played a League match.) Up to a fortnight ago, Pennsylvania, Cornell, and Princeton, considered much more likely prospects, had been head-and-head with Yale, for Pennsylvania and Cornell, although they had been badly beaten by teams outside the League, hadn't yet been beaten by one inside it, and Princeton hadn't been beaten by anyone. That weekend, Harvard considerately put Cornell out of the running by beating it, 13–12, and Princeton considerately put Pennsylvania out of the running by beating it, 13–7; last Saturday, Princeton considerately put itself out of the running by losing to Brown, 21–20. The standing in the Ivy League, of course, like everything else in football this fall, is subject to change without notice on any Saturday. Yale, no more than a mild favorite over Cornell last weekend, won 47–21. Since Cornell hadn't won a game this semester, Yale should have been a definite favorite, but Yale hadn't managed to complete a single forward pass in beating Columbia the previous Saturday, so it was expected to have trouble with Cornell. Just for that, Yale completed what, toward the end of a dizzy afternoon, began to seem like dozens of passes. But that was only to be expected in a season in which nothing but the unexpected can be expected.

Yale has a gift for the unexpected. Two years ago, it rang in the team's manager in the guise of a player, to make a scoring play against a badly beaten opponent. On Saturday, it rang in two youngsters from the Junior Varsity, which had finished beating Cornell's Junior Varsity a bit earlier in the day, and the two youngsters were involved in the most spectacular scoring play of the afternoon—a double pass that left a wearied Cornell team dumfounded. For lagniappe, the sidelines were graced by a press photographer in a beige jacket and tweed skirt, who turned out to be a camera girl, the first one I have ever seen at work in what had up to then been strictly a man's world. Next week, "East Lynne" will hardly seem enough.

YALE, as everyone must be aware by now, has a good and largely veteran line and a backfield composed mainly of precocious sophomores. It also has a lot of elegant maneuvers, the most stirring of which is its version of the option play, a parlor trick in which the quarterback exercises the choice of running with the ball or handing it to someone else, as the occasion warrants. The Yale quarterback scoots to his left or right, and keeps on running with the ball if his part of the coast looks clear. If it doesn't, he flips it, sort of over one shoulder, just as he is about to be tackled, and lets a comrade run with it or pass it. The option play is a glorious invention, for it is fun for the spectator and hell on the most carefully laid defensive plans. The Yale version should go well against any team it is meeting this year, especially if the quarterbacks keep on getting the blocking they were getting Saturday, and it went like hotcakes against Cornell, which has not been in the best of sorts this fall.

Cornell was expected to begin this season with a makeshift line, graduation having done away with some good men and classroom difficulties having done away with a couple more. It was also expected to begin with a pretty good backfield, but damages acquired in practice and in play have done away with some of the better ballcarriers, and the thin Cornell line has done away with the rest. It was a bit of a surprise to see backs like De Graff, Bedrossian, and Meade, for whom all football buffs must have a large measure of respect, getting tangled up in one Yale snarl after another. If any prediction is safe, it is that this is not going to be a Cornell year.

LAST week, this department was pointing out, in amazement, that Columbia hadn't won a game all fall. Then, on Saturday, Columbia went up to Cambridge to meet Harvard, and turned the trick by the narrowest of margins, 7–6, thus bringing joy to the hearts of its followers and further confusion to the situation in the Ivy League. —J. W. L.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MUSICAL EVENTS

Shostakovich's Tenth

IT is, I think, too frequently forgotten nowadays that a symphony is a large orchestral work that achieves its effect not through decorative, impressionistic sounds but through certain intellectual musical principles involving the statement and manipulation of themes. It makes an appeal to the ear, of course, as does all music worthy of the name. But it differs from most ballet music and other descriptive music in that it goes beyond mere aural sensation and enlists the mind of the listener, which becomes engrossed in the drama of its architectural form. The capacity for writing fine symphonies has always been a rather rare one, and the past forty years or so seem to have been extremely poor in composers with this capacity—mainly, I should say, because composers have been too preoccupied with novel and striking sound effects to devote themselves to the more rigorous intellectual demands of the symphony. There has been a tendency, too, to drop overboard, as unfashionable, the technique of development and the contrast of tonalities on which the noble art of symphonic writing depends for its propulsion and what might be called its narrative power.

The Tenth, and latest, Symphony of Dimitri Shostakovich, which was introduced to this country with considerable fanfare at last Thursday evening's concert of the New York Philharmonic-Symphony, was attended by a note in the program in which the composer stated that his aim in writing it was to express the "thoughts and aspirations of our contemporaries"—particularly, the program went on to say, the thoughts "of people who ardently love peace, who resist the drift to war, who regard man's mission on earth to be creative, not destructive." I am afraid that I regard these sentiments as pure poppycock in their bearing on his symphony, not only because of their political flavor but also because such concrete, propagandistic ideas are simply inexpressible in musical terms. Having made this observation, however, I am happy to report that the work itself is a symphony in the true sense of the word, and, by the standards of the day, a very impressive one indeed.

It is impressive for the vigor and freshness of its thought, which is neither academic nor doctrinaire in the modern manner, and for the originality of its material, which now and then recalls such composers as Sibelius and Prokofieff without being in any way imitative of them. Parts of it—notably the second movement, which bristles with woodwind cascades that veritably yelp with exuberance—are a little on the noisy side. Other parts—the third movement especially—are quieter, quite charming, and somewhat pastoral in feeling. Here and there are to be found the reminiscences of Rimski-Korsakov's mannerisms in "Le Coq d'Or" that seem to be standard attributes of modern Russian music. But, for all its length—and it is a fairly lengthy work—it never bores its audience, and there isn't a moment of muddled musical thinking in it. To me, though, the most impressive thing about it is that, like any good symphony, it achieves its aims chiefly through the interest of its melodic and structural features. In listening to it, one realized anew what a wonderful thing tonality is, and what tremendous resources have been lost to a whole generation of twelve-tone, and otherwise atonal, composers in abandoning it. I do not mean to imply that the Shostakovich symphony is, in any sense, a traditional composition. As a matter of fact, I was somewhat surprised, in view of what one has recently heard about the conservatism of Russian official taste, by its bumptious modernity. It is, however, modern in the best meaning of the term—modern, that is, in spirit rather than in formula. To my mind, it takes its place beside the finest of Shostakovich's past symphonies, among which I would include the First and the Fifth. It lacks, perhaps, the tragic emotional power that one finds in the work of the great nineteenth-century symphonists and that was still echoed in the twentieth-century symphonies of Gustav Mahler. But this is, after all, something we have long been accustomed to do without. As the harsh, bright, and nervous symphonies of the present era go, the Tenth is, in my opinion, a work of great distinction. The performance, under Dimitri Mitropoulos, was altogether brilliant and, I am sure, delineated the complex details of the new symphony with the utmost clarity.

THE Philadelphia Orchestra's concert at Carnegie Hall on Tuesday evening of last week consisted of uniformly stolid and efficient performances, under Eugene Ormandy's baton, of such well-worn items as Stravinsky's "Petrouchka" and Tchaikovsky's Fifth Symphony, and I shall pass over it to consider an event of more topical interest; namely, the first public New York appearance of the famous Concertgebouw Orchestra of Amsterdam. This event took place at Carnegie Hall on Wednesday evening in an atmosphere of international friendliness, launched by what seemed to me the finest performance of "The Star-Spangled Banner" I have ever heard. The conductor was Eduard van Beinum, an artist who was well received here last winter as guest conductor of the Philadelphia Orchestra, and the program contained a varied assortment of items that had obviously been chosen to demonstrate what the visiting orchestra could do. What it did was show us that the lush and vigorous approach of our own American orchestras is by no means the only way to produce fine symphonic music. Man for man, the Concertgebouw Orchestra does not show quite the virtuosity and competitive drive that characterize our finest symphonic organizations. But there is about its playing a mellow and well-aged quality that our own orchestras seldom achieve. Its instrumentalists play with, rather than against, one another, and its ensemble is close to perfection. It also exhibits a subtle variety of tone color, ranging from dry understatement (something not often heard here) to richness and brilliance when richness and brilliance are required. I do not know exactly why it should give such an impression of age and maturity, since it is actually nowhere near as old an organization as our own Philharmonic, but it does, and with this impression comes an atmosphere of relaxation and meticulous attention to finespun detail that results in admirable lucidity. The one contemporary composition on the program, a Symphony No. 2 by the Dutch composer Henk Badings, I found a bore, but Weber's "Der Freischütz" Overture and Ravel's "Daphnis et Chloé Suite, No. 2" were given a jewellike polish and sparkle. The evening ended with Brahms' First Symphony, done without heroics and with extraordinary balance and poise.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

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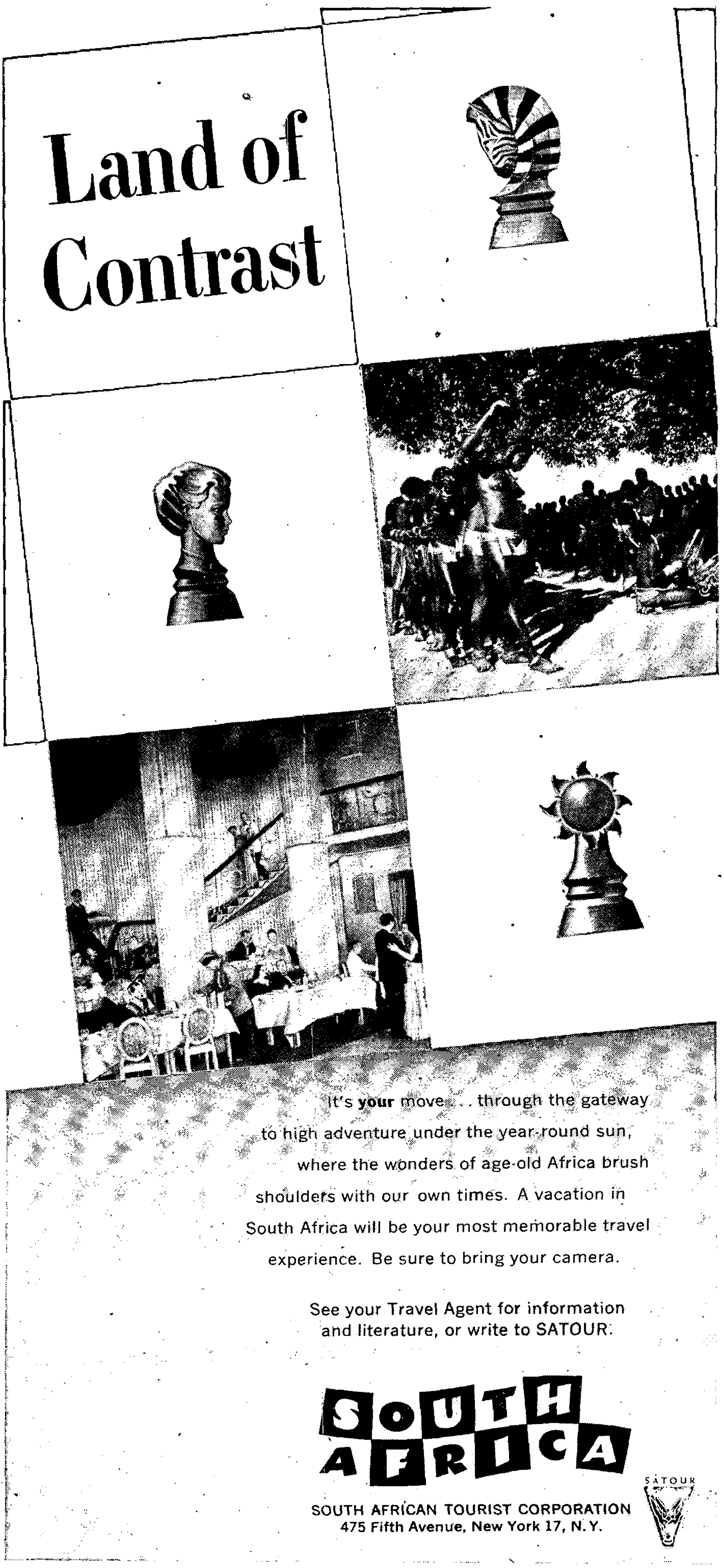
The bride, given in marriage by her father, wore a suit of heavenly business and retired.—*Bracebridge (Ont.) Gazette.*

Bed must have felt good.



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THE LITTLE BLUE BAG

LAST summer, travelling in Europe, I took a bus from Paris to Nice, by way of Provence. The trip lasted less than three days, and I was sorry when it ended. The time passed pleasantly, the country was all I had hoped it would be, the weather was wonderful, if warm, and my companions—mostly, like myself, women travelling for pleasure—were almost all agreeable.

Leaving Paris early on a Tuesday afternoon, we stopped the first night in Nevers. Wednesday, we reached Avignon, and on Thursday evening, having lunched in Aix-en-Provence, we arrived in Nice. The bus was in excellent condition, and the driver was good at his job. Small and brown, he wore a neat white linen duster and dark glasses, and he maintained his spirits by midmorning and late-afternoon breaks at *bistros* along the way, a custom the passengers all came to welcome eagerly. There was also a hostess on the bus—a dark, pretty French girl in her mid-twenties, who managed our various languages with facility and charm.

We were a companionable crowd, as I have said, despite our national and linguistic differences. My immediate neighbor was a woman from Cape Town—a widow of about my age, with a teen-aged son, a year or two younger than my own. She was friendly, and after the first exploratory exchanges we found ourselves talking as if we'd known each other for years. Across the aisle from us was an elderly woman from California, who said she was making the same trip she'd made fifty years before, as a bride. Behind me was a rather young woman from New York. She was too well dressed for a bus trip, and would have been beautiful but for the tired lines around her mouth and eyes. There were two other Americans—a good-looking ash-blond schoolteacher from Arkansas and a Brooklyn girl who worked in a law office in New York.

On the other side of the aisle from me, a little behind the California woman, was a French family on holiday—a mother, dressed in black, and three grown daughters. There was another family group toward the rear of the bus—a Swedish father and mother, and their fourteen-year-old son. Speaking no French, and only enough English to return a greeting, they kept largely to themselves, reading aloud by turns from a Swedish guidebook and tracing the progress of the bus on a map.

There was only one other man among the passengers. He was a young South American who, upon entering the bus and seeing the blond schoolteacher, had seated himself directly across the aisle from her, disregarding the seat the hostess had assigned to him. She knew he had done it deliberately, and, with nice Gallic understanding, she changed her seating chart and said nothing about it.

In one of the rear seats, near the Swedish family, was a middle-aged Finnish woman, who occupied herself with writing notes in a small leather-covered book. I didn't hear her speak to any of the other passengers until the last day; she was aloof, without being unfriendly, and somewhat mystifying to the rest of us. But there was another woman, seated behind the French family, whose behavior set her apart, and whose origins were difficult to determine.

She was elderly, with a kind of heavy dignity that gave her something of the appearance of a stuffed owl. It was evident that she had once been handsome. Her eyes were large and dark, and her skin, in spite of its delicate network of wrinkles, was fine and white. Her hair was dyed black and was inadequately pinned in an imposing but precarious coiffure. Her dress was peculiar—it is hard to describe, except to say that it was black and that it sagged. She wore outmoded shoes, and black cotton stockings that kept falling down. Her jewelry, of which there was a good deal, was heavy costume stuff. In her ears were enormous imitation pearls; a flesh-colored chiffon scarf was wound several times around her throat; and she always wore a pair of soiled white cotton gloves.

I decided at first that she looked Italian—that she might be a faded and famous *marchesa*—but the hostess later told me she was French and had lived a long time in Mexico. She had just returned from there, the hostess said, having flown to Paris only a few days before.

She looked tired, and old, and ill, and she seemed from time to time to have trouble getting her breath. She moved slowly, her legs unsteadily stiff. She spoke to none of us, sitting by herself in the bus and at a table of her own during meals. She held herself painfully erect, and there was distinction even in her shabbiness. And she carried about with her a small handbag, keeping it in her lap or on the seat beside her, and handling it carefully, as if it were of great value. It was an ordinary little blue bag, such as airlines sometimes provide for their passengers, with a zipper fastening, which she never completely closed. From time to time, she would peer into the bag or poke about in it with her white-gloved hands.

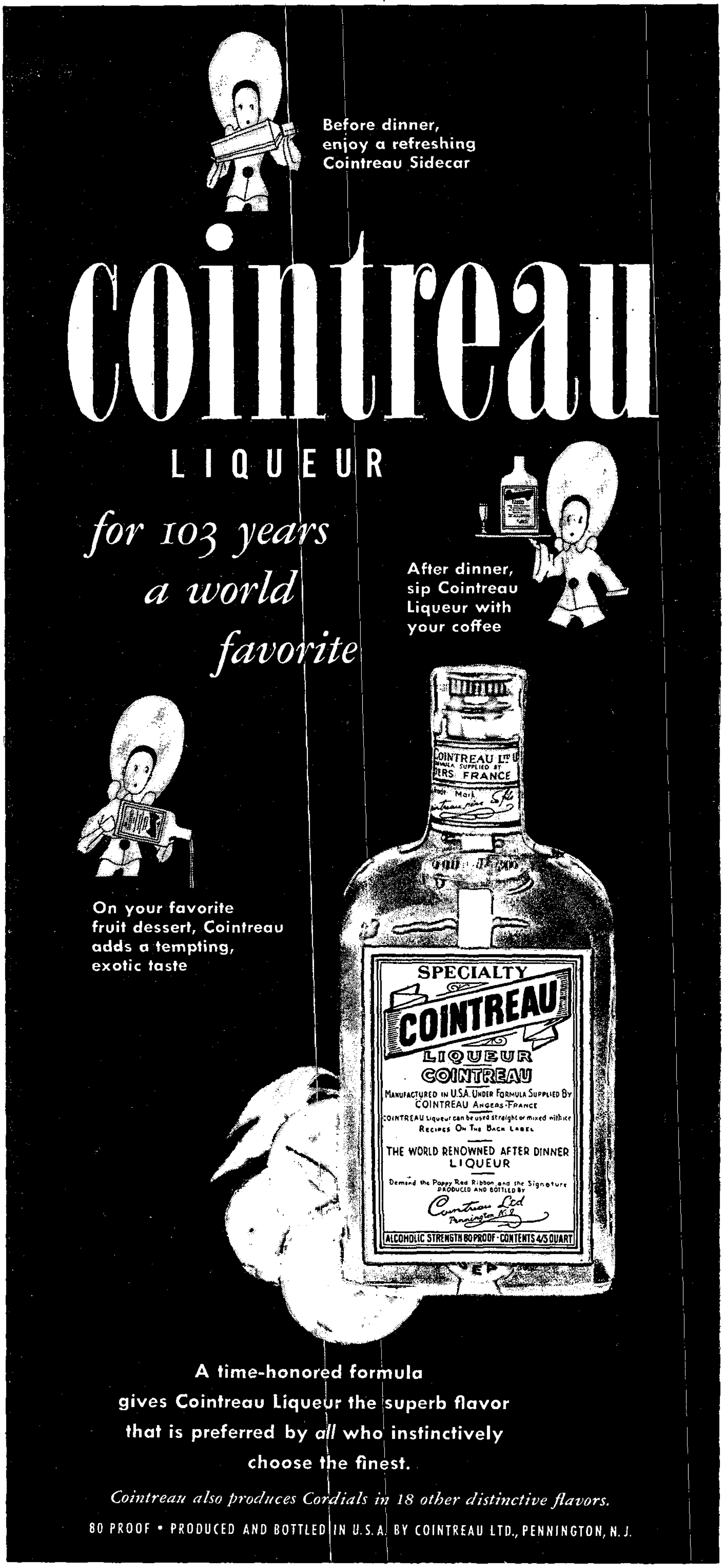
IT was not surprising, all things considered, that the elderly Frenchwoman aroused the curiosity of the other passengers. While the rest of us chatted back and forth in one language or another and exchanged bits of information from our experience or from our guidebooks, she remained silent. It wasn't that she seemed unfriendly. It was as if she simply did not expect to be included in our conversation, and, having nothing to say herself, didn't listen to it.

She did speak, when occasion demanded, with the hostess, who helped her off and on the bus each time we stopped. We were frequently delayed by her because she moved so slowly, and at these times the hostess would try to hurry her along—an attempt that made little difference in the time it took to get her to her place, but affected her most uncomfortably. She would wheeze alarmingly for fully ten minutes afterward, sitting pressed back against the seat, her eyes closed, and her gloved hands firmly holding the partly opened bag on her lap.

From the first afternoon, we all discussed her, referring to her merely as Madame. We wondered who she was, what circumstances, other than age, had made her as she was, and whether there would be anyone to look after her when she got to wherever it was she was going. But the thing we were most curious about was what she carried in the little blue bag.

At first, we thought it must be money, or supplementary pieces of the cheap, heavy jewelry she wore, but there was something about the way she carried the bag that presently made us feel its contents were more fragile or more precious than that. Then, on the second day, Mrs. Seton, the woman from New York, said she would ask the hostess, and she did, as we were about to return to the bus after our late-afternoon stop.

I didn't hear the result of the conver-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sation until dinnertime that night, in Avignon. The party—except for Madame—was seated at several small tables grouped together in a corner of our hotel dining room. Madame sat alone some distance away. The French family had one table, the Swedish family and the lone and silent Finnish woman another, and the South American and the teacher from Arkansas a third. The lady from California and my Cape Town friend had decided to eat in their rooms. I found myself with Mrs. Seton and the girl from Brooklyn.

We talked for a few moments, and then set about ordering dinner. Since this was Avignon, the occasion seemed to call for Châteauneuf du Pape, and after some discussion we succeeded in selecting a bottle to be shared among us. The girl from Brooklyn, who had all along been trying to get ice put into her drinks, now advised the waiter that the wine should be served cold. She spoke a loud, determined French, but even so she did not succeed in making herself understood.

The dining room opened on a central court roofed by an arbor, where the vines were already showing dark fruit. The night air was fragrant; a breeze moved in the leaves. Mrs. Seton lit a cigarette, the girl went on giving instructions to the waiter, and as I settled back comfortably in my chair, I saw that Madame, too, had marked her arrival in Avignon by ordering an impressively dusty bottle.

When the Brooklyn girl at last released the waiter, she turned to Mrs. Seton and asked abruptly what she had found out about Madame's bag.

Mrs. Seton glanced across the room at Madame and said, "You'd never guess. It's a rat—a little white rat. At least, that's what the hostess thinks, though she's never actually seen it."

"A *white rat?*" The girl's voice rose.

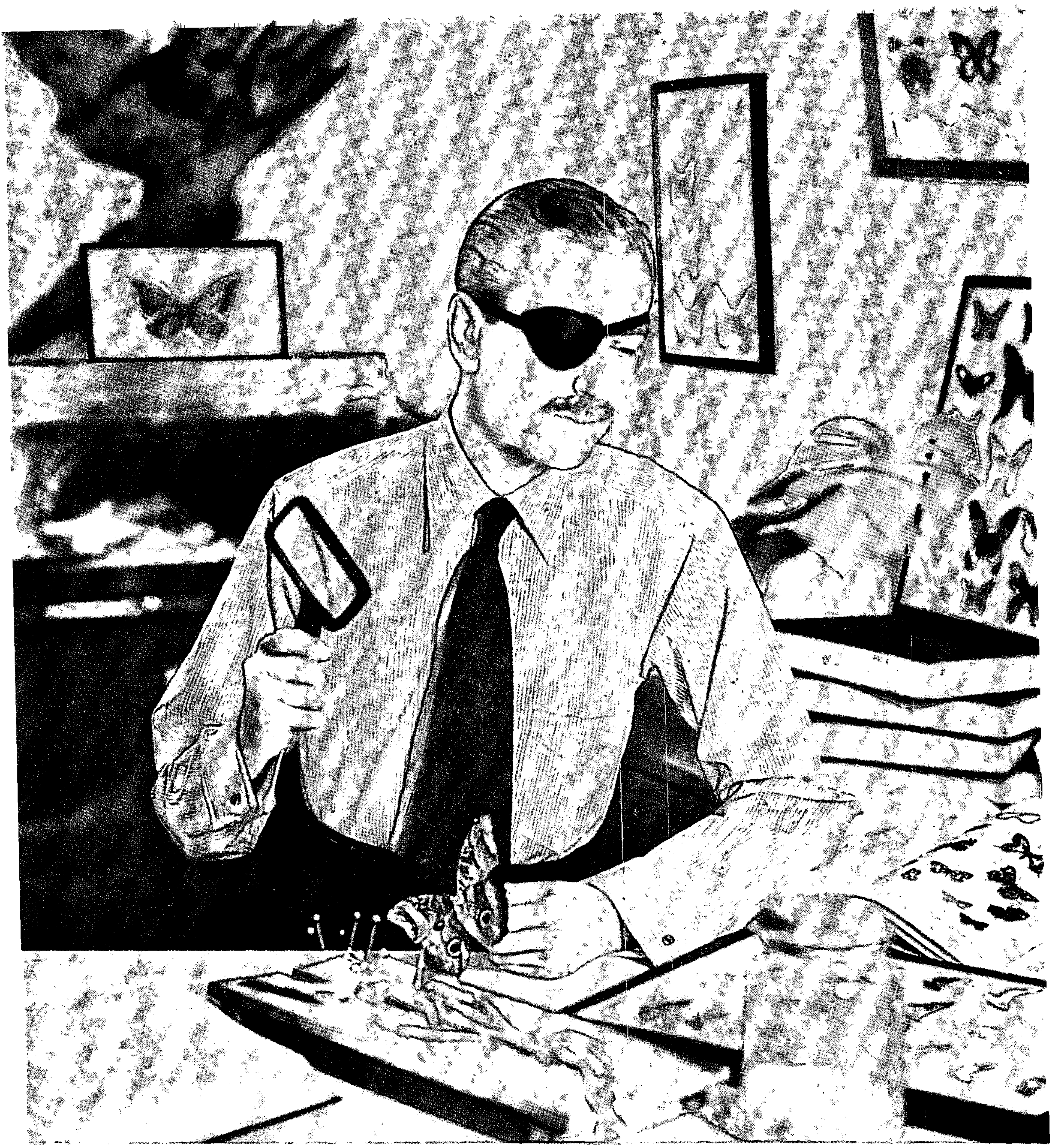
"She'll hear you," Mrs. Seton said. "Yes. She brought it all the way from Mexico with her."

"But how could she?" I asked. "You aren't allowed to carry animals around with you from country to country like that."

"I guess nobody knew she had it," said Mrs. Seton. "I don't know how the hostess found out."

"I don't believe it," said the girl. "I simply don't believe it."

WHEN Mrs. Seton, the girl, and I were eating our dessert, the French family, having already finished dinner, stopped by for a minute to chat. The Brooklyn girl spoke up at



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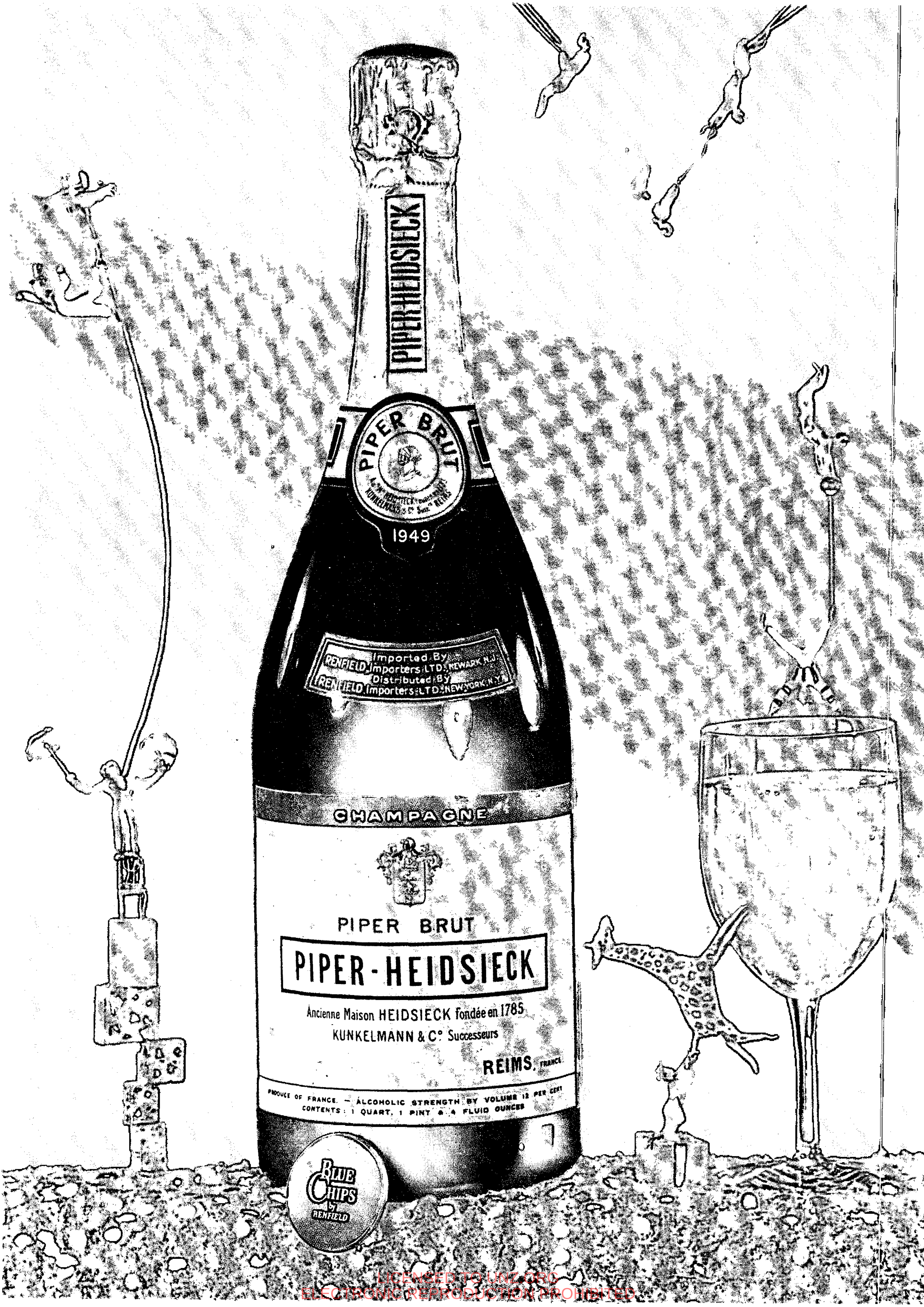
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once. "Mrs. Seton says Madame has a white rat in her bag," she told them. "What do you—"

"I didn't quite say that," Mrs. Seton broke in. "I only said the hostess *thinks* that's what's in it."

"*Mon Dieu!*" said the Frenchwoman, rolling her eyes, and her three daughters giggled.

The youngest asked, in careful English, "The rat accompanies her, in the little bag?"

"Well, why not?" said Mrs. Seton impatiently. "Some people have cats, some people have rats."

The mother made throaty sounds of disbelief, and tapped her head to indicate that certainly the woman was mad, and the girl from Brooklyn suddenly pushed her chair back, rose, and said, "I'm going to find out."

She was gone before we could stop her, and in a moment she was across the room, in front of Madame. We couldn't hear what she said, for her back was toward us, but I could see the old woman's face and the look of surprise that crossed it. A second later, the look of surprise turned momentarily to fear, and then to the remote, withdrawn expression she usually wore. She said something, and reached out to the bag, which, as always, stood on the table near her, and put it protectively in her lap.

The girl stood looking down at her a moment, then, turning slowly, came back to our table. "She says she doesn't have a white rat," she told us.

"What did you say to her?" asked Mrs. Seton.

"What do you think I said to her?" the girl answered. "I asked her if she had a white rat in her bag, and she said 'No.' "

"Is that all she said?" I asked.

"All she said was '*Non*,' just like that—and then she got scared," said the girl.

We all looked across the room. Madame's table was empty. She had left her dessert unfinished, and half the wine still in the bottle.

"I hope you're satisfied now," Mrs. Seton said to the girl, and, nodding good night to me, she left the table quickly.

I saw that the girl was disturbed, but at the moment I could think of nothing consoling to say to her, so I wished her good night and went out for a look at Avignon before going to bed.

THE next morning, the breeze of the night before had become a warm, uneasy wind. This, the hostess

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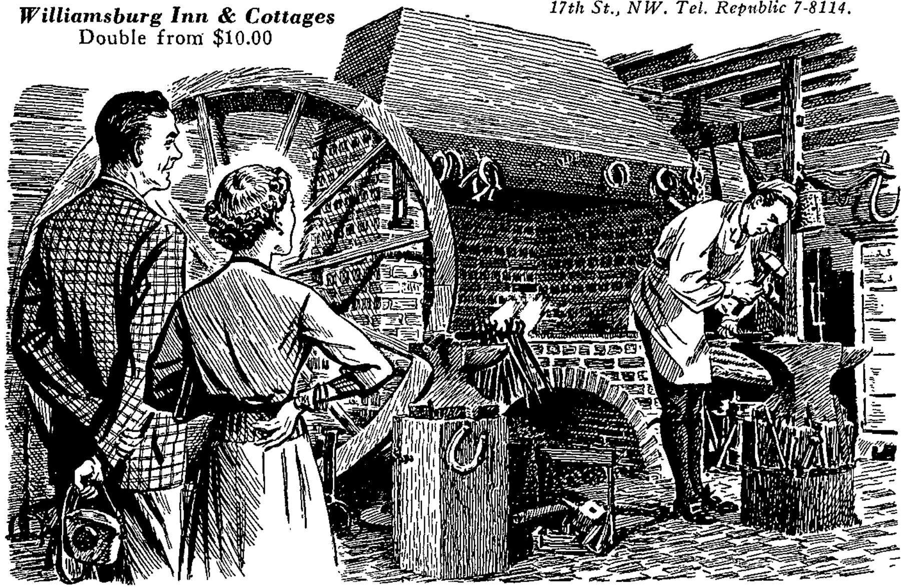

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told us, was the mistral. It might go on for days, she said, blowing dust and discomfort until everyone's nerves rebelled against it. And, in fact, there already seemed to be a certain tenseness among us as we climbed aboard the bus. The driver was impatient to be off, and the usually pleasant voice of the hostess had an edge to it as she tried to hurry us. Inevitably, Madame was the last to appear. She mounted the steps of the bus with difficulty, and the bus started before she reached her seat. She stumbled, catching hold of the back of my seat with her free hand. I rose and took her arm. "*Permettez*," I said.

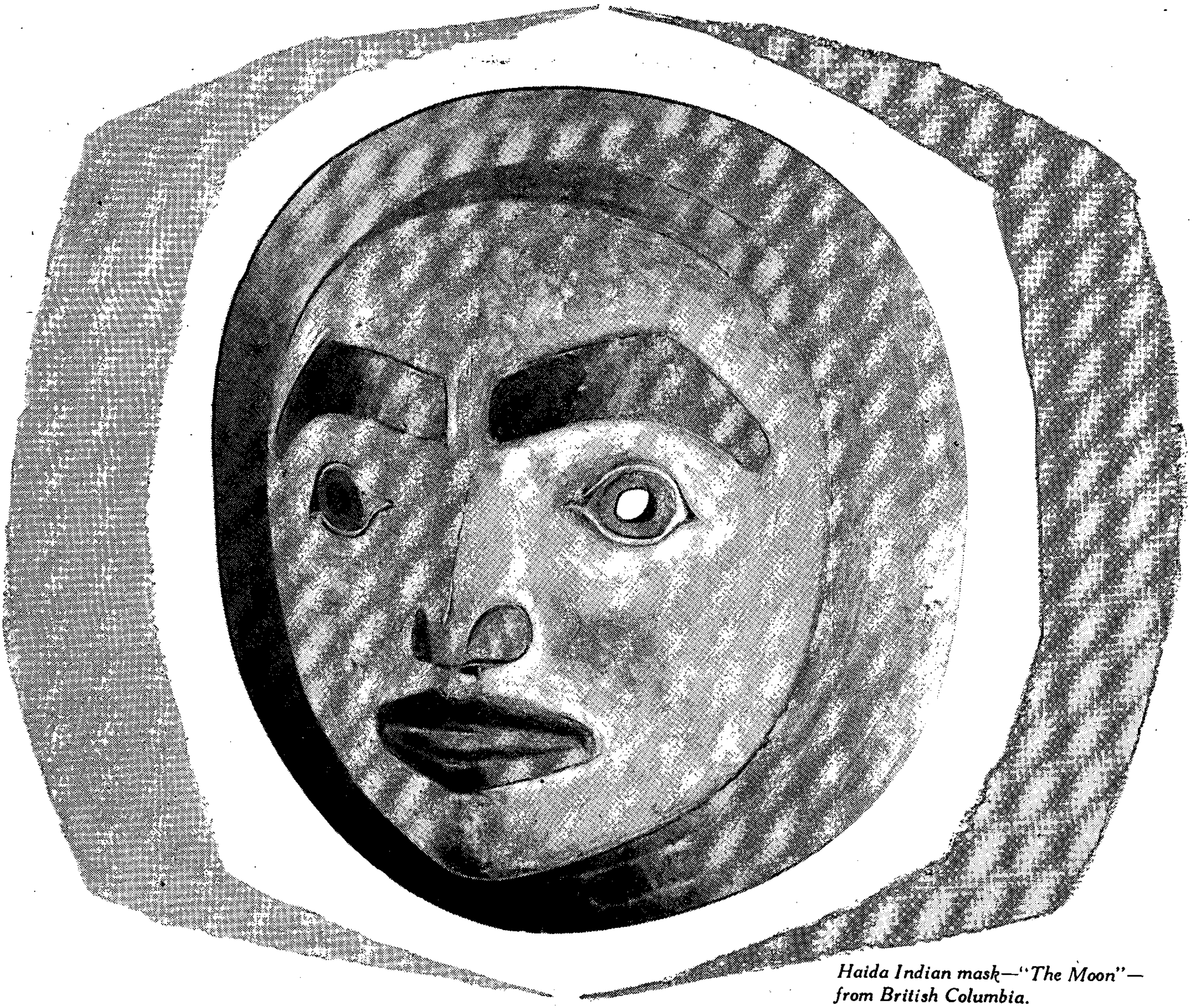
She was breathing heavily, and her hair was damp with perspiration. For a moment, she seemed surprised, and even a little fearful; then she collected herself, smiled at me, and said, somewhat breathlessly, "*Merci, Madame. Merci.*"

I steered her to the rear of the bus, and when she reached her seat, she sat down abruptly, with a clatter of beads and bracelets. She nodded her thanks to me again, and I returned to my own place.

It grew warmer minute by minute. The wind kept blowing, and even though the bus windows were closed, our lips felt dry and our throats dusty, making us grateful for the prospect of refreshment at the midmorning stop at Arles. While we were there, we all hurried through the Cathedral and the Cloisters of St. Trophime, and a few of us climbed the ruins of the Roman arena, from which we could see the red tiled roofs of the town, and the blue Rhône. The sun burned down, and everywhere in the golden heat was the chirrup of the cicadas of Provence.

When we stopped for lunch at Aix-en-Provence, Madame ate hers at a table of her own, as always, but it seemed to me that there was something different about her, now, although I could not determine at first what it was. She looked the same—perhaps a little more dishevelled than usual, but the heat could account for that. I decided finally that she had a new air of determination.

By the time we started off again, the heat had become almost unbearable, and some of us tried to nap, but comfort was impossible. Outside, the sky burned blue. The fields were no longer green but golden, and the mountains were brown in the distance. Once, the taciturn Finnish woman startled us all by coming forward to ask the hostess some question



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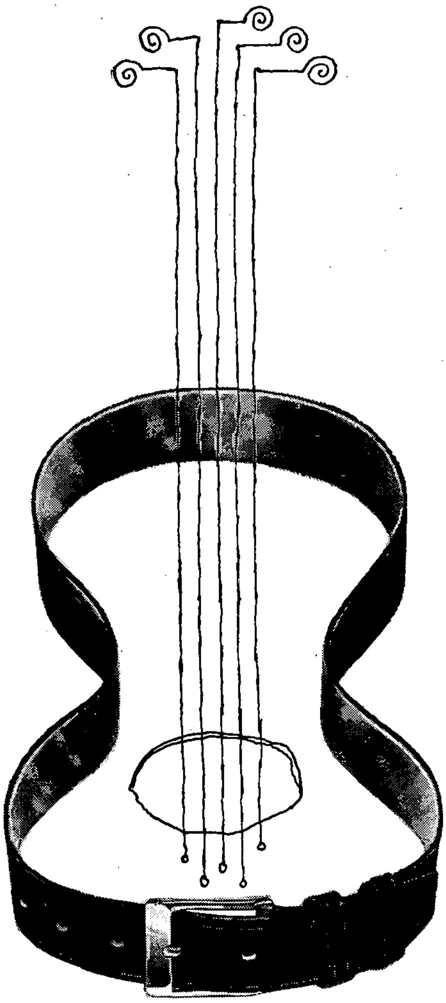

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concerning the countryside through which we were passing. She hadn't spoken before, except to the Swedish family, but when the hostess answered her question, she suddenly spoke eloquently and at some length. Her face was intense, her eyes shining. "It is more beautiful than anything I have ever seen before," she said. "This is where I shall come to retire, when it is time." Then she went back to her seat and sat silent again, her spare shoulders erect, looking out of her window.

It was late in the afternoon when we made our last stop before reaching Nice. We went into a small hotel—I am not certain of the town—in groups. The uneasiness of the morning had given way to a kind of excitement as we came near the end of our trip, and several of the combinations were new. The woman from California had joined the French family. The South African woman and I were comparing the landscape with that of our own homes. But the schoolteacher and the South American were still side by side.

We all went through the hotel and out into a garden at the back of it—a kind of courtyard, arbor-covered, where thick green vines provided protection from the sun. We sat, in our groups, at tables along the sides of the garden. In the center, in an open space, was a long trestle table, with benches beside it, and it was at this table that Madame, with her bag, as always, in her hand, took her seat.

She seemed to have chosen the center of the stage deliberately. Although she was having her customary difficulty breathing, and was obviously suffering from the heat, she settled herself purposefully. She gave her order to the single waiter, and, placing the blue bag on the table, began to remove its contents.

First, she brought out a black fan and laid it down. We were familiar with this fan; she had used it almost continuously during the past two days. Next, with something of a flourish, she shook out an ordinary white table napkin, and spread it before her. She moved the bag close to the napkin and, holding it open with her left hand, reached into it with her right and brought her hand out closed. There seemed to be a cord or heavy ribbon wound around her wrist. She put both hands together, lowered them to the cloth, and gently opened them. There, on the napkin, was a mouse.

As we could see for ourselves, now, it was neither a rat nor white. It was a little gray mouse with twitching whisk-

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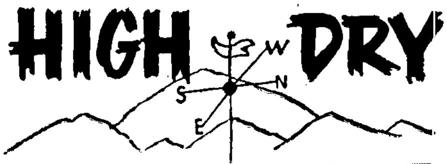

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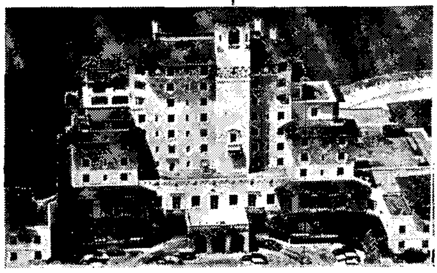

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ers and a long pinkish tail. For a moment, he sat where she'd put him; then he scurried across the napkin, sniffing as he went. When he reached the edge, he stopped, turned right, and hurried along the hem. He did not leave the napkin. Whether the cord, which was fastened to a ring around his neck, made going afield impossible, or he recognized the edge of the cloth as a boundary, we couldn't tell, but he continued to go around his territory with interest and speed, until he tired. Then he stopped and crouched.

We all watched fascinated. Madame sat quiet, paying no attention to the excitement she was causing. Picking up her fan, she stirred the air about her face with it briskly, and then, very gently, waved it over the mouse, who remained quite still.

When the drinks we had ordered came, Madame drank hers slowly, after first pouring a little of it on the napkin in front of the mouse. He walked over the wet spot, hesitated, and went back across the napkin to her hand. He sniffed again, and then ran up her arm to her shoulder, where he settled.

The buzz of conversation at the other tables died down. I could hear Madame's breathing above the drone of the cicadas. She began to talk to the mouse, in breathy whispers. I don't know what she said, but I knew that they were words of tenderness and love. I heard the girl from Brooklyn say, "Of all the ridiculous things!"

Mrs. Seton, at the table next to me, was murmuring, over and over, "Oh, the poor thing, the poor old thing!"

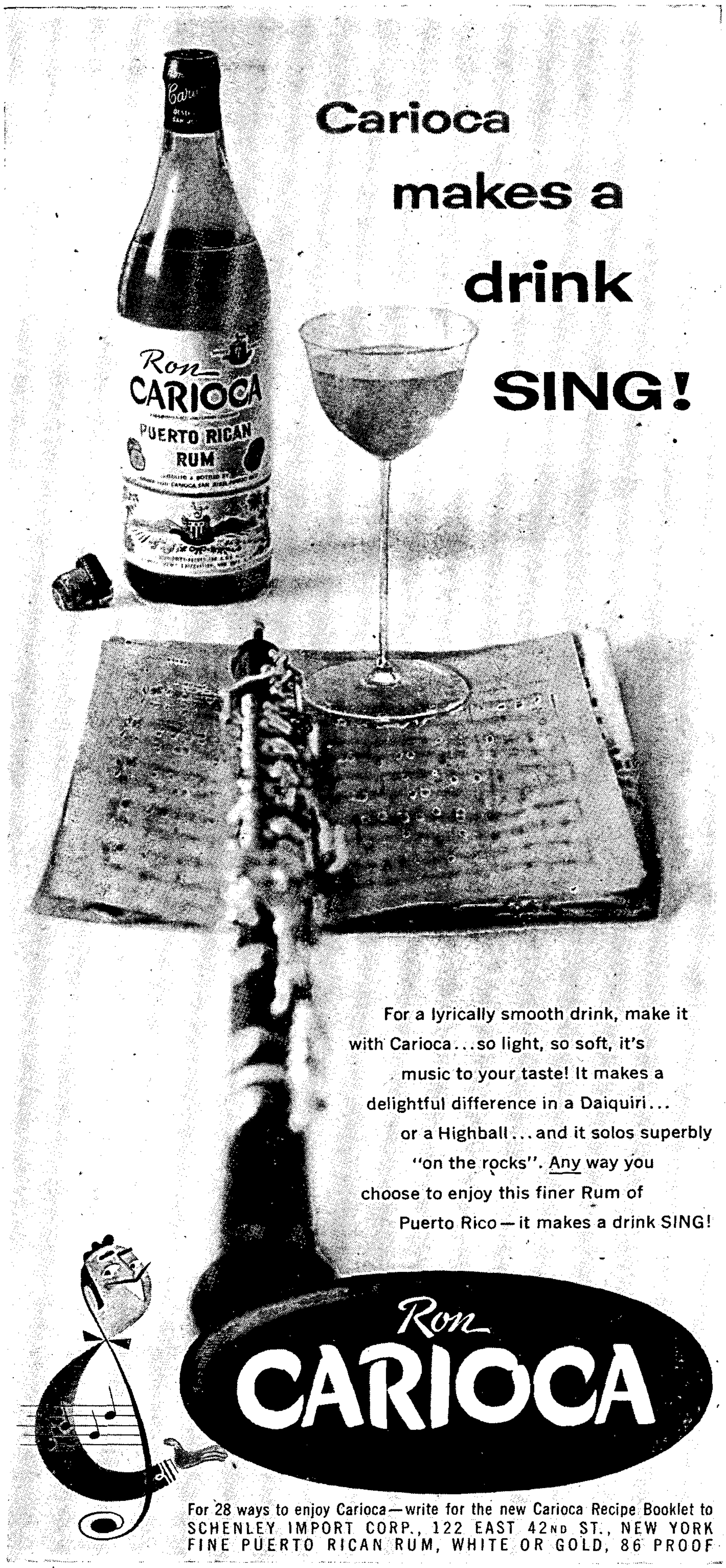
Quite without having planned to, I got up, and suddenly found myself standing beside Madame. Neither she nor the mouse had moved. "The *pauvre souris*," I said.

Madame started at the sound of my voice, but when she turned and saw me, she answered, in English, "Yes, poor little mouse, he suffers from the heat, like me."

I watched the tiny gray sides move in and out and the whiskers quiver, and I reached out to touch the mouse with my fingers. She stopped me. "Please, Madame, do not touch him," she said. "Your hands are not protected, and he has sharp teeth."

That, of course, was the reason she wore the white cotton gloves. I drew back and said I was sorry. Madame waved away my apology. She was smiling. "You are not afraid of my little mouse, Madame?" she asked.

"No, I'm not afraid of him, but I've never seen a mouse like that be-



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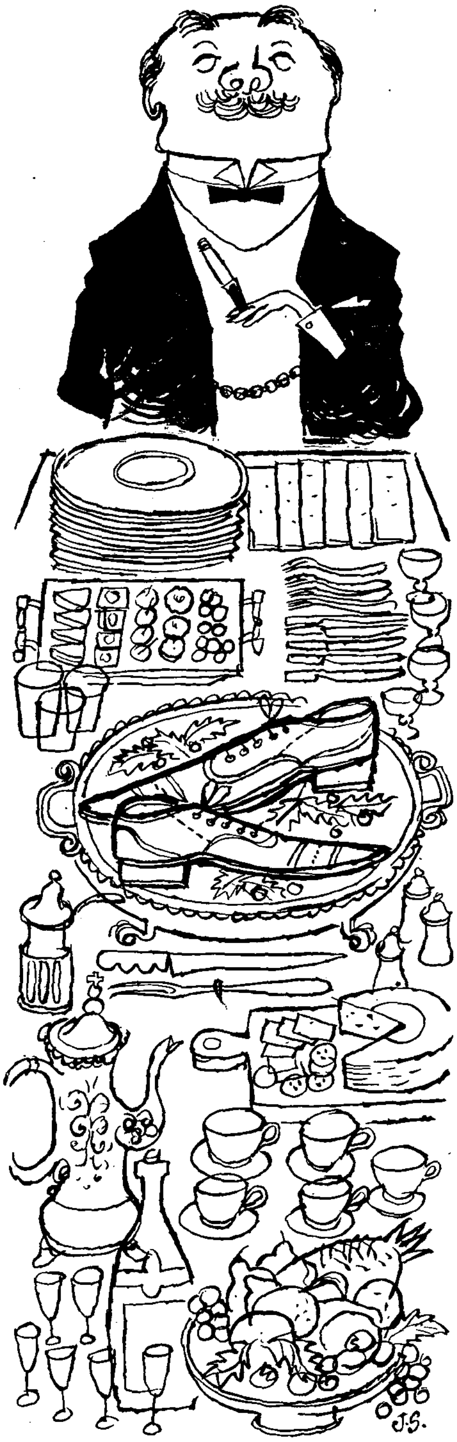

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fore," I said. "He's so well behaved!"

"He has been *bien élevé*, this mouse," she said fondly.

"I can tell that," I said. "And he likes you."

"But of course, we are old friends, we two."

"He doesn't seem to be afraid," I said.

"No, no, he has much courage, this one," said Madame.

The mouse ran down her arm and sat quiet in her hand, looking at me.

"Do you take him with you like that all the time?" I asked.

"But yes, Madame," she said. "Why not? It is not good to be without anyone."

"But a dog, or a cat, perhaps—"

"Would be a better pet, you think?" said Madame. "No, not for me." She cradled the mouse in her hand, rocking it gently back and forth. "It is not always permitted to keep a dog or cat," she went on, "but who needs to know that you have a mouse?" She smiled and nodded, and gently put the mouse back in the blue bag. —Eve Whyte

•

OUR CLEANLY AUTHORS
(INFATUATED WITH THE SOUND OF RUNNING WATER)

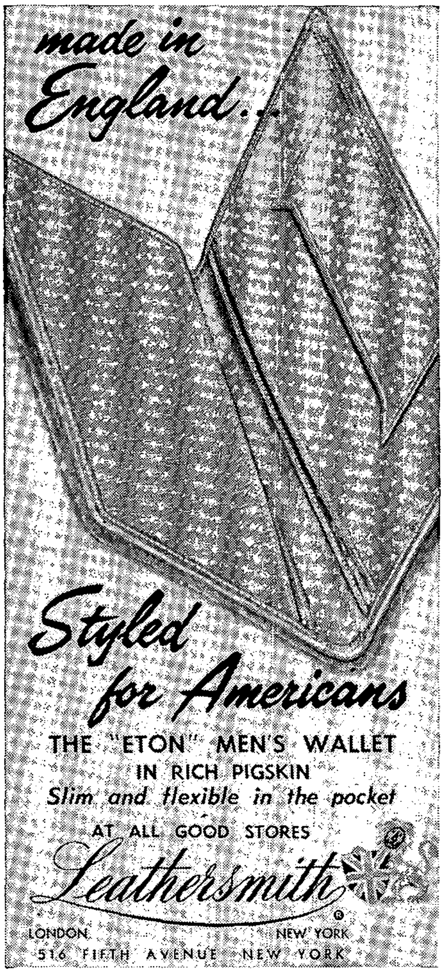
[*From "The Cobweb," by William Gibson*]

McIver said, "Got time for a shower?" Karen nodded, and McIver turned out of the living-room and went up the stairs two at a time, undoing his shirt. In his bedroom he stripped, tossing his clothes on the gray corduroy bed, and walked naked and raw-boned into the bathroom of lavender tile. The door opposite was open, affording a glimpse into Karen's silky boudoir, and idly whistling a tune the name of which he could not remember he passed his own ungainly lankness in the long mirror and opened the plate-glass door of the shower. When he stepped out again the boudoir door was closed. McIver walked into his own room strapping his back with a heavy bath-towel. —*Page 14.*

McIver hung up, in two bites cleaned the drumstick, which he scaled back into his wastebasket en route into the bathroom, quickly soaped and rinsed and dried his hands and lips, and was back in his bedroom stripping a second time, down to his shorts. —*Page 20.*

Then without haste she [Karen] undressed, hanging her gown with care in the deep closet and dropping her lace underthings into the hamper for Sadie in the morning. She draped a terry-cloth robe upon her shoulders, moved into the lavender-tile bathroom, and clicked on its twin wall-lights. From a hook she took down a lavender bathing-cap, and tucking her hair precisely in, arranged it upon her head; then she hung up the robe, opened the plate-glass door, and stepped into the shower. —*Page 55.*

Soon Devereux dropped his legs out of bed, and after a while sat up on its edge in



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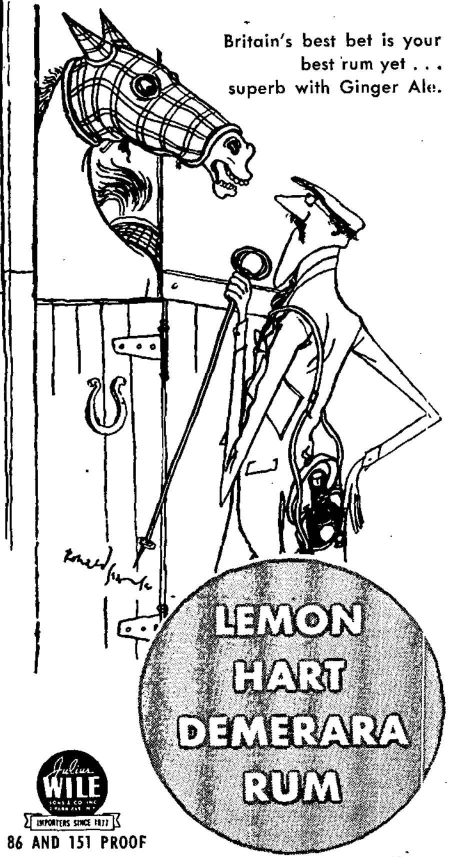

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his pajamas, and smoked a cigarette, and finally arose and made his way into the bathroom. . . . He gargled with cinnamon mouthwash, took a shower with lilac soap, shaved and slapped his cheeks with pine lotion and finished with talc, all the while slowly coming to life, and then commenced to dress. —*Page 63.*

Her [Meg's] first act, after putting her things down on top of the old trunk, was to lift the phone from the book-and-record cabinet she had made of common pine but not yet stained and call Miss Inch's number. There was no answer. Her second was to bathe; the tiny bathroom had no shower, only a tub which hardly contained her long sturdy legs, but she'd attached a rubber spray-hose to the faucet, which served. While she was toweling herself the phone commenced to ring.—*Page 106.*

Around three-twenty while standing up out of a lukewarm bath she [Meg] knew she had come to a decision, or vice versa, and dried her robust body and went back to bed. —*Page 157.*

She [Karen] would show him whether she was real or not, and glided toward her unclothed self in the long bathroom mirror, let him learn that others esteemed her, no question but that Doug had responded to her in yes every sense, and thinking as she put on the bathing-cap that he was really most attentive and charming, Karen stepped into the shower, where with a cake of lemon soap she washed her body clean from head to toe. —*Page 187.*

McIver pocketed his cigarettes and lighter . . . stepped into the lavender-tile bathroom and brushed his teeth, splashed a dozen handfuls of cold water into his face, dried himself while he checked Meg's address on the wallboard list of personnel, dropped the towel off in his chair, and rapidly went downstairs. —*Page 204.*

She [Meg] was busy in the kitchen washing dishes when she heard his footsteps, but when she peeked around the door McIver without speaking had passed into the bathroom. Meg then spied upon the browning biscuits, laid the bacon strips across the grill and slid it into the hot oven, poured from the boiling kettle into the drip-pot, and waiting with her ear cocked till the sound of running water in the bathroom had ceased, deftly broke the eggs into the buttered pan. —*Page 223.*

In the foyer he [McIver] found Miss Johnston now on duty at the nurse's desk, gave instructions for a tray and bedtime sedation, took the little elevator down, slid into the maroon convertible, and very depressed, drove toward North Hills for a shower and change of clothes. —*Page 245.*

After several deep-breathings at the window, he [Stevie] lay down on the floor and wheezily did fifteen minutes of setting-up exercises intended to develop various unsatisfactory muscles, then took a shower in his small bathroom, got dressed and lifted the gift down. —*Page 282.*

McIver closed the bathroom door upon her and the boudoir. He crossed into his own room, and stood there in the middle of the rug, unable to remember what he'd come in to do; then he knew, and began to strip. When he had toweled himself dry and got into other clothes, he went downstairs. —*Page 319.*

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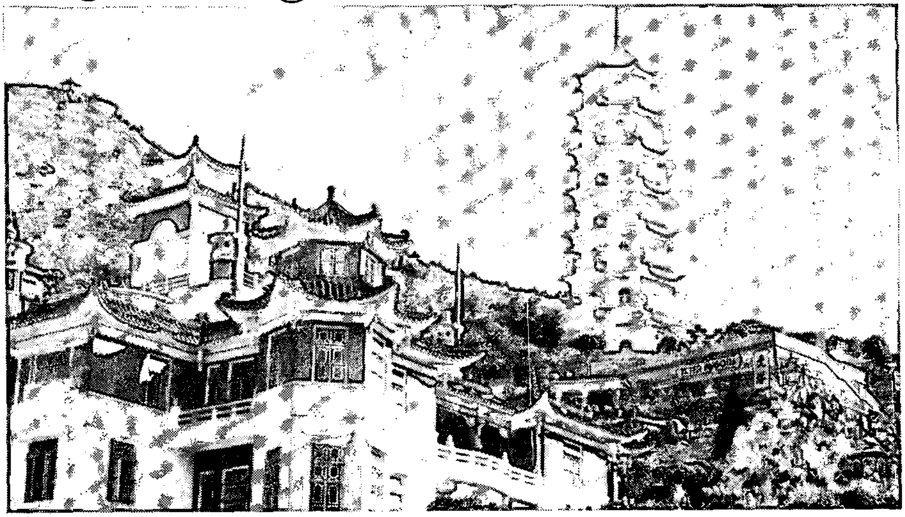

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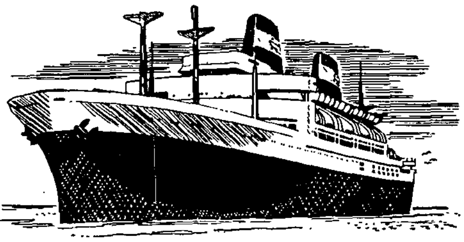

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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

THIS AND THAT

MACY'S LITTLE SHOPS are quite set up, and rightly, over a collection of dresses made especially for them in France and Italy. One of their prizes is a two-piece dress of gray flannel. A band of taupe suède descends from below the military collar to the ends of the three-quarter sleeves, and the flared skirt is banded at the sides; $84.50. A two-piece affair of greenish-blue metallic wool jersey, with a straight skirt, has sunburst pleating over the bosom and stomach; $84.50. A slim, even slinky, one-piece black wool jersey with above-elbow sleeves features the elongated bodice that looks so good on tall, slim women, and its long, graceful lines are accentuated by shirring down the bodice; $69.95. For late evenings, there's a dramatic black rayon velvet the hem of whose skirt is an eighteen-inch horizontal pouf of black rayon taffeta; $99.50. If your size in any of these dresses (10 to 16) is not on hand, a wait of three or four weeks is probable. Wool-knit sweater blouses from Italy, in a variety of colors, patterns, and shapes, run from $16.87 to $27.95. A deep yoke of gray and white polka-dotted wool and long sleeves of the same material are the salient points of a sweater whose body is gray wool. An attached wool four-in-hand tie with black and coral stripes adorns a cardigan in brilliant coral, and a sweater in nasturtium-red herringbone is trimmed with saw-tooth edging at the neck and on the short sleeves. Admirers of reversibles might consider a plain and effective tube sweater of matte jersey in turnabout combinations of black and mauve or black and white.

THERE are frequent touches of rayon velvet on the ready-to-wear suits in Hattie Carnegie's Blue Room. A straight skirt of gray tweed is paired with a short, fitted jacket whose yoke is of gray rayon velvet; $145. Gray-and-black tweed makes a low-necked sheath dress with a short, fitted jacket whose wide turnover collar is edged with black rayon velvet; $165. A full-skirted afternoon suit of navy or black barathea gets a navy or black rayon velvet collar that ends on one side in a curlicue; $155. Beige tweed is used for a coat dress with long, tight sleeves, a stiffened skirt, and a separate triangle of tweed to be worn as a scarf; $55 all told. A magnificent ball gown of black rayon faille is decorated with broad black rayon velvet bands that start at the sides of the bouffant skirt and narrow as they arch up into the strapless décolletage; $110. The Blue Room has recently gone in for ready-to-wear wedding dresses, at from $125 to $295. I'll mention just one—an Italian cotton brocade, ivory in hue, with a tiny turnover collar, three-quarter-length sleeves, small, flat cuffs, and a splendid, flowing train. These wedding dresses take three weeks.

BRITISH TWEEDS, at 727 Madison Avenue (64th), offers an impressive assortment of custom coats and suits and a satisfying variety of woollens to choose from. A discreetly colorful tweed suit, all mottled shrimp-pink, beige, and gray, consists of a straight skirt piped with brown cashmere and a jacket with brown cashmere piping around its tab collar, its flap pockets, and its buttons. Electric-blue tweed flecked with pale blue produces a boxy jacket, with collar and cuffs of navy velvet, and a narrow skirt that's piped around the hem with the same velvet. A suit of leaf-green wool with a brown shadow check has a short, fitted jacket with a pleated horseshoe yoke. The center back of a long, depths-of-winter coat of heavy gray Linton tweed is nothing but simulated box pleats from waist to hem, and a removable fringed shoulder cape goes over the coat. This is $300, the highest price here. A lightweight cashmere overcoat has a high pointed collar, dolman sleeves, and a full skirt with triangular hip pockets.

SEPARATES and two-piece dresses that have the look of separates are specialties of Günther Jaeckel's burgeoning Sports Department. A sweater of pea-green cashmere, with a yoke and belt of red-and-pea-green cashmere wool jersey, goes with a pleated skirt of jersey that matches the yoke and belt; $95 complete. Low-necked, short-sleeved pullovers of dark-gray wool jersey are embroidered in white angora, to match the embroidery on the accompanying skirts, which are of gray felt, are cut in a great circle, and

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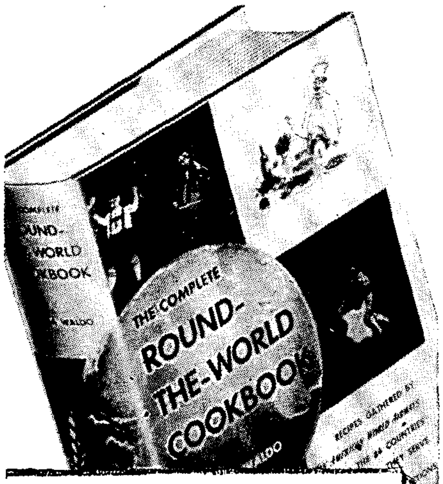

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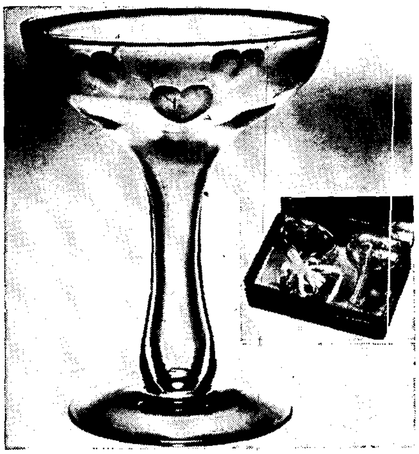
are pleated all around; $110 for the two. A skirt of vermilion wool jersey embroidered with pink clover and green leaves ($69.95) is matched with a décolleté blouse of the same jersey ($17.95). Handsome fur cardigans are attached to wide, hand-knit waistbands. Red and white lapin, light-brown and white mink bellies, mink gills, and gray and honey-blond muskrat flanks are the materials; $104.50 to $170.50, including the federal tax.

GOOD-LOOKING wool-knit dresses from Italy are in Bonwit Teller's sports section. Among the sleeveless sheaths are one in black or cinnamon brown with vertical ribbing, and one in pale blue or beige done in a popcorn stitch. The double-breasted overblouse of a two-piece dress of gray knit is fastened with shoe buttons, and a double row of flat tucks descends the front of the trim skirt to give the illusion of a panel. Those who go whole hog for knitwear could consider a three-piece ensemble—an oxford-gray or black cardigan, an oxford-gray or black skirt, stitched to simulate pleats, and a white pullover with gray or black stripes at irregular intervals all around it. The prices of these things run from $29.95 to $55.

Bonwit's new Junior Lingerie department is a flurry of pretty trifles in sizes 9 to 15. Girdles of elasticized white nylon and panties and brassières of white nylon tricot are printed with yellow or red short-stemmed roses. Cotton flannel nightshirts pin-checked in blue or pink on a white ground are also embellished with blue or pink French poodles. Printed rosebuds are scattered over two-piece pajamas of white, pink, or blue cotton flannel, and there are high, smocked yokes with ruffles of white nylon lace on nightgowns of blue nylon tricot.

THE Italian headgear at Bergdorf Goodman's Hat Bar makes an excellent showing. Among the notable hats are a deeply draped cap of soleil, a silky felt pillbox, a beaver felt cloche that may be rolled up into a Breton, and an inverted flowerpot of beaver felt, ombré soleil, or velours stencilled with leopard spots, and they all come in a choice of over a dozen colors. There's just one price—$14.75.

DAVID WEBB, a custom jeweller, at 666 Fifth Avenue (53rd), has taken a fancy to Persian turquoises, which he sets in gold. Coral button earrings on which are mounted tiny oval turquoises enclosed by leaf outlines of



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gold wire are $295, including the luxury tax, and that is as low as his prices go. Among the other earrings are (1) big turquoise globes on which twelve small round diamonds are sprinkled, (2) domes of turquoises banded with diamonds set in platinum and constructed so that they curl partway around the ear, and (3) showers of pear-shaped turquoises and round diamonds suspended from gold cords. Among the bracelets is a wide, flexible one of long, slender gold leaves vertically banded with alternating rows of turquoises and cultured pearls. A bracelet paved with turquoises of all shapes is dotted with an occasional diamond, and small turquoises are set across the top of the gold-fringed bib of a gold choker.

I. Miller, at 689 Fifth Avenue (54th), has come up with a new spike-heel pump that has a tapered wall-toe vamp. It's available in gray or brown calf with a black calf buckle and heel, or in gray calf with a folded-over tongue and a black calf heel. A small smoked-pearl button adorns the narrow throat band of a graceful pump with a triangular cutout at the vamp. This shoe appears in black or navy calf, in black suède, or in several combinations of suède and calf. Slender, one-eyelet walking flats are done in navy calf, navy suède, hazel llama calf, or black or rust alligator. Slim, pointed evening slippers of black or white satin, with the knotted ends of their bows falling over the toes, are copies of a Perugia design.

Jane Engel, at 1025 Madison Avenue (79th), offers rayon velvet and velveteen dresses for all ages and sizes. Let's begin at the adult (or second-floor) part of the shop, where the dresses accommodate almost any mood. A demure black rayon velvet has a white lace turnover collar and white lace cuffs; a burnt-orange velveteen is princesse in style, with a high neck and no sleeves; a faded-blue or salmon-pink velveteen with a slashed bodice and a fairly full skirt implies romance. The prices are $39.95 to $110, and the sizes are 9 to 16. Among the children's clothes, on the first floor, is a dress of black ribbed velveteen with a red-and-white polka-dotted cotton petticoat that matches the polka-dotted bow at the throat; $17.98, and intended for girls of eleven to thirteen. Jumper dresses of candy-pink or turquoise-blue washable cotton velvet are $14.98 to $17.98; the sizes range from age three to fourteen. Matching toreador trousers are designed for girls aged three to four-

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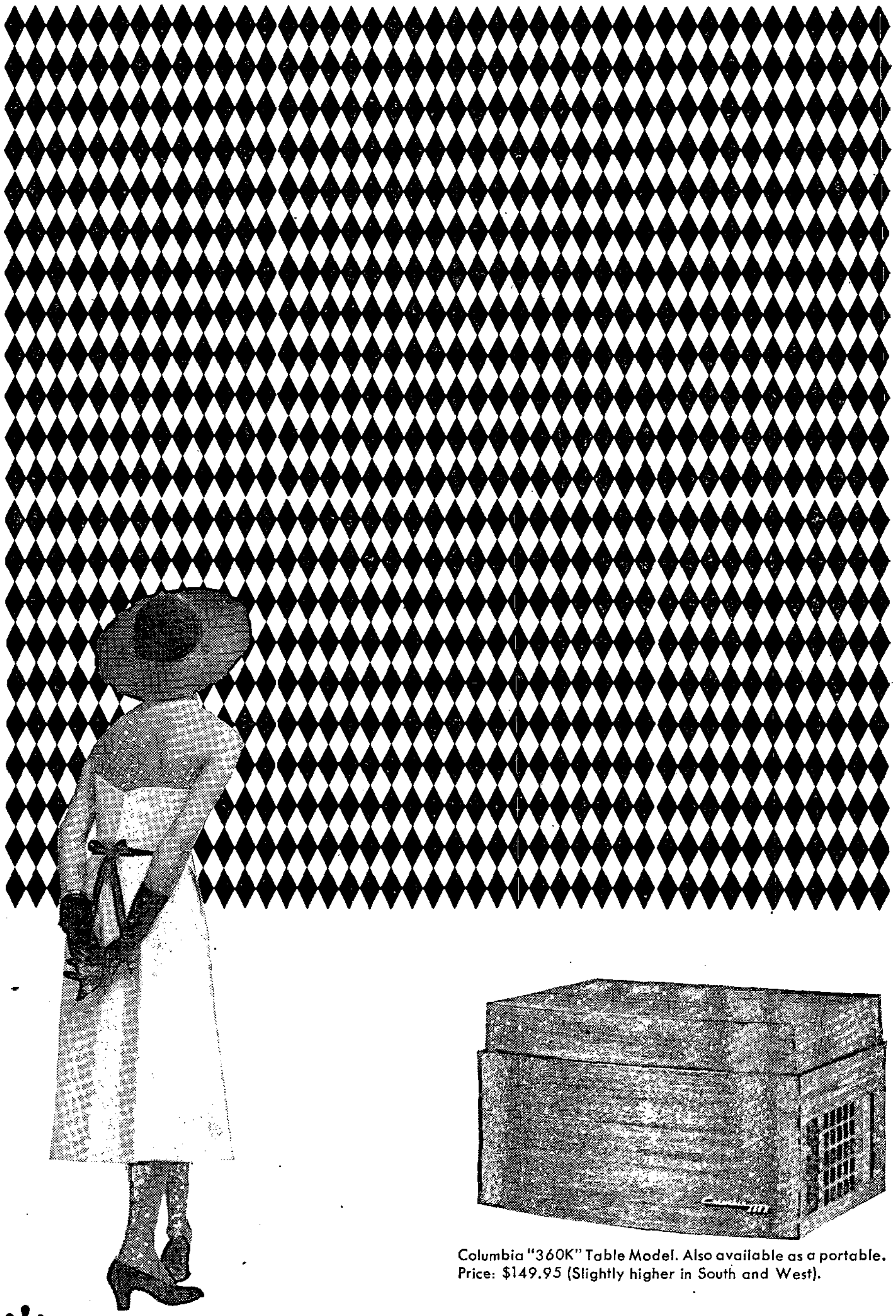

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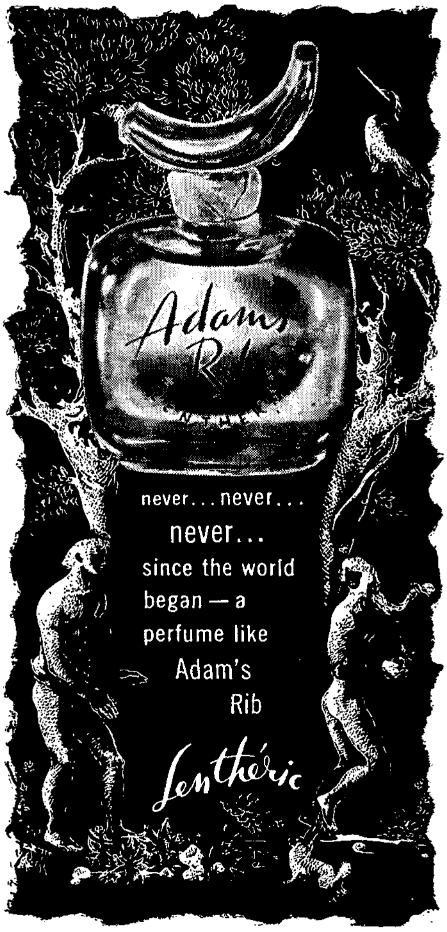

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teen. Pink-and-white or blue-and-white striped cotton blouses go with the trousers.

Léron, at 745 Fifth Avenue (57th), presents enchanting children's clothes made in the establishment's workrooms, mostly of imported materials. The hems of the dresses are always four inches deep, to allow for expansion in the wearer, and the embroidery is invariably done by hand. Sizes run from infancy to twelve years in the girls' department but only up to five years for boys. There are matching outfits for brothers and sisters, such as (for parties) a blouse of white surah, whose zigzag edgings are trimmed with the narrowest imitation Valenciennes lace, to be worn over button-on pants or a skirt of navy velveteen. A crisp school dress of English cotton in a canary-yellow, gray, and white plaid has a white piqué collar and a tiny bow at the throat. Another English cotton is a red, white, and gray plaid; a plaid cotton triangle, edged with white ball braid, is to be worn with it as an apron or kerchief. Small girls who like to look picturesque might experiment with a dress of Liberty flowered cotton and wool. Its milkmaid bodice is laced down the front with red or blue cotton cord. A dress of hydrangea-blue or pale-pink linen has inch-square organdie inserts with centers of Beauvais embroidery. Among the Sunday and holiday-season clothes is a dress of iridescent-green rayon taffeta whose pleated bodice is strewn with ribbons and bows of dark-green velvet. An angelic pale-blue organdie, embroidered with yellow mimosa, is encircled at the waist by yellow velvet ribbon. Thin lace ruffles surround the neck and elbows of a pink organdie whose chest is embroidered with a wreath of pink roses and blue forget-me-nots. A scattering of single flowers ornaments the folds at the hemline. This one shows up in a floor-length version, too, for flower girls. In general, prices run from $15.50 to $45. Anything here will be made to measure, at no extra fee, for whoever is willing to wait two weeks.

Anne Gérard, at 41 West 58th Street, starts her facial treatments with a thorough massage of the spine, to encourage circulation and relaxation. When the client is properly limp, the face is cleansed with a light, penetrating emollient and then massaged in a velvety but determined way that is simply wonderful for the neck and chin muscles. For the massage, Miss Gérard uses whatever she thinks is best suited to the

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skin in question, such as carrot-oil cream, shark-oil cream, or honeybee oil. The stuff is then washed off with hot water and a dash of flower lotion, and a cold compress is applied. The facial ends with a good makeup, although by this time the customer hardly needs it. Single treatments are $8; a series of ten is $75. The place operates by appointment, Monday through Friday, up to seven in the evening.

TOUCH OF GENIUS is an efficient manicure establishment on the second floor of an old, high-ceilinged house at 38 East 63rd Street. During the full hour allotted to a treatment, you recline in a cushioned chair with your feet on an ottoman. The work is expert, and the cost is $3.50. They take a special interest in patching up split or broken nails, and they also take great pride in making the nails look their best. Pedicures are $4.50. —M. M.

•

EQUESTRIAN IN JALISCO

Dark-eyed, the children stare
from doorways of white houses
where shopworn pigeons are
cooing on all the roofs.

Staring, they watch the soldier
ride into the burnished square,
ride up to the pink cathedral
frosted with flowery saints
like a great rococo cake
and dismount with a jingle.

In another minute he will speak
and they will vanish forever,
mysterious as flights of birds.
And in the cavernous silence
the polished dust will drift
where the soldier, mounted again
on his black horse, holds a classic pose
forever in the empty square
and bound in hoops of iron
slowly his cold eyes burn.

—KENNETH O. HANSON

•

WILBRAHAM, Sept. 19—Mr. and Mrs. Leslie B. M. Buchanan of Galloway, O., formerly of Wilbraham, announce the engagement of their daughter, Carole Leslie, to Thomas Crosset Brown, son of Mr. and Mrs. Richard S. Brown of Burleigh Rd., Wilbraham. The couple plans a spring wedding.

Miss Buchanan, a graduate of Classical High School, Springfield, is attending the University of Massachusetts. Her fiance, a graduate of Wilbraham Academy, is a senior at Tufts College.

The male king snake finds his mate by a keen sense of smell.—*Springfield (Mass.) Republican.*

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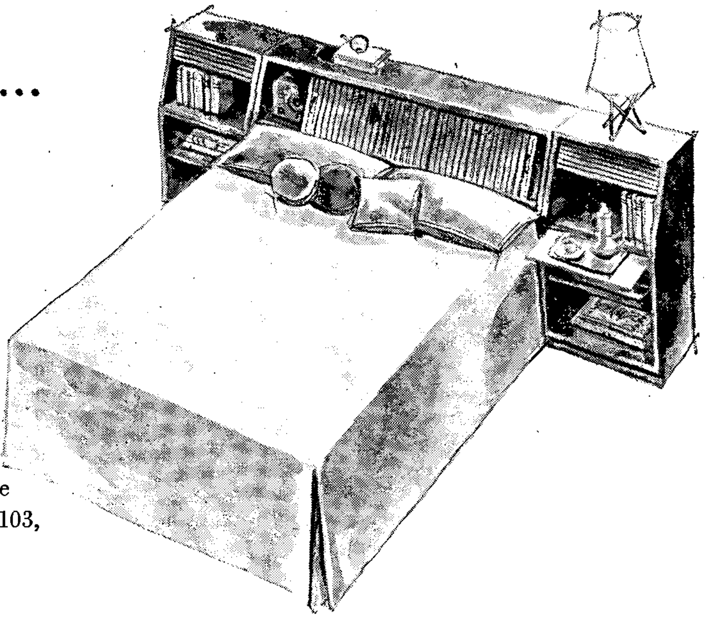

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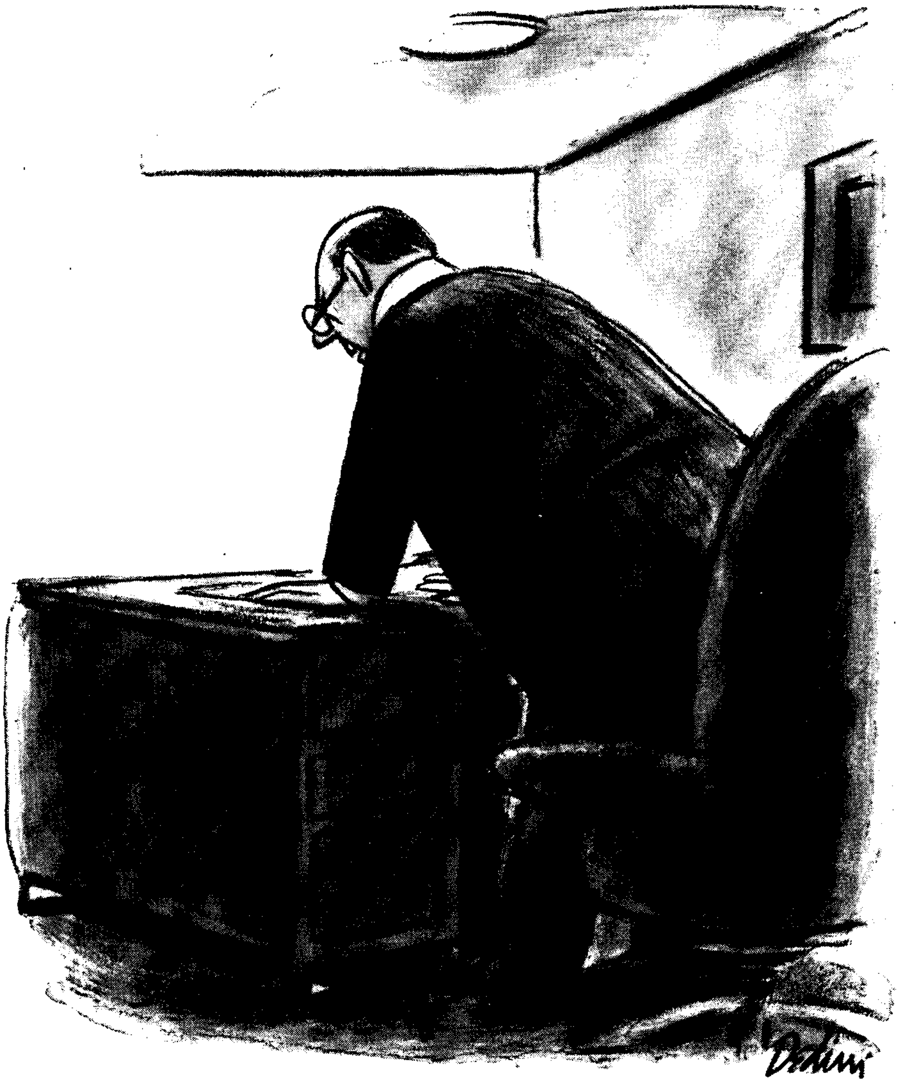
AT THE SIGN OF THE THIRD MAN

FOR many Viennese, the most cherished of all local institutions is one that, unlike the operetta, the waltz, and the pastry, has never been successfully exported. This is the *Heuriger*. The word means literally "this year's," and, by extension, has come to mean "this year's wine," and, by further extension, "a place where people gather to drink this year's wine." Vienna is practically surrounded by a ring of green vineyards, which cover the sunny slopes of the Vienna Woods, and it has been a great city for the consumption of wine since at least Charlemagne's time. In 1446, Aeneas Silvius, a poet who later became Pope Pius II, wrote, "Vienna's wine cellars are so spacious and deep that people say the city has been built as much below ground as above it." As far as the local white wine is concerned, however, cellars are less essential than wine shops, for it is at its best when it is very young, and to solve the problem of what to do with it Viennese winegrowers centuries ago invented the *Heuriger*. In the old days, there were *Heurigen* all over Vienna, but over the years nearly all of them have moved to the outskirts, and today the most popular are in Sievering, Grinzing, Nussdorf, Salmannsdorf, Heiligenstadt, and Neustift-am-Walde—small villages, though within the city limits, where public pumps stand in the center of cobblestoned squares and every fifth house displays a marble plaque memorializing the fact that Schubert or Beethoven slept in it. There are hundreds of *Heurigen* in these villages, and they open and close in accordance with rules and customs beyond the understanding of any outsider; every day the Vienna newspapers publish a list of those that will be doing business that night. Most of the customers go out from Vienna by streetcar, and on the last few trips back to town, around midnight, the trams resemble *Heurigen* on wheels as the passengers link arms and sing and the air grows heavy with the odor of wine.



"*Fainting and cheap emotionalism won't get you anywhere either, Farris.*"

The proprietor of a really authentic *Heuriger* raises his own grapes, harvests them any time from September to November, and makes his own wine. His vineyard consists of only a few acres and produces only a few barrels of wine, and when he decides that it has aged enough—it is usually a matter of days or, at most, a few weeks—he hangs a fir branch above the entrance to his house, to signify that he has new wine for sale. When it runs out—and this may be a matter of weeks or months, depending on the size of his vineyard—he takes down the branch and closes shop until the next harvest. A few of his customers are likely to be experienced *Weinbeisser* (literally, "wine biters") who prefer to drink in the press house, where they can perch on the barrels and inhale the fumes of fermentation, but most of them sit out in a garden behind the house or, if the weather is bad, congregate in the kitchen or living room. In the garden, where crude benches flank long, unpainted wooden tables, there are jasmine and chrysanthemums, in season, and there's always a walnut tree or a linden, just as there's always a horse-chestnut tree in a German beer garden. And, out beyond the flowers and the tree, there is a view, either of the lights of Vienna below or the lights of the Kahlenberg above. One finds no fancy trimmings in a true *Heuriger*. The owner and his wife and children serve the wine, in thick water glasses, the guests bring their own food—sausage, bacon, and hard-boiled eggs wrapped in yesterday's newspaper—and the entertainment is provided by the guests themselves, or by the owner, who may bring out his zither or harmonica if he is in the mood, or by a zither player, a fiddler, or an accordionist who plays for a small wage and the few schillings he can pick up in tips. Meanwhile, everybody drinks steadily and copiously. Good Viennese wines are mild in taste but potent in effect, and tyros who put down a couple of quarts in an evening very much wish they hadn't the next morning. After the first few glasses, one gets a sudden and overwhelming feeling of euphoria, which, after a few more, tends to turn into sentimentality, and this, after still a few more, gives way to a state of de-

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IMPORTED BY *Park & Tilford Distillers Corp. New York* pression that may lead to violence. Whatever else it leads to, it almost invariably leads to a terrific headache for which, veterans say, there is only one cure—to keep on drinking. Some wary connoisseurs will drink nothing except the fresh grape juice, scarcely fermented at all and quite safe, called *Most*, but the majority are loyal to *Sturm*, or storm, as the wine is called when it has been fermenting feverishly for three weeks. Most old-time *Heuriger* habitués have a relatively low opinion of wine that is any older than that, but, naturally, they have to make do with it most of the year.

Like many local institutions of the sort, all over the world, the *Heuriger* does not seem to have improved with age. It has grown to be a well-publicized big business, and many of the quaint old wayside wine gardens have been transformed into *Nobel-Heurigen*—large establishments with comfortable chairs, uniformed waiters, colored lights, high prices, and, over their doorways, wrought-iron fir branches, instead of real ones. These keep open all year round, and, of course, serve not only new wine from the barrel but old wine from bottles; as a matter of fact, most of their proprietors own no vineyards, and import their wines, through wholesalers, from such faraway places as the Wachau and the Burgenland. The *Nobel-Heurigen* offer a large selection of cold dishes and a few hot ones, such as Wiener schnitzel and Backhühner (a sort of Viennese version of Southern fried chicken), and by *Heuriger* standards, the entertainment is elaborate—a zither player assisted by an accordionist, or a *Schrammel* quartet (a flexible combination that usually consists of two violins, a guitar or a zither, and an accordion or a harmonica), or a couple of fat folk singers, who look like ward politicians and whose voices are distinguished *not* only for their volume but for their absolute lack of pitch. The songs glorify wine, women, and Vienna, and often the singers get so wrought up that they burst into tears in the middle of a number; in this case, the offer of a glass of wine is usually enough to solace them. Some singers have added yodelling and foreign songs to their repertory, for the benefit of tourists. The newest, and already the most famous, of the *Nobel-Heurigen* is the Weinschenke zum Dritten Mann (The Winehouse at the Sign of the Third Man), in Sievering, which was opened last October by Anton Karas, a once impecunious zither player who swiftly rose to the top of his otherwise not very celebrated profession by composing and performing the Harry Lime theme for the British motion picture "The Third Man."

I had often heard Karas while he was still an itinerant zither player, moving from *Heuriger* to *Heuriger*—a short, modest, melancholy man who was subsisting on the few schillings his listeners left for him each night. When one place ran out of wine and closed, he would move to another. I've heard it said in Vienna that an itinerant *Heuriger* zither player must have not only a sensitive ear, a talent for improvisation, and the soul of a gypsy, but also the stamina of a wrestler, for he has to play almost without pause from six in the evening until midnight (in the old days, it used to be until three in the morning), and during the day he often helps out in the vineyards or press houses, to supplement his income. He must have a large repertory of folk songs, along with the ability to detect all the subtle shifts in the alcoholic climate—between bliss and gloom—and adjust his music to them. And, like all night-club musicians who count on tips, he must be able to please the customer who comes over, asks him to play "a song I haven't heard since I was a boy," and whistles or hums a snatch or two off key. Karas, who has a wife and three children, played in *Heurigen* for twenty-eight years before he had his freakish rise to fame, and during that time, he says, he never received a schilling in salary. Since last year, the zither players have had a minimum wage of nine hundred and seventy schillings, or thirty-nine dollars, a month, but the most Karas ever got out of a proprietor for his music was a glass of wine and a piece of sausage.

I was told in Vienna that Karas was doing splendidly and that his place had become a major attraction for foreigners, ranking not far below St. Stephen's Cathedral and the Schönbrunn Palace. There was also some talk about skirmishes Karas had had with his competitors, who had apparently done all they could to see that he didn't get a license to open his establishment. It is not every day that an itinerant zither player sets himself up as the proprietor of a *Nobel-Heuriger*, and when two Viennese friends of mine recently suggested that we drive out for an evening at Karas's *Weinschenke*, I was delighted at the chance to see how he was faring in his new profession. As an afterthought, one of my friends called up to reserve a table. This was hardly in the *Heuriger* tradi-

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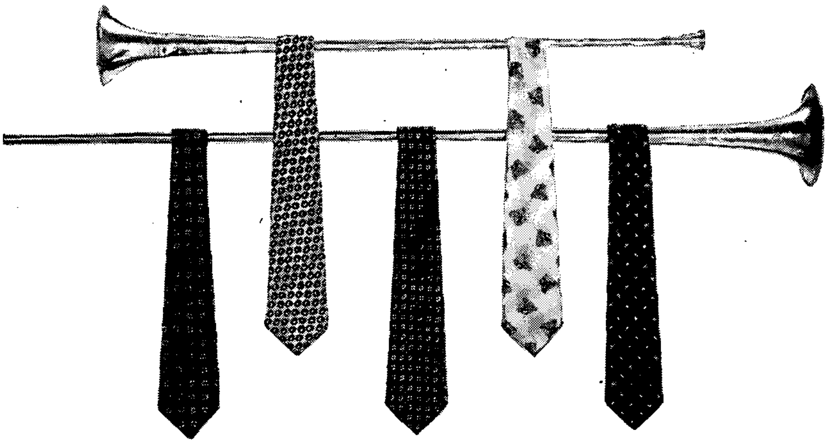
tion, of course, but it turned out to have been a wise precaution.

THE air was warm and smelled of jasmine as we set out for Sievering, and it was altogether the sort of evening that, in the opinion of the Viennese, was made for the enjoyment of old memories and young wine. The usual route, the Sieveringer Strasse, was closed for repairs, and we had to make a long and pleasant detour among the vineyards. Here and there, we came upon a small house, all but choked by vines, that had a fir branch above its entrance and a few cars parked nearby, and now and then we heard the sound of a zither. Along the way, we drove past a big, new beer garden, and one of my friends snorted; lovers of new wine are not automatically hostile to beer, but they do not think it has any place in the *Heuriger* region. As we approached the charming old village of Sievering, with its houses half hidden behind trees, the *Heurigen* became larger, and so did the number of cars parked outside. We passed the Sievering parish church, and almost immediately pulled up near a new white house, built on a terrace. It had a sign that read, in large letters, "WEINSCHENKE ZUM DRITTEN MANN," and underneath, in smaller letters, "Anton Karas." There were two empty buses on the street, with stickers on their windshields indicating that one was carrying German tourists and the other British tourists, and a dozen cars with foreign license plates; there were only a few with Austrian plates. The three of us got out and walked down a lane, flanked by old acacias, that led to a wrought-iron gate opening on a well-kept garden. On one side were flowering bushes and on the other was a linden tree, with several basket chairs under it. Ahead of us was a lovely silver fir. A tidy white gravel path ran from the gate to the rear of the garden, where there were about seventy tables, with highly varnished larch-wood chairs ranged around them. Off to one side was a wooden arcade, and there stood more tables, under hanging wrought-iron lanterns. Out in back were the green slopes of Sievering, covered with vineyards all the way to the top. Although it was only a little after six, most of the tables were occupied. A heavyset blond man was playing a large accordion that had the sonorous tone of a small organ, a blond girl was wandering about with a tray of pastries, and waiters dressed in *Lederhosen* and jackets were serving wine in *Weinheber*—glass bowls, suspended in a frame of wrought-iron vine leaves, that have spigots at the



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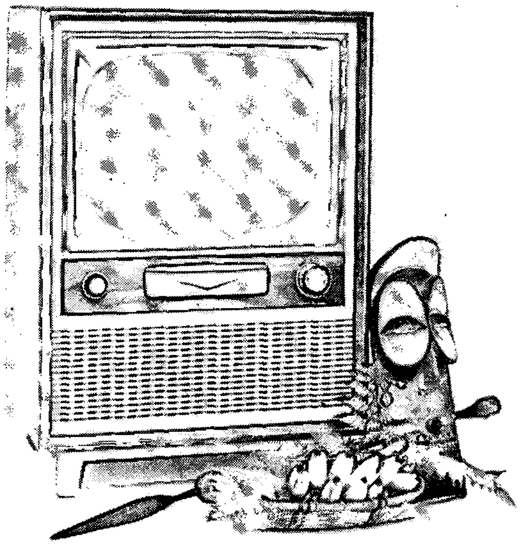

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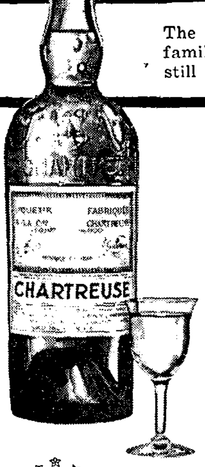

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base, from which the customers fill their own glasses.

We were shown to our table, and, after we were seated, I saw that Karas's waiters were serving not only "this year's wine" but bottled Grinzinger, Sylvaner, Nussberger, and Sekt. One of my Viennese friends remarked that this was all wrong; at a *Heuriger* there should be nothing but new wine. Some of the guests had brought their own food, in old *Heuriger* fashion, but others were being served from a large buffet, on which I could see chicken, cold cuts, and cheese. Several tables had been pushed together in the middle of the garden to form two long rows, one occupied by a group of Germans and the other by a group of English people—obviously the tourists from the buses. The accordionist launched into "Ein rheinisches Mädchen," and the Germans began shouting "*Prosit!*" at one another and at everybody else. One of my friends said dolefully that when Rhenish songs were played at a *Heuriger*, things had come to a pretty pass indeed. At the table next to ours there was a large and ebullient party of Viennese, and we quickly gathered that they were celebrating the golden wedding anniversary of Oma and Opa—Grandma and Grandpa. Opa, a little man with white hair and moist eyes, lifted his glass, kissed Oma, a cheerful septuagenarian, and began to cry. At that, several of the women in the party started to cry, too, but one, a pretty auburn-haired girl, started fluttering her eyelids at a bearded man at another table, who acknowledged her interest by coming over and telling us all, in French, that he and his party were from Ankara. They had had no wine yet, and they plainly didn't know what to make of the peculiar local blend of lachrymosity and gaiety.

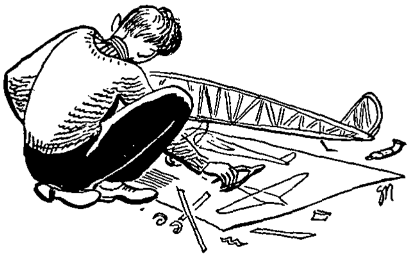
The Rhenish song ended with a fortissimo chord, and two of the Germans sprang to attention and toasted each other in the traditional Wehrmacht manner, with their elbows raised and their chests out, whereupon some of the customers whistled—a sign of disapproval in Vienna. The accordionist diplomatically followed up with "Tipperary," and a dumpy, elderly Englishwoman stood up and, after announcing to no one in particular that she was from Sheffield, raucously took up the song. Everybody applauded—the Viennese, the Germans, and the people from Ankara. One of the two Germans who had been toasting each other walked over to the English table, clicked his heels, and bowed to the woman from

Sheffield. She rose and gave him a loud kiss on the cheek.

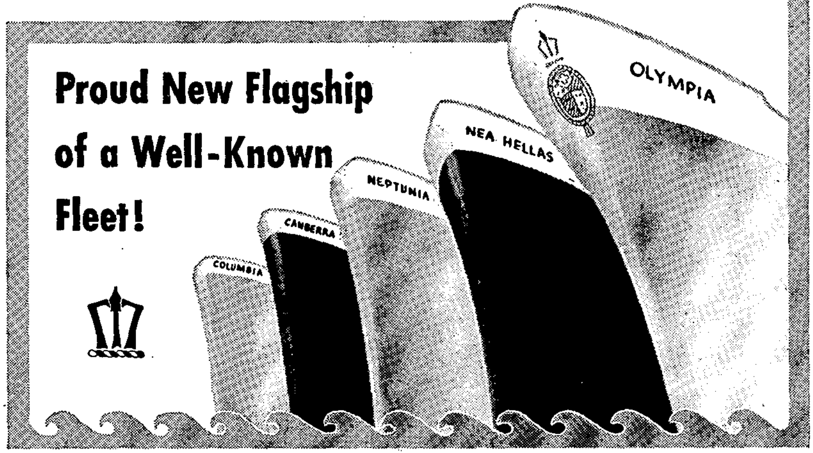
I asked a waiter where I could find Karas, and he directed me to a small white building at one side of the garden. This turned out to be a pantry containing several tables, many shelves of wine bottles, a large zinc counter, and a sink. A few employees were busy there, washing glasses, cutting bread and sausage, and opening bottles. Karas, wearing *Lederhosen*, embroidered braces, a white shirt open at the neck, and spectacles, was behind the counter, pouring wine from two-litre bottles into the *Weinheber*. He recognized me, and we shook hands. Then he went on with his work, explaining that he liked to fill the *Weinheber* himself because it helped him keep track of the wine. I asked him if his duties as a *Heuriger* proprietor gave him any time to play the zither.

Karas put down a bottle and held out his hands. "Do they look as if I'd given up the zither?" he asked. There were thick calluses on his fingertips. "A real zither player never stops playing," he went on. "The zither gets into your blood. I'd rather be a zither player here in Sievering than a capitalist anywhere else. But I'm a lucky fellow now. I play only when I feel like playing, and I stop before my fingers start bleeding. Of course, it's not only a question of fingers. You play the zither with your heart as well." He poured the rest of the bottle, and said, "Let's go and sit under the linden for a while before the rush really starts." We walked across the lawn and sat down in two of the basket chairs. Karas took off his glasses and rubbed them on his shirt, gazing with obvious satisfaction at the crowded garden. I said that I knew he had been playing the zither for many years but that I had never heard how he became interested in the instrument.

"I began playing when I was twelve," he told me. "That was in the Brigittenau [a poor district of Vienna, on the south side of the Danube], where I was born. There was a zither or a harmonica in every house. Everybody liked music. One day, I found an old zither in our attic and asked my father if he would let me take lessons. 'Sure,'



The T.S.S. OLYMPIA



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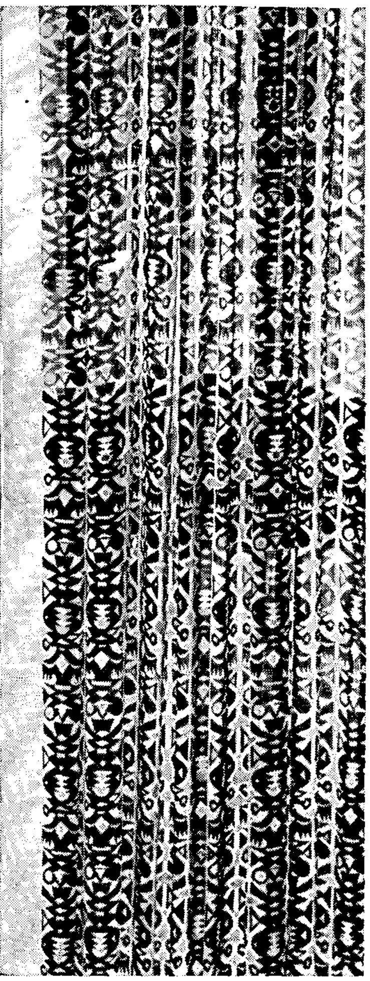

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he said, 'everyone has to learn an instrument.' A funny thing, he had never played any himself. He sent me to Horack's Music School, where I studied with Professor Spiegel. People think you can learn to play the zither in a few months, but it takes three years just to learn the fundamentals. Maybe it's because there are no zither players in the Vienna Philharmonic that people look down their noses at the zither. They call it a folk instrument. All right, it *is* a folk instrument. What's wrong with that? It's a wonderful instrument. The zither should always be played solo. We have zither orchestras, but they don't bring out the full beauty of the tone. Anyway, I went through my apprenticeship with Professor Spiegel, and later I studied with Adolf Schneer, the zither virtuoso. When I was seventeen, I began playing at Franz Brandmayer's *Heuriger*, and from then on, I played in this *Heuriger* and that *Heuriger* for twenty-eight years, until at last I got my break. It was at Stefan Martinkovits' *Heuriger*, on Bellevuestrasse—a place I'd always liked working in. One night in April, 1949, a bunch of theatre and movie people came in—British, and American, and Austrian. One of them was Carol Reed. The next day, to my surprise, he called me up at Stefan Martinkovits' place and asked me to come to his hotel and bring my zither along. When I got there, he had me play for several hours. He just sat and listened. I was happy. Here, I thought, is a friend of the zither. At the end, he thanked me and gave me a nice big tip. A *real* friend of the zither, I thought. A few weeks later, while I was still at Martinkovits', there was a long-distance call for me from London. You should have seen the excitement! No one had ever phoned Martinkovits' place from Salzburg, let alone from London."

The call was, of course, from Reed, who had directed "The Third Man" in Vienna; he said that he wanted Karas to compose and play incidental zither music for the film, promised him what sounded to Karas like astronomical pay, and asked him to fly to London at once. Karas arrived in London on May 31st, and spent most of the summer working on the simple, strongly accented melody that came onto the sound track of the film every time Orson Welles appeared in a scene. After the London première of "The Third Man," on September 2nd, he returned to Vienna and got his old job back at Martinkovits' *Heuriger*. But he didn't stay long. As the fame of the Harry Lime theme spread, he became very much in

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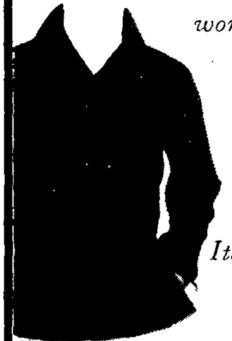

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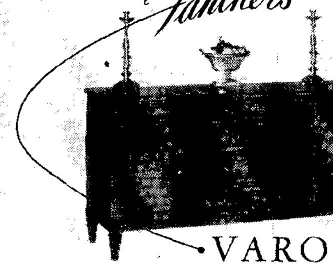

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demand, and soon he flew to London again, for a command performance before the Royal Family. Then came concerts all over Europe, a thirty-week tour of the United States, and so on and on, until August, 1952, when he returned to Vienna and told his wife that he was through with travelling.

"I wanted to quit while the quitting was good," Karas told me. "Enough is enough. All my life I'd had only one ambition—to own my own *Heuriger*—and now I was in a position to satisfy it. I learned that this place was available and bought it. It wasn't in good shape. Back in 1945, the Russians had parked their tanks right here in the garden, and the house was a burned-out ruin. But I liked the view of our church and of the vineyards out in back, and I liked the old trees. I called in an architect and told him what I wanted—a place that would have Viennese atmosphere and be comfortable and modern, too. I pitched in myself—carried bricks, mixed cement, laid the shingles on the roof, spaded up the garden. Right now, I'm working on a fountain."

Karas paused for a moment, and his eyes wandered over the house, the garden, and the arcade. Then he said, "And I owe it all to that one melody. So much nonsense has been written about it. I've heard it called dirty, melancholy music that haunts you and makes you want to jump out the window. People say that I wrote it because I was hopelessly in love or because I was planning to kill someone. That's silly. I admit it's not a happy melody, but then, I'm not a happy man. All zither players are sad people; happy people play the trumpet or the glockenspiel. I'm glad I brought it off, though. And don't think I'm not grateful for my good fortune. My friends say my lucky break has given hope to all the other fellows who slave and starve because they can't live without their zithers, and I hope it has."

Karas got up and said he'd like to show me the interior of his *Heuriger*, where his guests do their wine drinking in bad weather. He led me into the house and showed me the *Saal*, a large hall containing forty-five tables; its walls were decorated with stills from "The Third Man." On the second floor was a smaller room, which he uses for the overflow, as well as an office and what he assured me was the most modern bathroom in Sievering. "People will tell you I'm a millionaire," Karas said as we returned to the vacant *Saal* and sat down at one of the tables. "That's a joke. By the time I opened this place,

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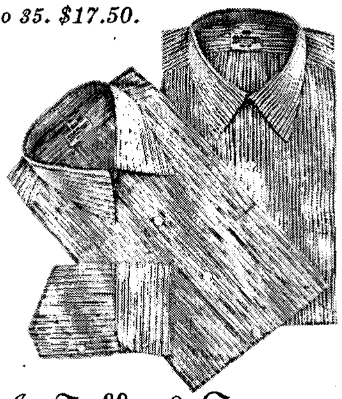

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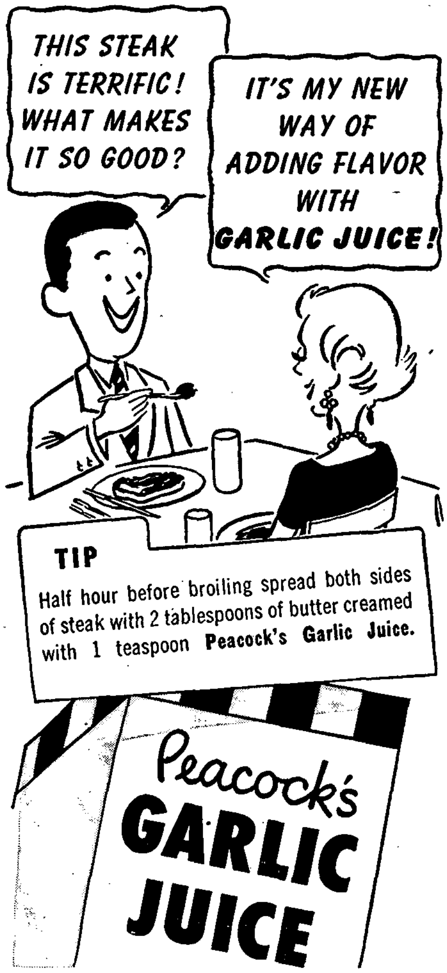
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I had spent all my savings and I owed the bank five hundred thousand schillings. A millionaire! In England, the tax people took fifty per cent of what I earned, and in Vienna, the tax people took fifty per cent of what was left. I figure that after paying travel expenses, agents' fees, my manager's cut, and publicity costs, I had only about ten per cent left. Now I have to pay an income tax, a sales tax, a wine tax, a trade-and-professional tax, a music tax, and an entertainment tax, and my monthly payroll runs to over ten thousand schillings. But I can't complain. Business is fine. Half of our guests are foreigners, and a lot of Viennese complain about that, but what's wrong with having foreigners? They go back home and tell their friends about our lovely Sievering."

Karas went on to say that things had been difficult at first. As soon as the established *Heuriger* proprietors in the neighborhood heard he was planning to open a place, they began grumbling about having to compete with a mere zither player, and he was afraid they might use influence to keep him from getting a license. But things went smoothly, and he received a government permit "to serve, on weekdays, from eighteen to twenty-four hours, smoked meats, Wiener schnitzel, and Backhühner, as well as wine, mineral water, and nonalcoholic artificial beverages." (*Heurigen* do not serve coffee.) Thus authorized, he opened his place last October 15th. Three months later, to his bewilderment, the Austrian Ministry of Trade and Reconstruction ruled that "Herr Anton Karas, zither player and composer, is illegally practicing the innkeeper's trade and his license is hereby revoked." The Ministry based its ruling on what it referred to as "the expert opinion" of the powerful Innkeepers' Guild, which had stated that there was "no local need" for a new *Heuriger* in Sievering. While Karas's lawyers appealed to the courts to reverse the ruling, Karas went on serving new wine and playing old songs, with the uneasy feeling that the police might close his place at any moment. Then, in May, the proprietor of a nearby *Heuriger* decided to retire, and offered Karas his license in return for a monthly fee. At first the Ministry didn't want to allow this, but it gave in when practically all the Viennese newspapers, from the extreme Rightist *Montag* to the Communist *Volksstimme*, in a rare show of unity, took up the case for Karas. The transfer of the license was approved, and since then, Karas has

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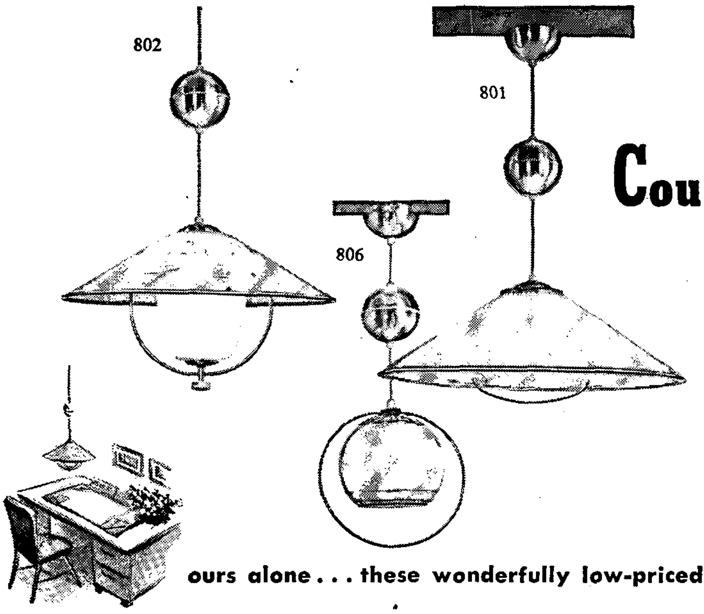
had no trouble from bureaucrats. The whole experience has rather soured him on some of his neighbors. "They were nice enough when I was working for them," he told me. "And then they saw my fine new place, and the big buses bringing customers to it, and they weren't nice any more. Oh, well, I suppose it's only human." He shrugged and stood up. "I'd better get back to work," he said. "There's nothing like keeping track of the wine in this business. And after I've poured out some more wine, it will be time to perform on my zither. You'll see how quiet my guests become when they hear me. I play cat-and-mouse with them. Just wait and see."

IN contrast to the old informal days, Karas's performance was carefully staged, and his guests were made thoroughly conscious of the fact that they were about to listen to a world-famous virtuoso. One of the waiters set up a table and chair in the center of the garden, and another brought out the master's zither and placed it on the table. Then the accordionist played a fortissimo flourish and announced that Herr Karas would appreciate silence during his performance. Asking for silence at a *Heuriger* is something like asking for silence at a ball game, and the request prompted one rugged *Weinbeisser* to shout, "What do you think this is—the State Opera?" He was promptly shushed. When Karas walked out and sat down at the table, there was loud applause. As he struck a few chords, warming up and waiting for the applause to subside, he seemed less like a *Heuriger* zither player than like a concert performer on a stage, and some other guests joined the rugged *Weinbeisser* in making uncomplimentary remarks, but then Karas began to play "Wien, Wien, nur Du allein."

The effect was astonishing. The garden became so quiet that whenever Karas paused, one could hear the wind in



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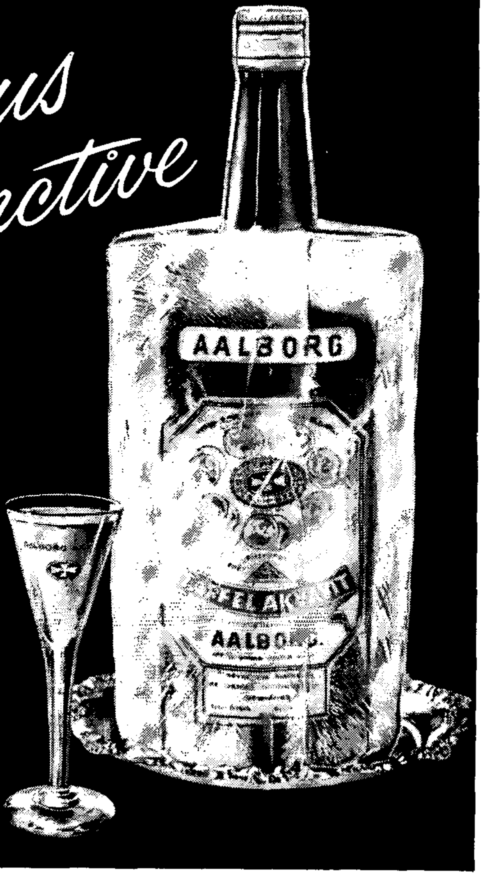

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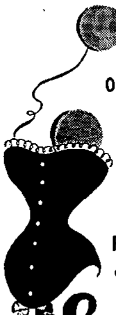

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the linden. By the time he reached the refrain, several men and women were crying. Karas followed with another tear jerker—"Im Prater blüh'n wieder die Bäume"—and then, perhaps for the benefit of the British, he played the "Indian Love Call." As the program continued, it became apparent that everybody was waiting for the Harry Lime theme. That was what they had come to hear, and, of course, Karas knew it. At one point, he played the first few bars of the melody, and there were several "oh"s and "ah"s, but then he smiled and switched to "Trink' ma noch a Flascherl!" It was a skillful job of building up tension; he was indeed playing cat-and-mouse with the audience. At last came the Harry Lime theme—a straight version, followed by several variations—and when it was over, there was tremendous cheering and clapping. With a faint smile, Karas rose and bowed, and then he quickly made his way out of the garden and back to his pantry. The waiters, who had stood motionless during his performance, brought out more wine, and the accordionist announced that Herr Karas would play again in an hour.

I again joined Karas in the pantry, where he had resumed his wine pouring. He came out from behind the counter, and we sat down at a table on which his zither was resting. Karas looked at me with the questioning, worried expression that musicians everywhere have after a performance. I said that it was amazing how deeply he had moved his audience, and he smiled and thanked me. "We all have to work hard tonight," he said, picking up his zither and playing a few soft, sweet chords. "My second accordionist is sick, and I'll have to play more than usual. But then, we have to work hard every night. Back in the days when all I did was play my zither, I never realized how much effort it takes to make a *Heuriger* a success. Work, work, work, all the time. Up at seven every morning, and it's two or three o'clock the next morning before I get to bed. I've been asked to write the music for a film that's going to be made in Munich, and you may be sure I would have jumped at the chance a year or two ago. But I don't know whether I can get away from here long enough to do it. Oh well, I grumble about the work, but I don't really mind it, of course. I've got pretty much what I want now, and with luck I'll have all my debts paid off in two or three years. I own a small villa on the hill across the road—a beautiful place, with a hundred and twenty-six

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steps leading up to it—and on Sundays, at any rate, I can sit in the garden up there, or in my glass-enclosed veranda if it's cold, and look out on the things I like best in all the world—my *Heuriger*, the Sievering church, and the city of Vienna down below."

—JOSEPH WECHSBERG

•

MOST FASCINATING ADVICE OF THE WEEK

[*The following column of advice, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Detroit Times*]

DEAR MRS. MAYFIELD:

How does a person go about trying to right a terrible wrong she has done?

When I was 13 years old (I'm 19 now), I had a terrible crush, which I thought was love, on a married man old enough to be my father. I was baby sitting while his wife worked to help support the three children.

I deliberately went about trying to make him fall in love with me. Please don't try to excuse me because of my age, because I knew full well he was a married man with three children, and that I didn't have any business falling in love with him, but I just didn't care.

His wife finally found out about us, and she fired me, but I kept on seeing him almost every night anyhow. Although she begged and pleaded with me not to see him any more, I wouldn't stop.

Finally she started suit for divorce, and I guess he finally saw that his family meant more to him than I did, because he stopped seeing me.

Then I fell in love with the man who is now my husband. Mrs. Mayfield, I'm so happy with him and my baby son, but the woman I wronged won't speak to me any more.

My conscience is bothering me so much that I can't eat or sleep, and my husband is starting to notice that something is wrong. I thought of going to my clergyman and getting this off my mind, but I can't.

The man's wife has told one of the neighbors that she's going to tell my husband what I did, because she can't stand to see me so happy when I brought so much unhappiness to her.

She said she's going to break up my home like I broke up hers. I'm worried sick, so much so that my thoughts are confused.

Please let me know how I can go about making this thing right. I know I have to tell her how sorry I am, and ask her forgiveness, because I'm enough of a Christian to know that I have to go to her before I die, but I just haven't got the nerve to go to her.

Please help me before I go crazy, because I know what she can do if she really wants to ruin my married life.

MRS. A. D.

DEAR MRS. A. D.:

At first I thought your letter would be a simple one to answer—but now that I've actually sat down at the typewriter with your pages in front of me, I'm not quite sure just what I should tell you.

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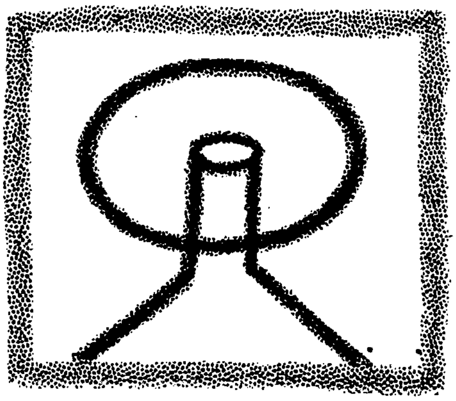

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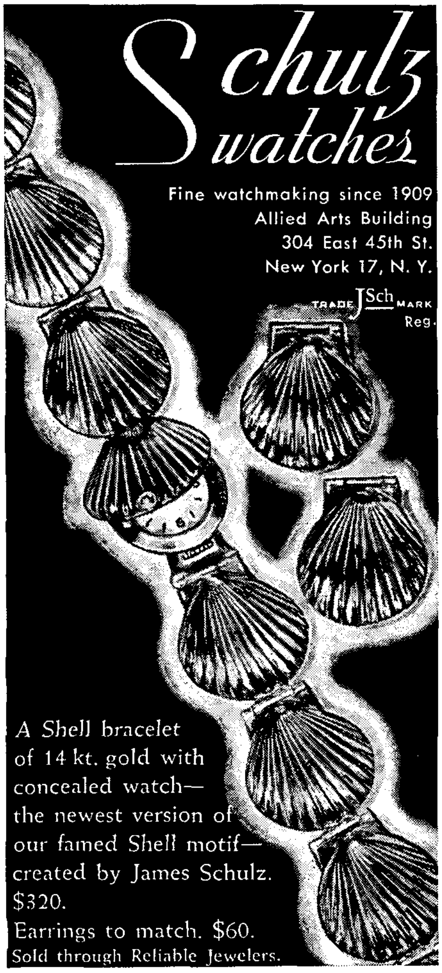

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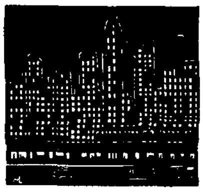
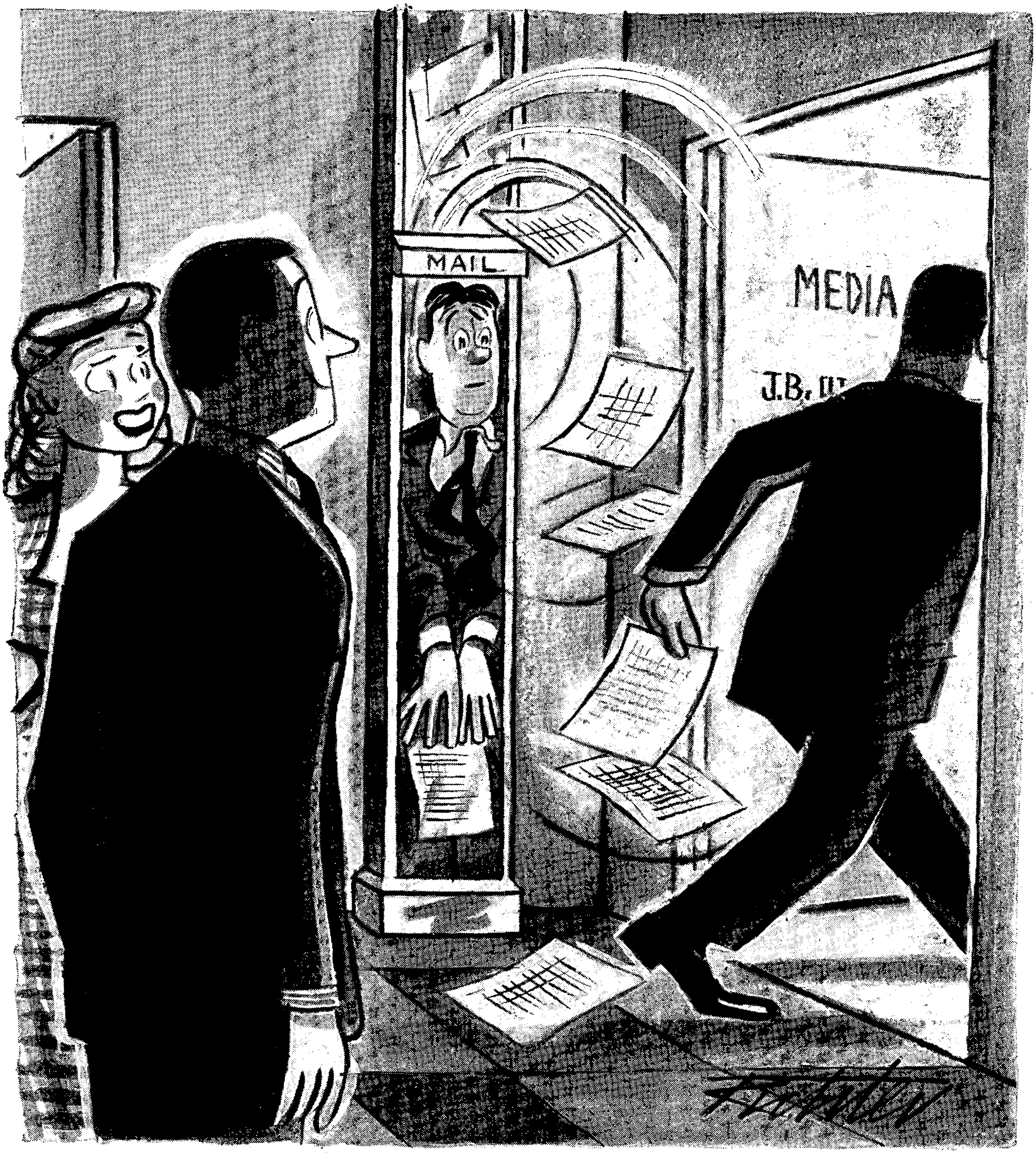


THE last six years have brought forth a boom development in midtown office buildings. With the exception of Lever House, these buildings have increased the congestion of New York's midtown business areas without adding much to the glory of its architecture. As a whole, they are an ironic commentary upon the intelligence of our financiers (vestigial) and the civic foresight of our city planning commission (absent). The one creditable fact about these new human filing cases is that the loftiest of them is only twenty-eight stories high. This limitation of height, which is an at least partial rejection of the old cathedral-tower type of building, may mean that investors are belatedly beginning to assimilate the elementary economic lessons of tall buildings. The relation between height and rate of financial return was set forth thirty-odd years ago by the Chicago architect George Nimmons, who designed the early Sears, Roebuck department stores. Nimmons, basing his study on typical Chicago office buildings, demonstrated that the maximum possible yield on the cost of a thirty-story building was less than the yield on a ten-story structure. A twenty-story building gave the highest yield (7.05 per cent), but the yield on a fifteen-story building was only a quarter of one per cent less. Nimmons entitled his paper "The Passing of the Skyscraper." He called the turn a little too soon—probably because there is a difference between putting up a building for immediate profit and putting up one for a permanent income. A building that can mean a big reward for the builder who overcrowds a site can mean a low income for the man who buys it from him as an investment.

Only the new directors of the New York Central, who lately have been dreaming of hundred-story office buildings, seem adamant today in the face of these facts, and thus the supercolossal no longer threatens to completely dominate the midtown New York horizon. Unfortunately, though, supercongestion remains, for the height and density of population of the new business buildings are just about double what they are in the ones erected along Madison Avenue and Park Avenue in the busy years between 1914, when construction activity near the then new Grand Central Terminal began to quicken, and 1924, even though the city ordinances of 1916, which controlled the size of these structures, were made more stringent in 1943. As a result of these recent encroachments, the splendid scale of Park Avenue set by its early hotels and apartment houses is disappearing as one substantial building after another gives way to a new pile of offices. There is no longer anywhere in the heart of the city as much as half a mile of buildings—Park Avenue once boasted two or three consecutive miles—that combine coherence and civic dignity. And I don't know which must be counted the more lamentable—the fact that this change has taken place, or the fact that so few people seem to realize what has been lost in this rebuilding process.

The mischief the city is now facing in midtown Manhattan is twofold—first, the density of occupation is increasing, and thus increasing the density of traffic; and second, this area, which, because of its proximity to the big railway and bus terminals, as well as to the amusement and shopping district, is the natural residential quarter for visitors, is being disrupted by the growing invasion of office buildings. This shift in purpose has been accelerating in the past few years. But the reasons for the congestion of the area go back—as I must have pointed out before—forty years, to those ordinances of 1916. Those ordinances, a pioneer effort at city planning by force of law, established the principle of dividing the city up into zones, or areas, dedicated solely or principally to business, industry, or residence. Likewise, they recognized the necessity of controlling the height and the bulk of buildings.

At that time, those sufficiently ancient may remember, Madison Avenue and Lexington Avenue, above Forty-second Street, were still flanked mostly by four-story brownstones (many of them, it is true, in process of being converted to commercial uses), and Park Avenue was a waste of railroad tracks. Except for the Times Building, there were almost no tall office buildings north of the Flatiron Building, at Twenty-third Street; indeed, the bulk of commercial building was still below Park Row. It was the reckless piling up of high structures near the southern tip of Manhattan, cutting off each other's light and air, that prompted these ordinances. Because the population then relied far more on heavy-density public conveyances than on the light-density motor-



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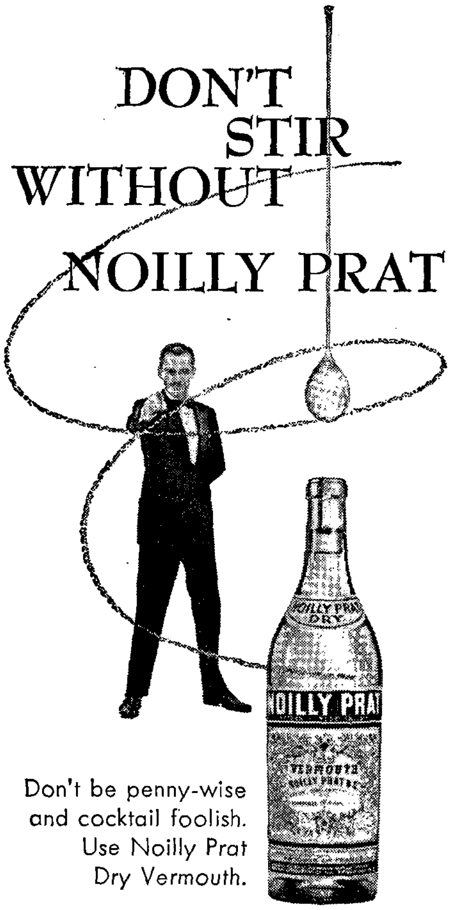

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car for transportation, the need for controlling the density of occupancy in buildings, which is the basic method of controlling traffic congestion, was not understood. That should not, however, surprise us. The failure to understand this relationship is today practically an indispensable qualification for setting oneself up as an authority on traffic problems.

The officials who devised the ordinances were men not without civic vision, but they allowed that vision to be clouded by a mixture of commercial considerations and romantic aesthetics. When the early planners drew up the ordinances, they did not take into account the rather low land values that prevailed in the all-but-virgin midtown area (low land values make low buildings economically feasible), nor did they grasp the opportunity to establish more desirable conditions than prevailed in the portion of the city that had already been overbuilt. Instead, they perpetuated the very problem they were trying to solve.

The principal provision of these ordinances as they applied to the Grand Central area, officially ruled a business and not a residential zone, was that the façade of any structure could not rise vertically from the building line to a height greater than twice the width (from building line to building line) of the avenue on which it faced. If a structure was taller than that, the stories above this point had to be set back so that no portion of them projected beyond the extension of an imaginary line drawn from the center of the avenue to the point at which the first setback began. (The 1943 revisions reduced the façade height to one and a half times the width of the avenue.) On the side streets, less stringent regulations prevailed. The size of the setbacks naturally increased as the building increased in height, bringing about the terraced, pyramidal look now familiar to Manhattan cliff dwellers. These setbacks did enable a modicum of light and air to filter into the newly created city canyons, but at the same time they enabled the builders of office buildings to vastly increase the block-by-block population of this district. The fact that they were only partly effective from a functional point of view was supposedly mitigated by the fact that they encouraged the architect to conceive a novel type of skyscraper, whose setback upper stories made it resemble a Babylonian ziggurat. But why Babylon? And why a ziggurat? Perhaps it was the same line of reasoning that had caused the old Tombs and the reservoir that once occupied the site of the Public Library,

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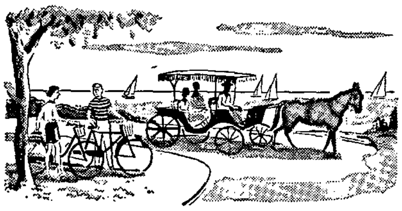

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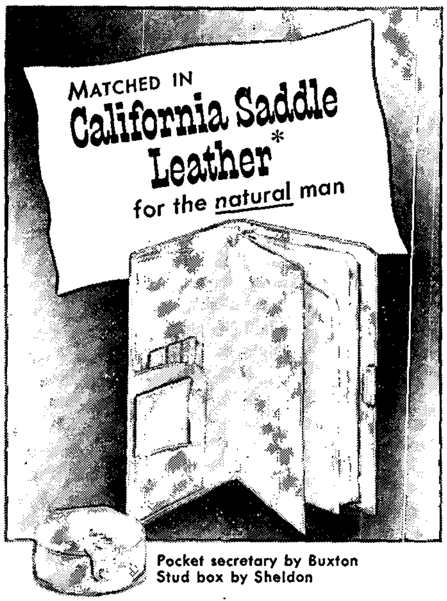

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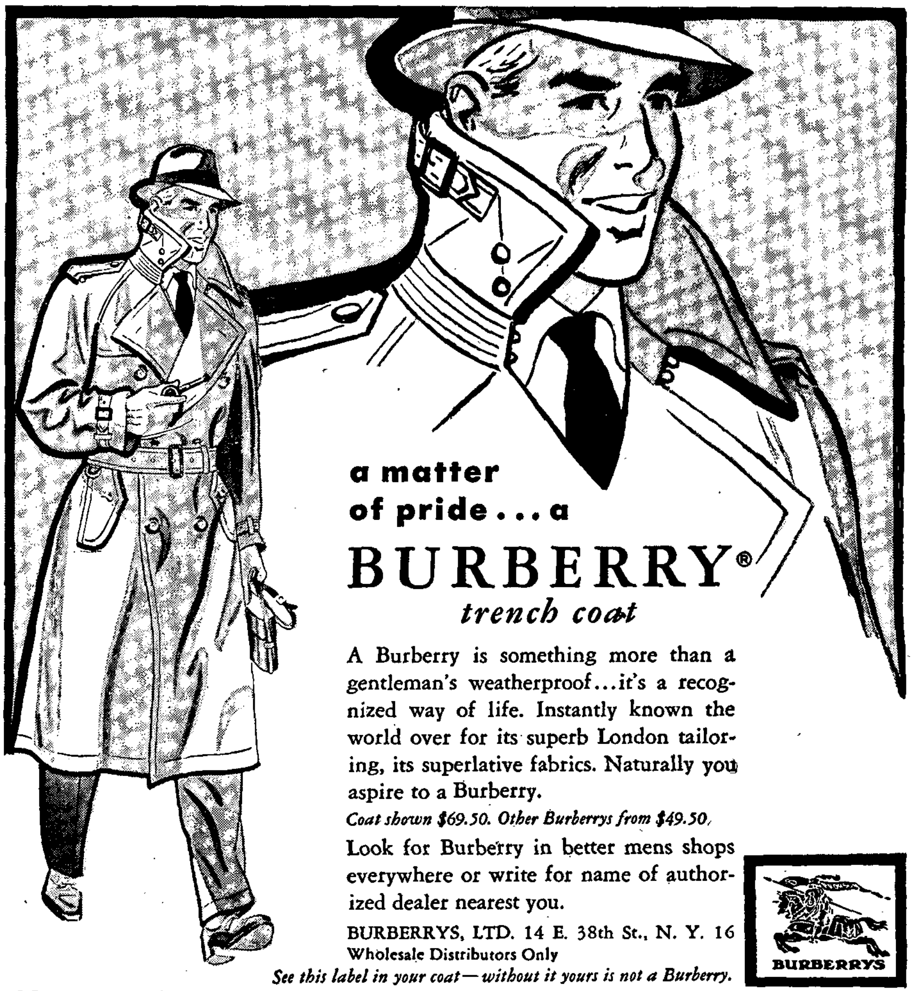
at Forty-second Street, to be Egyptian. Or perhaps someone had just happened to read a book about Babylon.

In short, the laudable principle of height and bulk limitation was established, but though they established it, the lawmakers surrendered important points to the innate cupidity of speculators and investors. The compromises they made nullified the main purposes of this excellent law, and they were never sufficiently corrected, even after the principle of regulation had run the gantlet of the courts and had been ruled a proper concern of a municipality, inasmuch as it had a bearing on public health and welfare. For some reason, the earlier office and apartment buildings on Madison Avenue and Park Avenue did not go as high as the law allowed—a good thing, too, since for some even stranger reason the law was more lenient about the height and size of buildings in this midtown area than it was about buildings in most other parts of the city. Though these office buildings, in contrast to Lever House, covered their whole plot and created what was, before air-conditioning, an intolerable amount of airless inner space, they were at first built only to a height of twelve stories. During the twenties, however, the roof was, so to speak, lifted by supposedly sober businessmen who seemed determined (since they were encouraged anyway by the leniency of the law) to build higher than their neighbors, even at the expense of profits, and the architectural effects of that competition were lamentable. With the exception of such cleanly setback towers as the Empire State Building, the ziggurats, in their effort to enclose in their setbacks every cubic foot of space the law allowed, were often askew on their off-avenue sides, and if by accident they achieved any beauty, it was soon hidden behind an even taller neighbor.

ODDLY, there has been no fundamental advance in skyscraper design since the eighteen-nineties. The present most fashionable model, the tall, thin slab, exemplified by the United Nations Secretariat, by Lever House, and by a new structure at 430 Park Avenue, goes back to Burnham & Root's design for the Monadnock Building, in Chicago (1889), which was sixteen stories high and had light and air on all four sides. The slab form is an ideal one for providing light and air, but it is as outmoded as a Roman colonnade in a day when air-conditioning and effective artificial indoor lighting are commonplaces. The one positive contribution the slab has made in our time is that it has released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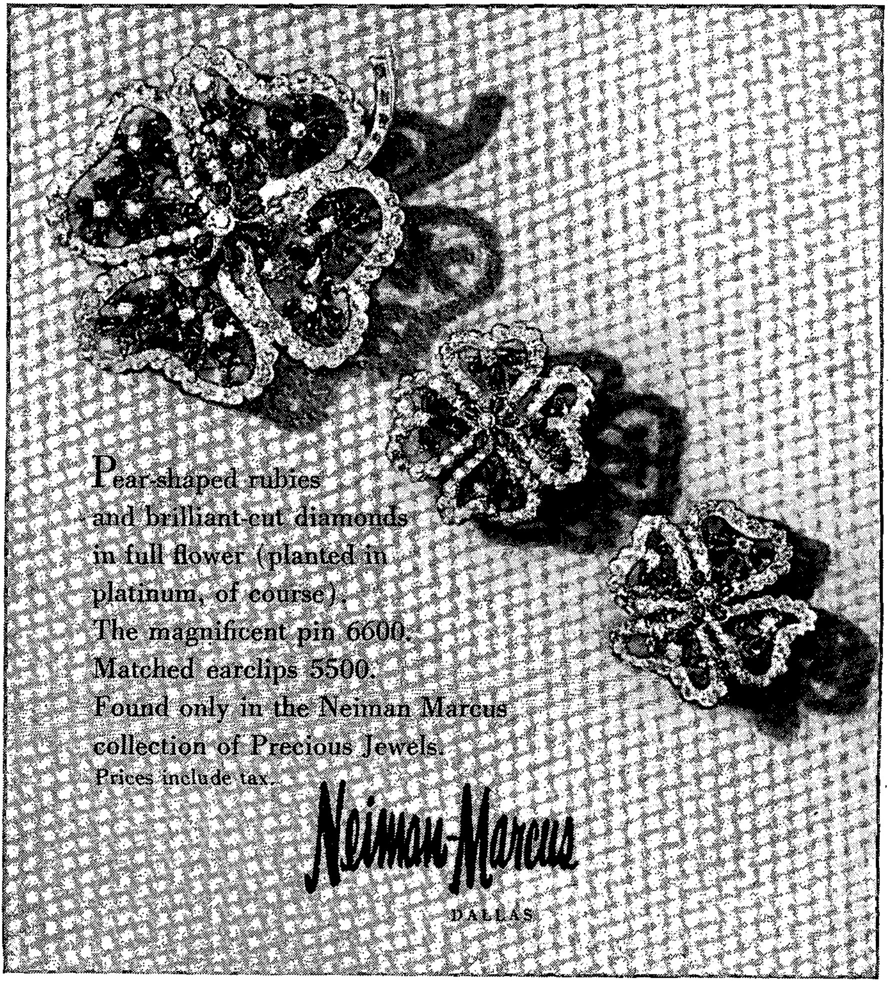
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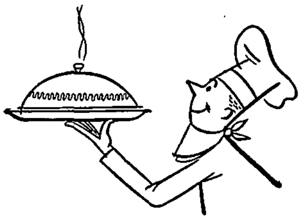

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the imaginations of architects and investors from the spell of the zoning-law ziggurat and the earlier, pseudo-cathedral tower of the Woolworth Building period. So my report on the latest batch of office buildings must be confined to superficial matters, for the important changes are only skin-deep, and the greatest success has been in the trying out of novel constructional wrinkles.

Take the new office building at 99 Park Avenue, designed by Emery Roth & Sons. This may be looked upon as the last word in design as envisaged by the framers of the 1916 ordinances. It occupies the east block front on Park Avenue between Thirty-ninth and Fortieth, and runs back five bays toward Lexington Avenue. This is a plot big enough to have encouraged its owners to erect a slab, but its very size seems instead to have persuaded them to "fill the zoning envelope," as the process of using every cubic foot the law allows is called. (The city ordinances, which are nothing if not complex, permit the erection of a slab building to any practicable height if the major portion of the site is built up in accordance with the zoning rules.) Happily, the fact that the site of No. 99 is a block front makes it possible, under the regulations, to step the upper stories back in symmetrical fashion, so it is an almost ideal example of the commercial ziggurat. But the main new feature is its outer shell, or its epithelial layer, which is of aluminum sheathing. In this building, the process of aluminum sheathing, first tried in the window frames of the Empire State Building and then developed into a complete system of panelling by Harrison & Abramovitz when they designed the Alcoa Building, in Pittsburgh, has been carried a step further. No. 99's prefabricated panels, two stories high, consist of two aluminum window frames and two spandrels, which cover the fireproof brick fill between the floors. The spandrel panels are stamped with a geometric figure whose indentations give additional rigidity to the thin aluminum sheet.

From a distance, this looks like the usual skyscraper of our period, with the windows, four to a bay, forming almost uninterrupted strips around the façade. Fortunately for the window cleaners, however, these windows are set on vertical pivots. For this feature alone, the design deserves an award from the National Safety Council, and if the building were not air-conditioned, I would also give an honorable mention to these windows, for, if opened, they would permit the maximum amount of sunlight to enter the interior without screening out,

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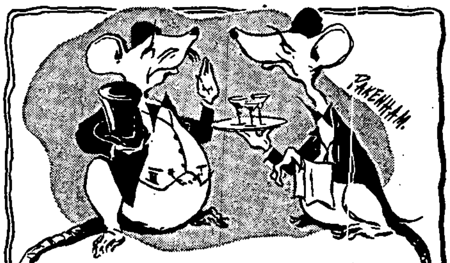

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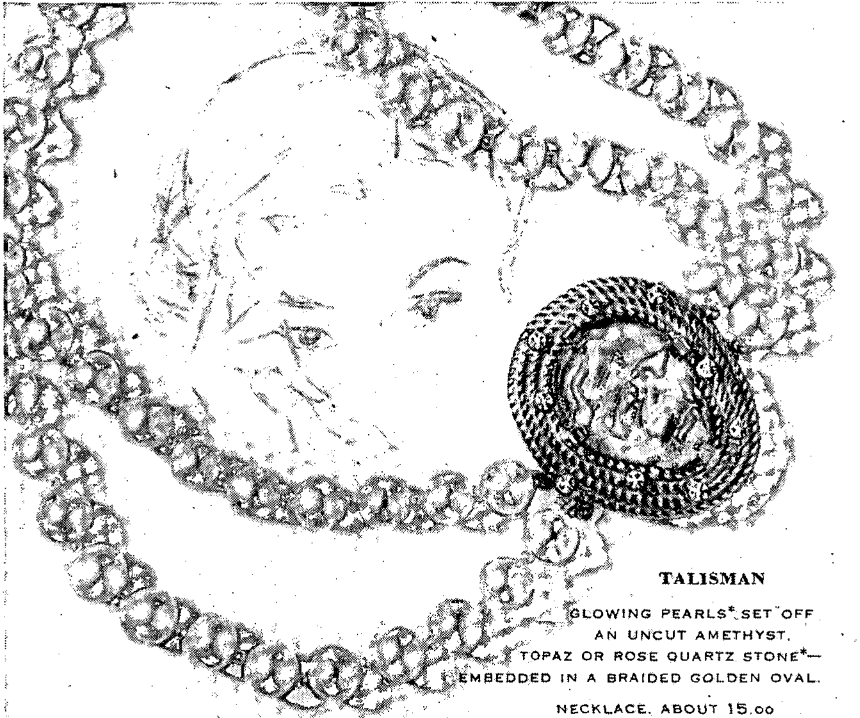
with their glass panes, most of the salubrious sunlight. Apart from this, the principal merit of the sheathing seems to be facility in both construction and destruction. Three crews set the eighteen hundred window panels in six and a half working days. (One must not forget, however, that the brick backing of this surface was still constructed in the usual manner and required the usual time to construct.) This metal covering, furthermore, doubtless gives efficient insulation and weather protection, provided the joints hold under severe changes in temperature, which always put a strain on metal construction.

The aesthetic advantages of this new sheathing are not, however, unmixed. Aluminum, for all its lustre, is a sober material. The faceted panels give effective contrasts of light and shade that had almost been overlooked in the recent spate of slick, unornamented surfaces, and there is likewise a visible difference of tone in the façade, shading from light gray at the top to dark gray at the bottom. This effect is purely an accident, not an intended result, for the light is naturally dimmer at the bottom of our city canyons than it is at the top. A whole avenue of aluminum walls would be dismal, and as grime overlaid the surface, it might likewise become dingy, too, though not beyond the remedy of steaming and scrubbing. For Pittsburgh, a grim, masculine, Scots-Irish sort of city, whose darkness magnifies the flare of the furnaces, this dour quality is not inappropriate, but in New York, which has hitherto lifted a bright, almost feminine face to the sky, this material can be welcomed only as an occasional note of contrast, comparable to that provided by the modern phenomenon of the dark-hued all-glass façade. One understands now why Frank Lloyd Wright, in planning a skyscraper, decided to sheathe it in copper. The other defect of this aluminum skin is that since it is only an eighth of an inch thick, it tends to develop a slight surface wave. All in all, the financial advantages of this mode of construction seem to outweigh the aesthetic ones.

IN comparison, the new glass-faced slab at 430 Park Avenue, which is an office building erected on the steel framework of the apartment house that once occupied the block front, is a tall, slim débutante in white chiffon, as against a bosomy dowager in gray satin folds. This new building has a north-south axis, just the opposite of its neighbor and prototype, Lever House. The Park Avenue façade, with its all-glass windows and spandrels, follows the



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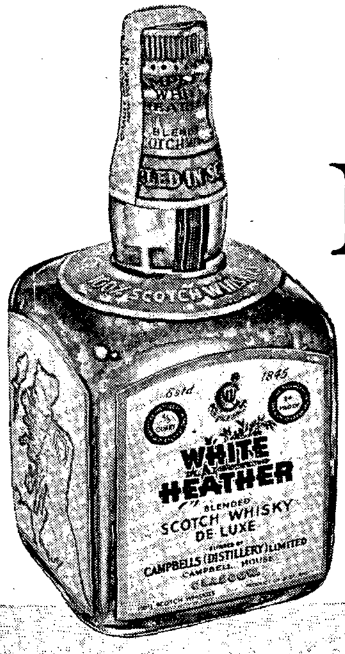

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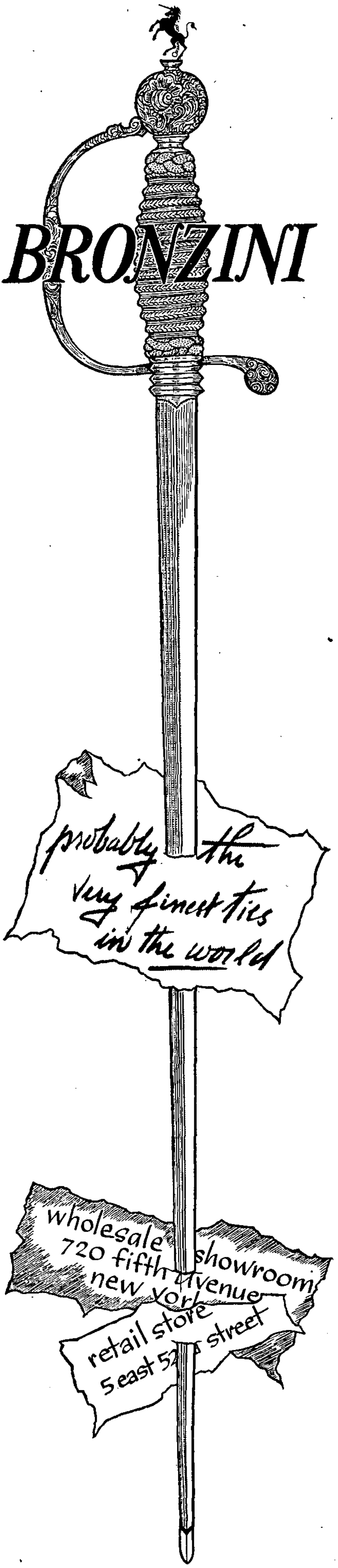

Lever House pattern above the street-level shops, but the end walls, which are framed in white brick, owe a debt to the Secretariat Building. Since No. 430 is a shallow edifice, the elevator shafts and the fire stairs project like an ell from the rear façade, in order not to take away too much floor space from the building proper. The green, heat-reducing glass used seems bluer than the Lever glass, and it gains by contrast with the white brick of the walls and the white marble slab that indicates the entrance to the building. The shops are framed in dark-green marble—a chaste variation on a now familiar pattern. The over-all impression of white brick and marble against green glass and marble seems to me—I speak as a critic, not as an Alcoa stockholder—incomparably more exhilarating in aesthetic effect than a gray metal-skin façade. But when one has said this, one has said everything about this building. To produce anything that deserves to be called architecture out of such simple elements, the unit of design should be not a single building but a whole section of the city, or at the very least a block or two, as in Rockefeller Center.

The fact is that there is no purely individual answer to the problem of creating handsome and habitable office buildings in New York. To achieve anything better than the current crop, it will be necessary to establish rational standards of space, based on the human need for light and air and freedom of movement, for visual order and beauty. This prescription is the only cure for the blight that is ruining our central urban areas, and in the long run it will prove cheaper than the more popular current remedies. Acres of moldy, insanitary buildings exist west of Eighth Avenue and east of Third in town, and before any more useful hotels are demolished or any more overcrowded office buildings add to the paralysis of traffic, landlords and builders and architects should take a sharp look at what they are doing—and realize how silly it is. Though they are frightened by the large-scale exodus to the suburbs of business enterprises as well as of householders, they have yet to admit that their own shortsightedness gives that exodus every justification.

—Lewis Mumford

•

The Kenneth Taylor Art Galleries will be open post-season from September 7 through September 22 2 to 5 p.m. Everett U. Crosby's Collection of Chromosomes on exhibit in the downstairs gallery.—*Adv. in a guide to Nantucket Island.*

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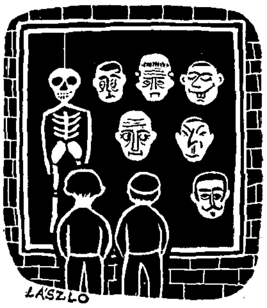
LETTER FROM OKINAWA

OCTOBER 2

THE island of Okinawa, a sliver of land sixty-five miles long and from two to twenty miles wide, lies three hundred and thirty miles south of Japan (which used to own it), five hundred miles east of China (which also used to own it, but earlier), and six hundred and fifty miles north of the Philippines, and by Stratojet it is half an hour from Formosa, forty-five minutes from Korea, and two hours from Vladivostok. The largest island in the Ryukyu chain, which is strung out southwest of Japan, it was condemned because of its strategic importance to be the scene of some of the bloodiest fighting in the Second World War, and ever since the war's end, it has been condemned to be the site of an immense American military establishment. Foreign domination is nothing new to the Okinawans, whose kings paid tribute to either China or Japan, and sometimes both, from the fourteenth century until the Japanese officially annexed the island, in 1879. After the annexation, the Okinawans had to adopt the Japanese language, dress, manners, and culture, and now the Americans are changing the island's looks, its government, and its way of life again.

From the air, Okinawa, with its luminous emerald-green reefs a mile offshore and the white coral rocks on its beaches, appears to be a typical semitropical island, and, despite its turbulent history, the Japanese used to call it the Land of Smiles. But when the American soldiers landed on Okinawa, they called it the Rock, because the months of bombing and shelling had stripped it of its vegetation and left huge white gashes in the reddish-brown soil. As soon as Okinawa capitulated to the Americans, in the last year of the war, it was turned into a base for the projected invasion of Japan, and since the war it has been part of the defense chain of islands off the Asian mainland. The American installations on the island are so massive that Okinawa has been called the Gibraltar of the Pacific, but this displeases the American officials here, who are touchy about any comparison between their position on Okinawa, over which they have merely provisional authority, under the Japanese Peace Treaty, and the British position in Gibraltar, which is a colony.



Whatever Okinawa's status, however, there is no mistaking the impact that the American Army, Navy, and Air Force have had on it. In Naha, the capital of the island and one of the few settlements of any size (a population of forty-five thousand), the Americans have constructed huge concrete buildings and wide, paved roads, and not far from town there are acres of new barracks and a fairly comfortable version of Levittown, where the families of officers and Occupation officials live. The houses, which cost the Army from fifteen thousand to twenty-five thousand dollars each to build, have certain special features, to meet special Okinawan requirements—sloping flat roofs, to shed the island's torrential rains, and windows with small panes that can be opened singly, to let in fresh air but not the full force of the strong, incessant monsoon winds.

The military authorities on Okinawa are trying to make life as pleasant as possible for the American civilians and soldiers who are stationed here—there are about forty thousand of them—and they start with one obvious advantage: living is so cheap that anybody earning the equivalent of a major's pay here should be able to save two or three thousand dollars a year. There are a number of inexpensive clubs for noncommissioned officers, and one of them, called Steak Haven, provides a floor show, featuring Mickey and the Okinawan Young Star Band, and a dinner of chicken in the basket for seventy-five cents. Every night, additional enticements of a similarly exhilarating sort are offered here—bingo, or rumba lessons, or antipasto and garlic rolls, or sukiyaki and fried rice. In most of the clubs, there is a two-hour period, once a week, when all drinks, from beer to mint juleps, are free, the only condition being that one may not order another drink until he has finished the one he has. (The favorite drink here is the boilermaker.) Since a full-time maid gets only fifteen dollars a month, the American wives have time on their hands, and many of them enlist in the Gray Ladies, who serve as volunteers in the Army hospitals, or join one of a battery of women's clubs, or take some of the American college

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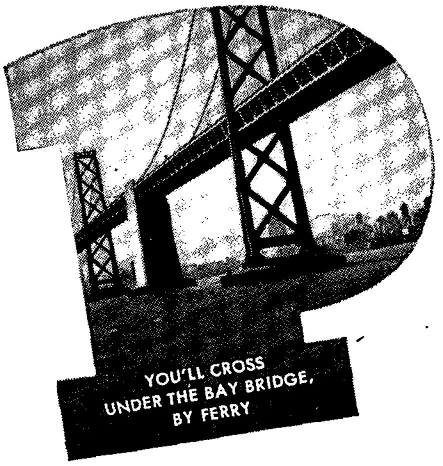

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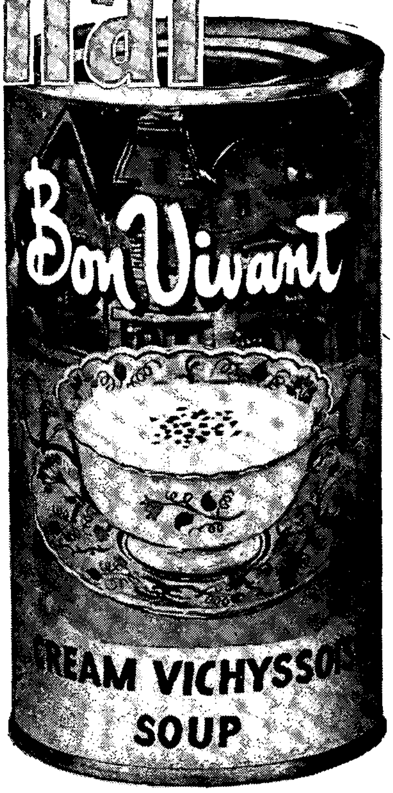

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IN spite of all these efforts to make life on the island rich and rewarding, most Americans can't wait to get away. Their chief complaint is typhoons, for Okinawa is in the middle of the East China Sea typhoon belt and from twelve to forty-five typhoons, including five or six of major proportions, come its way every year. The worst one since the arrival of the Americans was 1949's Gloria (typhoons, like hurricanes, are given girls' names), which caused eighty million dollars' worth of damage. Since then, the Army has put up buildings that are for the most part typhoon-resistant, being made of cement, and Americans are now less afraid of the storm's physical effects than they are of "typhoon nerves," which cast a shadow over their lives from May to October, the typhoon season. The typhoon is so much a part of Okinawan life that before people here plan a picnic or a party, they telephone the weather bureau to ask whether a typhoon is in the offing.

A typhoon, which is the Asiatic term for a hurricane, begins with a steady wind, which comes in from the sea and gradually increases to a hundred miles an hour. Over the sea, the wind moves without deviation along its path, but, upon reaching land, if it runs into any obstacle—a house or a tree or a car—it whirls around it in a spiral before continuing on its course. When the eye passes over, there is a period of dead stillness and blazing sunshine, and once the eye has moved on, the wind returns from the opposite direction, as powerful and destructive as before. There seem to be two types of typhoon on Okinawa—the common, wet kind, which brings heavy rains, and the dry kind, which occurs when the storm center misses the island. Most people here agree that the wet typhoons, with their sheets of rain, are preferable to the dry ones, which you cannot see. The driving rains that accompany the wet typhoons at least give a kind of tangibility to a mysterious, irritating, and invisible power. The only way the amateur typhoon watcher can gauge the force of a dry typhoon is by noting the size of the trees and the native houses that get uprooted.

As soon as a typhoon is spotted approaching the island, an alert is broadcast over the Armed Forces radio station, and people come home from work, park their cars on the leeward side of their houses (there are few garages on

Okinawa), and settle down to wait it out—except for going out into the eye of the storm to move the car before the wind reverses. It is after a typhoon is over, and the release of accumulated tensions comes with the release from enforced confinement, that the worst cases of "typhoon nerves" occur. It is accepted here that most divorces originate toward the end of a typhoon, and that a sizable percentage of Okinawan servants can expect to be fired almost immediately after the wind dies down. It takes days, or even weeks, for people to stop talking about the damage to their property and their nerves.

The most recent major typhoon to hit the island this year was Grace, which came in at a hundred and fifteen miles an hour in August and continued for four days—an extraordinarily long time. A child was killed when he opened a window to peek at the typhoon (while the wind is blowing, a tremendous amount of pressure builds up inside a house, and if you release the catch, a door or window will hurtle outward, and may drag you with it), and a dozen adults suffered minor injuries from flying glass and woodwork. On the whole, though, the damage was slight. A few of the Army's remaining non-typhoon-resistant structures collapsed; wire screens were torn off a number of terraces; the plaster fell from the walls and ceilings of several public buildings; and the top layer of paint was stripped off a recently refinished car. A few cases of hysteria among the servants were reported; and several lost their jobs. One American woman said that all through the typhoon her maid "kept rolling her eyes idiotically to Heaven," which nearly drove her crazy. Finally, the servant shyly explained her fear. In her house, it seemed, the roof peeled off tile by tile and flew away during any really severe typhoon, but in this house, whose roof was a heavy block of concrete, it could only cave in and crush everybody. After Typhoon Grace left, Okinawa looked just a little more weather-beaten, just a little more waterlogged, and just a little more rundown.

ASIDE from the typhoons, the most troubling aspect of life for Americans on Okinawa is their feeling of isolation. They complain bitterly that they are never sent home for "rest and rehabilitation," the way soldiers stationed in Korea are, and they have a phrase, "rock-happy," to describe men who have been on the island too long and who have begun to drink too much,

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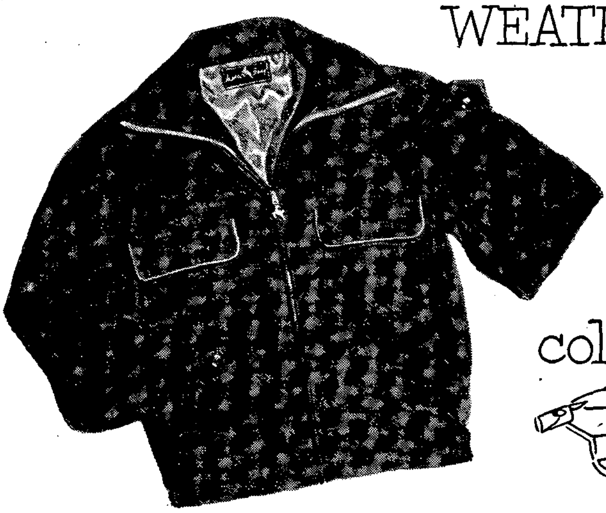

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talk to themselves, or "come unglued." The only people who seem to be immune to this feeling of remoteness are a small number of veterans, who have been on Okinawa for almost ten years, whose sons and daughters were small children when they arrived and do not remember any home except Okinawa, and who seem perfectly content to spend the rest of their lives here. The father of a girl who is going to college in America told me that "when she gets homesick, it's for Okinawa."

To the outsider, the saddest thing about Okinawan life is the apparent lack of any genuinely friendly relationship between Okinawans and Americans—a lack that is not diminished by the fact that most of the Okinawan restaurants and places of entertainment are off limits to American civilian and military employees, and American commissaries and clubs are not open to Okinawans. To be sure, there is a fair amount of contact between Okinawan and American officials during office hours, but even that is highly one-sided. Okinawa is governed by the United States Civil Administration of the Ryukyu Islands. Paradoxically, this body is headed by a general, whose headquarters are in Tokyo, and the chief local authority, the Deputy Governor, is also a general. He issues proclamations, ordinances, and directives. On the basis of these, the native government of the Ryukyu Islands, which is headed by a Chief Executive appointed by the Deputy Governor, enacts laws covering every department of Okinawan life. (The incumbent is a former teacher of English.) Of the five stories of the big Executive Building in the center of Naha, the top three are for the American officials and the bottom two for their Okinawan counterparts. A huge metal grille, which is padlocked at night, has been installed on the stairway to prevent Okinawans from drifting up into the American offices. If one of the papers publishes an article that is critical of the American Occupation, or if a questionable film is imported from Japan, the Americans issue an official reproach. Such reproaches are few, though, for the atmosphere of "good relations" is carefully fostered—as one official explained to me, "You can't have a military base in the midst of a hostile people"—but occasionally there are serious run-ins. For example, a few months ago, the editor of a leading Okinawan newspaper was fired, ostensibly because the stockholders were dissatisfied with his work but actually, as everybody here knows, because the Deputy Governor

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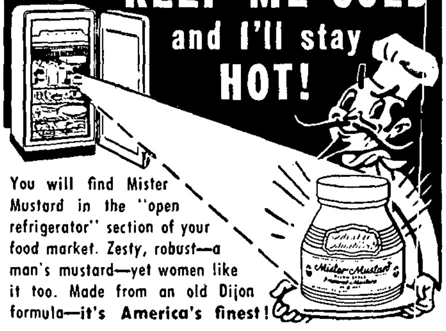

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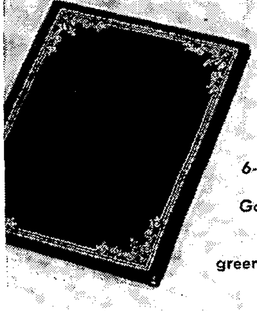

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was angry at him for printing a drawing of a dove as a symbol of peace. The Okinawans, some of whom pointed out that the dove had been a symbol of peace long before Picasso and the Communists, protested, but the editor has not been reinstated.

Surrounding the new concrete buildings in Naha are the small Okinawan houses and shops. These mostly have two square rooms, one above the other, and a roof of terra-cotta tiles, which are fixed in place by thick seams of white plaster; sometimes the roof is ornamented with a little glazed Chinese griffon in several bright colors. In the daytime, Okinawan life centers on Naha's market place, where endless lines of stalls wind in and out of narrow lanes and passageways. Every sort of local food is sold—papayas, bananas, pineapples, taros, limes the size of marbles, stalks of rhubarb, floury white melons, leaves that look like spinach but are to be brewed to make medicine for miscellaneous aches and pains ("Just like aspirin," the woman selling them explained), Spanish onions, and almost every known kind of meat (not including chicken, for the Okinawans raise few chickens, but including dog). Okinawan measurements are heaping, and in some instances the price quoted is for "all you can hold." Little dogs with open umbrellas attached to their harnesses to keep the sun off them pull small wagons full of vegetables in and out of the market, and two-wheeled carts, drawn by horses with decorated trappings, carry loads of produce to the grass-roofed huts of the countrypeople, out on their terraced rice fields.

The first census ever taken on Okinawa, in 1920, showed a population of half a million, and it was about the same in 1940. Standards of health and welfare had risen in between, and so had the birth rate, but Okinawa simply couldn't support any more people, and there had been a large migration to other islands, including Japan. During the war, a hundred and eighty thousand

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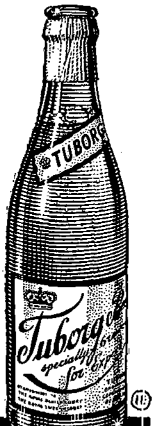
Okinawans were killed, but so many emigrants have since returned that the population is now up to six hundred and forty thousand. Thus, the population figures provide a far from accurate picture of what the war did to Okinawa; it is more significant that the majority of the people today are under thirty, the average age is twenty, and there are a hundred and thirteen women to every hundred men.

ONE aspect of Okinawan life has not been changed by either the war or the Occupation, and that is its dedication to pleasure. When the war ended, the islanders' traditional amusements were the first things revived. Okinawa has always been famous for a snake known as the *habu,* a rare and extraordinarily poisonous type of pit viper. This snake has never been any particular menace, because the island has also had a number of mongooses, and they have not only kept the snakes away from inhabited areas but supplied the Okinawans with a favorite sport—the mongoose-*habu* fight. For ten yen, or eight cents, you can have one arranged for you, but the owner of the combatants is likely to stop the fight just as the mongoose is ready for the kill (the snake never wins) and demand three times that sum for letting the battle continue. More expensive and considerably more complicated to arrange are the *togyu,* or bullfights, the island's other national sport. Unlike the Spanish or Mexican contests, Okinawan bullfights are fights between bulls. The animals—they are imported from nearby islands, because the Okinawans can't stand seeing their own bulls injured—are trained to gore and gouge each other until one gives up, but the fights are practically never fatal. The bullfight season begins in October and lasts about a month. Some of the villages near Naha maintain bull rings, which are fenced in with heavy stakes, to keep cowardly bulls from escaping, and have rickety grandstands off to one side. Hundreds of people pile into one of these grandstands to see a day's performance—four or five pairs of bulls—and if the grandstand collapses, as it sometimes does, they take it in their stride.

Like many islanders in this part of the world, the Okinawans are celebrated for their dancing. They have ritual dances for almost every activity in their daily lives. In the fields, there are dances for every stage in the cultivation of rice, and in Naha there are several good-sized theatres in which, all the year round, troupes put on dance operas,



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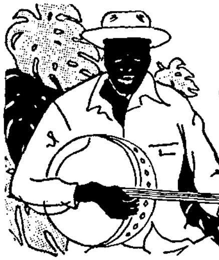

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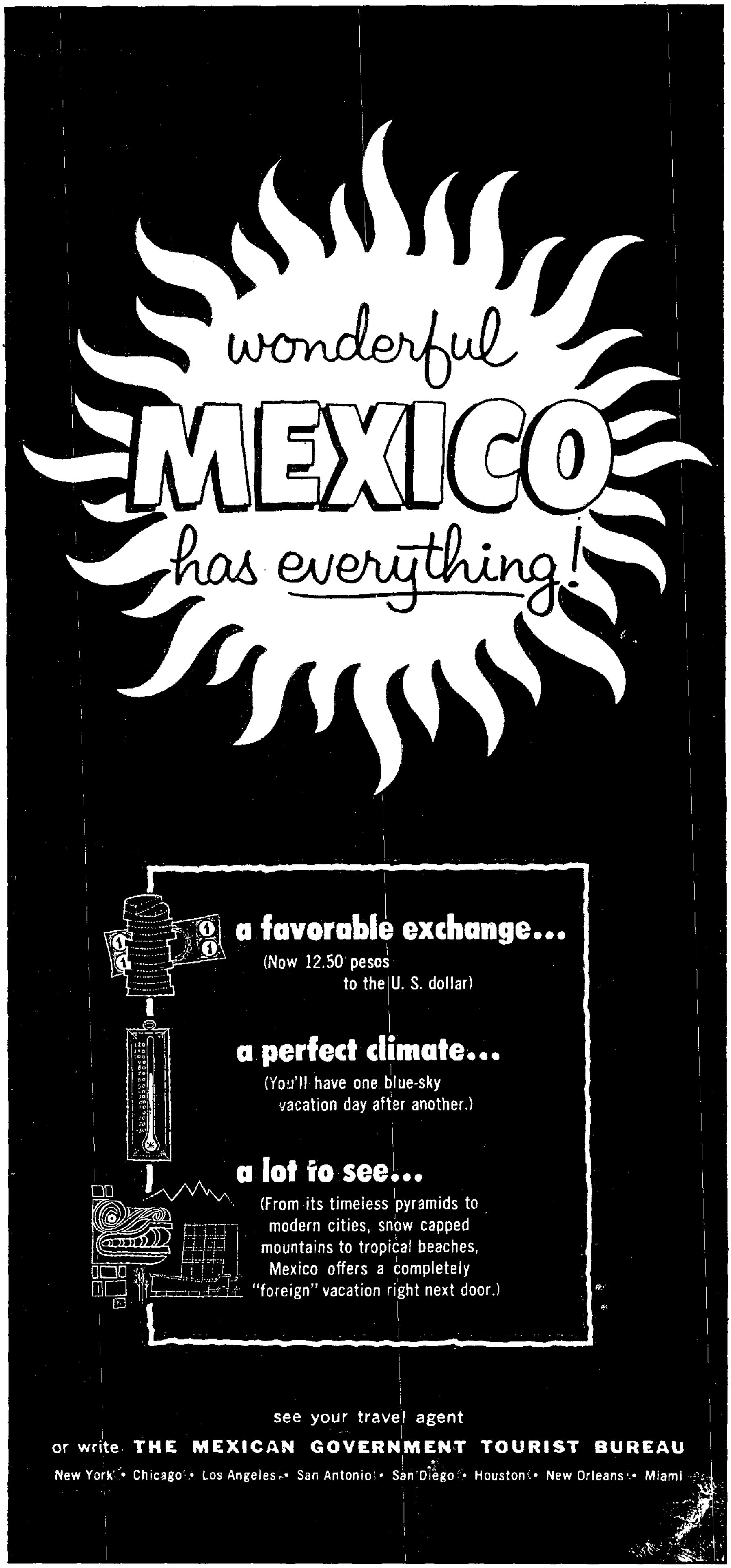
with casts that are exclusively male or exclusively female. It is the Japanese, not otherwise noted for preserving the indigenous Okinawan culture, who are responsible for the preservation of the best Okinawan dances. They introduced restaurants and geisha, and, through them, made the dance a favorite form of professional entertainment. Dancing now affords a number of artists a fairly substantial livelihood. Any evening, as you walk through the back streets of Naha, you hear the pounding of drums and the twang of banjolike instruments from the restaurants where the dances are being performed. I dropped in on one the other night. The restaurant I chose had a distinctly Japanese atmosphere; I took off my shoes, and sat on a straw mat, with a conventional Japanese scroll suitable to the season hanging on the wall over my head and an equally suitable flower arrangement beneath it. A flutter of geisha came up, offering beer and a wine called *awamori*, which means "heap of foam," but which tastes like straight alcohol. Then food was brought to me, in an order that never varies—first, pork-sparerib soup (for "strength"), then raw fish (for "fresh life"), then a bland egg custard covered with a glassy sauce, then a dish made of crumbled bean sprouts and dry pig's fat, then a succession of other dishes, all of which not only tasted delicious but were renowned for their special spiritual properties. The supreme dish of Okinawa is *habu* soup, but it is served on only the most splendid occasions (the Emperor of Japan had it when he was here, some time before the war), because extracting the poison from the snake is a prodigiously complicated procedure. Okinawans say the soup gives a man superhuman intellectual powers.

During dinner, the music began abruptly, with an almost deafening beating on a huge drum, and the dances started. Okinawan dancers are heavily made up and heavily costumed, and they rarely dance without carrying something in their hands—a fan, or two fans, a sword, or two swords, a towel, a hat, or practically anything else. In one beautiful dance that evening, a dancer representing a lovesick woman held a spool and wove invisible wool as she gently moved to the words "Shackling loom, thin and good, thread seven and twenty times over and over; I'll weave him clothes fine and thin, like wings of a dragonfly . . ." Another dance involved a girl in a dark-blue-and-white kimono, the old-fashioned national costume; her hair was done up in a knot



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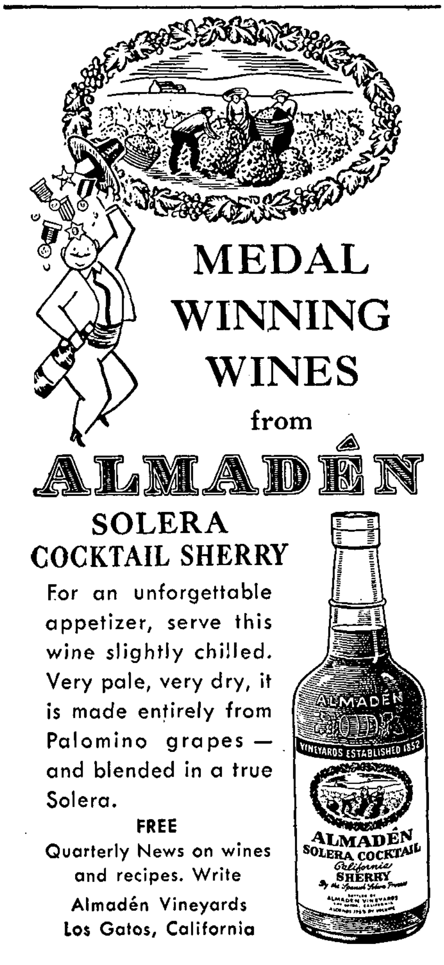

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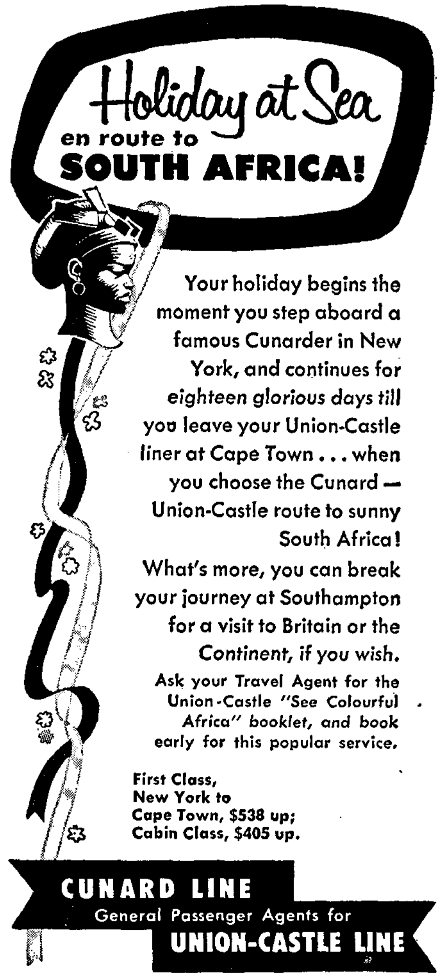

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wan told me, with an air of despair, that the teachers in the schools have a great deal of trouble explaining to their pupils precisely what their nationality is, and answering questions about the country's prospects.

One afternoon recently, I went for a drive outside Naha with an Okinawan friend, and he took me up to Nakagusuku, a crumbling castle that used to be the home of Okinawan princes. From it, we looked down on the rows of American barracks and houses and the small Okinawan villages, with their thatch-roofed huts slightly obscured by the smoke of dinnertime fires. The contrast was so great that I asked my friend if Okinawans did not feel resentment toward Americans. He replied, "When we get together and talk in the evenings, sometimes someone says, 'When are we going to have houses like that?' And sometimes someone says, 'As soon as the Americans go. They can't take their houses with them, so we'll move in.' And then someone says, 'But the Americans are not *ever* going to leave Okinawa. This is *their* base now. We could forget it and move somewhere else—Canada, Africa, Brazil . . .' And then someone says, 'But what about the old folks? We can't leave them, and they'd die before they'd part with their land.' And so the talk goes, over and over, and nothing ever gets settled."

—Faubion Bowers

•

THE GOOD OLD DAYS

[*From "Barchester Towers," by Anthony Trollope*]

But Mr. Arabin . . . found himself obliged to oppose reforms which might be of a nature too expensive for his pocket. "But it seems to me, archdeacon, that I can't very well lengthen the room without pulling down the wall, and if I pull down the wall, I must build it up again; then if I throw out a bow on this side, I must do the same on the other, then if I do it for the ground floor, I must carry it up to the floor above. That will be putting a new front to the house, and will cost, I suppose, a couple of hundred pounds."

•

Hollywood, Calif.—(UP)—Actress Judy Garland says she is expecting a baby next April.

The actress and her producer-husband, Sid Luft, recently returned from a vacation trip to Europe. Miss Garland has two children, a girl by her previous marriage to Vincente Minnelli and a girl by Luft has a boy by a previous marriage.—*Chicago News.*

Let's see—that boy would be Judy's what?

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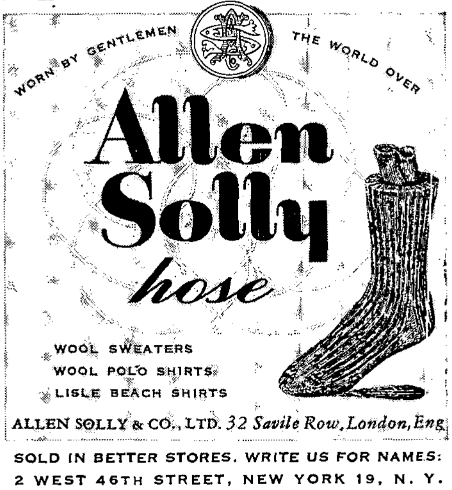

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High Gun

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NOW that King Ranch's High Gun has won the Jockey Club Gold Cup, I suppose you can put him down as the one most likely to be voted the Horse of the Year, if we must have a Horse of the Year. After all, the Gold Cup, which was run at Belmont Park last weekend, was his third victory in a row—the others, as you may remember, being the Sysonby Stakes and the Manhattan Handicap—and any colt who wins three races of such importance in a season as fair-to-middling as this one will certainly have a lot of supporters. By a coincidence that must have been rather annoying to the owners of his opponents, the Gold Cup was practically a rerun of the Manhattan Handicap, but in slow motion. High Gun, who led all the way, did the first mile in 1:44, which is buggy-horse time, and the second mile in 1:41⅘, which wouldn't have evoked cheers at a merry-go-round in the hinterland. No doubt the reason Fisherman, Bicarb, and the others were so far behind was that Arcaro, who was riding High Gun, bamboozled everybody again, by setting a slow pace with a fast horse. Arcaro may not be the greatest jockey you've ever seen, but there is no better judge of pace around nowadays. And no other rider hereabouts seems able to give his mount that little extra something (for lack of a better name, I'll call it lift) in the last half furlong that so often makes the difference between winning and losing. He didn't need it with High Gun, of course, but he had it working on several other occasions last week. By the way, not so awfully long ago a brash young apprentice asked Arcaro, who is thirty-eight, if he was going to retire soon. "Why should I," Arcaro said, "as long as all I'm riding against is punks like you?"

THE Champagne Stakes, the oldest race in the country for two-year-olds, gave the crowd all the thrills the Gold Cup lacked, for there was pace aplenty, and in the last quarter Flying Fury, from Harry Guggenheim's Cain Hoy Stable, came up with a rush to beat Grandpaw, the favorite, by half a length. Gold Box was third. Although Flying Fury, a showy dark-bay colt, had won smartly the previous Saturday, he paid a $37.50 mutuel. The Champagne was a nice race, but much of the interest everybody had had in it earlier in the week faded when the Belair Stud announced that Nashua wouldn't be a starter. It seems that he had a spot of temperature, and his stable was taking no chances. He's quite all right again, I'm told. He'd better be, for his next engagement is in that quarter-of-a-million-dollar number, the Garden State Stakes, in Jersey, next Saturday. Summer Tan, his nemesis, is also training well for the race.

YOU could have knocked me over with a feather when Lavender Hill won the Ladies Handicap at Belmont the other afternoon. Earlier in the meeting, you see, she had finished down the course—twelfth, I believe—in the Maskette Handicap, and at Aqueduct she had been last all the way in the Beldame, for which she was the favorite. As if in atonement for those performances, she did two jumps to everybody else's one in the last half mile of the Ladies, comfortably beating Ming Yellow, Riverina, and the rest. Apparently the effort was not entirely unexpected, for she was no worse than third choice in the betting, and paid $10.10 in the two-dollar mutuels. Lavender Hill is one of the few big-time racers ever foaled in Massachusetts. She was bred by Bayard Tuckerman at his South Westport farm, and ran in his colors with moderate success until she was bought out of a claiming race for $8,000 about a year ago by Mrs. Charles Silvers. Since then, Lavender Hill has earned $124,833. That's better than 15–1 for your money. Let's all go into the horse business.

I can't say that I was surprised by the defeat of Pet Bully early last week in the Vosburgh Handicap, which Joe Jones won. Pet Bully had won the Fall Highweight Handicap, at six furlongs, and gone on to win the Woodward, which was at a mile. But the Vosburgh was at seven furlongs. Now, it's no trick at all for a good horse—or a merely useful one, for that matter—to go from a short race to a long one. (For example, High Gun won at a mile, then at a mile and a half, and then at two miles.) But it's not so easy for a horse to win a short race after winning a long one, even if the distance is only a furlong less. Besides, Pet Bully carried a hundred and thirty-four pounds, and gave big weight to everything else in the Vosburgh—eighteen pounds to Joe Jones, for ex-

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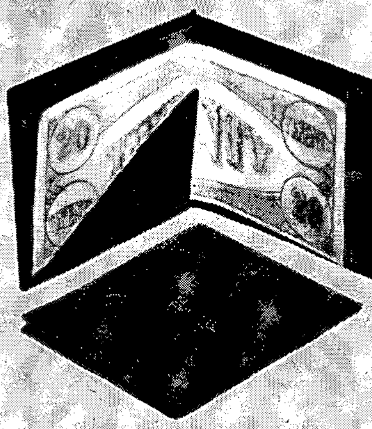

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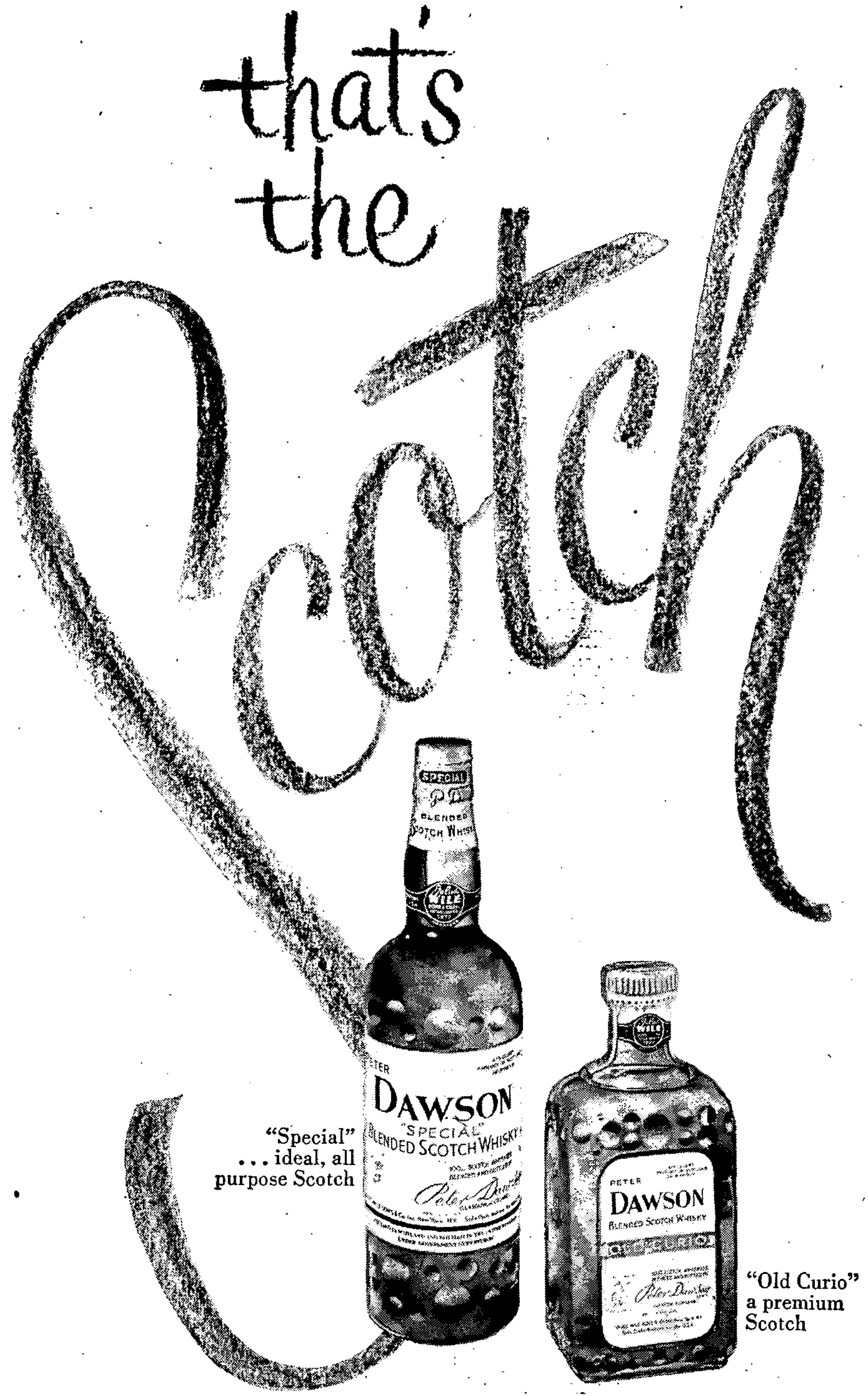
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ample, and twenty-three pounds to Hyphasis, a sprinter. While I think of it, Walter S. Vosburgh, who was handicapper to the Jockey Club for fifty years, and William Woodward, its former chairman, were two of the staunchest champions of long races, yet the events honoring their memory are sprints. I wouldn't know why.

As for the Grand National Steeplechase last Thursday, it wasn't really the big disappointment some aficionados complained it was. True, Neji and King Commander fell, but the others put on a good show, and Shipboard, the winner, was the best as the race was run.

ONE of the pranks of our most recent hurricane was to whirl a two-year-old filly named Vestment down six furlongs of the straight Widener Course last Friday in 1:07⅘. The newspapers all hailed it as a world's record, and I'm sorry that it wasn't, but the fastest time for the distance—1:06⅕—was made at Brighton, a track in England, back in 1929, by an unnamed gelding whose papa was Broken Tendril. The racecourse at Brighton, if you've never been there, is not a circular one; most of it is a straightaway, and sharply downhill. (An animal named Mopsus once ran a mile over it in 1:32.) Even with a little help from the wind, though, it was nice going for Vestment, who had never won until that afternoon. The storm also blew away some of the grandstand roof at Jamaica, but the meeting will open there as scheduled this weekend.
—Audax Minor

•

Labor activity is interesting work and those privileged to lead in it are engaged in an absorbing cause—a sacred cause. With its ever multiplying and challenging problems, clashing cross-fire debate, legislative work, strikes and other moments of excitement, one comes to the conclusion that nothing else makes a person feel so keenly alive unless it might be war itself.—*Report of the executive board of the Illinois State Federation of Labor.*

And it's such a long time between wars.

•

Here is Sen. Saltonstall's campaign schedule for today:
Reading—9:45 A.M. to 10:10
Andover—10:30 A.M. to 10:45
No. Andover—11:00 A.M. to 11:45
Lawrence—11:55 A.M. to 2:30 P.M.
Methuen—2:40 P.M. to 4:00
Lawrence—4:10 P.M. to 5:00
Methuen—8:00 P.M. to Red Man Tavern, Pleasant St.—*Boston Herald.*

Uh-uh!

LETTER FROM PARIS

OCTOBER 13

IT is not only the size of the victory that Premier Mendès-France has just won—the Assembly's 350–113 vote of confidence in him and, by implication, in the London Conference formula, with which apparently only about a hundred and fifty deputies are actually satisfied—but the clarity, timing, and candor he constructed his victory on that still astonish the politicians who, perforce, gave it to him. It is true that he was aided by the frankness of Sir Winston's neighborly back-fence warning that there could be no question of further French fiddling with the London fundamentals, which made it clear to the deputies here that they would have to come up to scratch on the question of the fate of the Atlantic Alliance. Ironically, Molotov, in East Berlin, involuntarily aided Mendès-France by suggesting Big Four talks on disarmament, which gave the Premier, in the midst of fighting for controlled German rearmament, the chance to answer right back to him and to certain worried deputies. Yes, indeed, said the Premier, he would willingly take up such talks with the Russians, for which there was plenty of time, since the London accord—if and when finally ratified—could not operate for maybe four years anyhow.

As for Mendès-France's local difficulties, it was his raising of minimum wages a few francs an hour last week, with an April date set for further serious wage talks, that finally gave him the Socialist Party vote—absolutely essential to his majority. On the E.D.C. vote, the Socialists had bitterly split in half; at their weekend Party caucus to determine how they should vote on the London negotiations, they had labored up to their ears in argument over ideals, and the intellectual importance of remaining the Opposition party, until Mendès-France telephoned Socialist chief Guy Mollet (and let the press know about it) and realistically suggested that perhaps the Socialists might even take part in his government, which, after all, aims at being a sort of French New Deal. With French elections coming up next spring, and with Mendès-France's program of better wages, financial reforms, and action against the powerful alcohol lobby and its privileged subsidies already under way, it seems incredible that it took the Socialists another day of argument to decide to climb on the band wagon and to begin by voting en bloc for the Premier on Tuesday. Because of their dissatisfaction with the narrow social programs of previous governments, it has been the Socialists who have repeatedly overthrown them; if the Socialists should really enter the present government, they not only would look important to their working-class constituents but could act importantly by supplying this government with a regular majority, the usual lack of which is the curse of the splintered French Parliamentary system. As for the parties that still either love E.D.C. or loathe the idea of giving Germans a gun under any conditions, or that personally dislike Mendès-France and all his works, the Premier's skillful demand for a confidence vote only on the continuance of his London negotiations would clearly have loaded them—had they refused it—with the onus of having left France standing alone in history and, moreover, standing temporarily without even a government. That the hostile M.R.P. party of Georges Bidault largely abstained from voting at all, rather than vote against Mendès-France, and that the ex-Gaullist Social Republicans, who are also his enemies, largely voted for him, were unexpectedly meek replies.

In this recent victory, Mendès-France, who a few days before had been thought doomed to defeat, proved himself a master tactician. In the public mind, he took his risks openly, as part of his profession, but never gambled; he talked clearly, explained simply, promised nothing more than to do his best, and was in a hurry, as usual. Because of this, the French citizenry were able to understand for once what was going on in a vitally important Parliamentary decision, and unquestionably they comprehended the results. "He has created a political style which, if it pleases God, will survive him," piously commented François Mauriac, probably his most fervent literary admirer, in this week's *Express*, adding, "It would seem to me difficult for the successors of Pierre Mendès-France, even the mediocre and stupid ones, to go back to using the old political concoctions to govern by."

IN a way, the last thing Paris needs is its 41st Salon de l'Automobile, just opened at the Grand Palais with the obvious intention of selling more automobiles. The new Paris Prefect of

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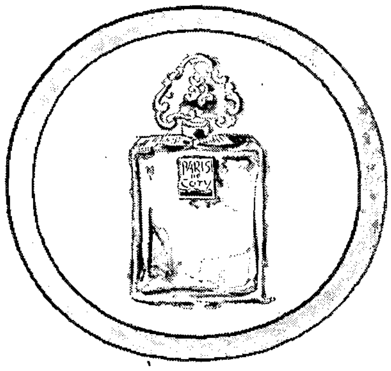

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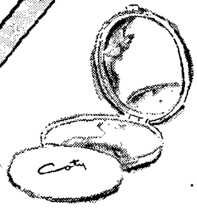

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Police, André Dubois, who in July declared the *croisade de silence* that forbade the honking of horns and that in three months has actually reduced Paris cars to the state of being seen and not heard, only recently announced the real gravity of the city's traffic problem. By the end of 1954, he says, Paris will have an automobile population of eight hundred thousand, as against three hundred and seventy-eight thousand in 1949, and will have no expanded city surfaces to drive on. It is to be noted that the last time Paris got any new streets to speak of was in the eighteen-sixties, in the days of horse omnibuses, when Baron Georges Eugène Haussmann built so many boulevards to Emperor Louis Napoleon's plan that national loans had to be raised to pay for what are today's vital motor arteries—like the Boulevard St. Michel, the Boulevard St. Germain, the Champs-Elysées, and even the Boulevard Haussmann—and the whole splendiferous scheme was denounced as Napoleonic *folie de grandeur*. There is no similar project today for cutting new thoroughfares through populous districts, such as the one centering on the Baron's Boulevard de Sébastopol, because postwar housing construction is so disastrously far behind the city's needs that people would be literally without roofs over their heads if their old apartment houses were razed to ease traffic bottlenecks. For the convenience of motorists going to the Salon, presumably to buy those extra cars, parking has been permitted on the Seine embankment, by the Pont des Invalides, where the cars sit at water level, next to moored launches and barges.

As for the Salon itself, it is one of the rare motor shows at which the outstanding novelty is invisible—a price cut. Renault's midget *quatre-chevaux* sedan (actually about twenty horsepower; French cars' officially stated strength is more closely connected with low tax figures than with horses) was cut 15,500 francs on the Salon's opening day. The price of its little rival, Simca's Aronde Quotidienne, had already been reduced 14,000 francs, that of Renault's luxury Frégate Amiral 41,000 francs, and Simca's smart town coupé 298,000 francs, which is quite a slice. Neither Citroën nor Peugeot has changed its figures yet, but the price war is finally on. The saturation point in postwar car buying by the French, many of whom had had no new car since 1939, was reached last year. This year has started the bitter competition for the more normal market that re-

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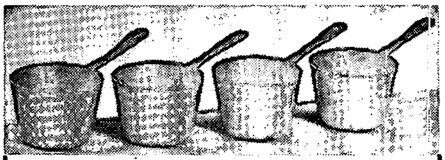

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mains. In consequence, French motorcar manufacturers have been cautious. Many have brought out the same models as last year, with the compression ratio stepped up so they can go needlessly faster. Even the newly designed models look pleasantly enough like last year's models, there clearly being no new trend in color, shape, or size. Indeed, the single innovation is a semi-automatic gearshift, the first to be installed in a European mass-produced car; it is now to be found in France's least elegant, most démodé-looking, though still the cheapest and most popular motor vehicle—the homely, drab-gray, remarkable *deux-chevaux* Citroën (the remarkable *dix-chevaux* Citroën to everybody but the tax collector).

THE intrepid raft Kon-Tiki, brought overland by truck from its regular museum home in Oslo, is on view in a tent on the Quai d'Orsay, Paris being its first stop in an international tour that will end in the United States. Twenty-five thousand Sunday visitors streamed in to see it during its first weekend here. At first glance it thrills, because it is itself—the greatly experienced, historic balsa woodpile, roped into shape and with a new bamboo hut atop, that followed the Humboldt Current across southern seas. But only at first glance, for Kon-Tiki, even with its sail set, is now dry, empty, on land, and a kind of sideshow, with a gramophone voice in four languages giving fragments of its career on the Pacific waters, mixed with references to Incas, sharks, and maybe plankton. The raft's management states that its Scandinavian navigators are now back in Peru, building a Kon-Tiki II to sail somewhere else, on funds that this raft's tour must help raise. Unfortunately, the raft itself needs help—perhaps the Peruvian music that accompanied the film of the voyage, or perhaps some of the film itself,

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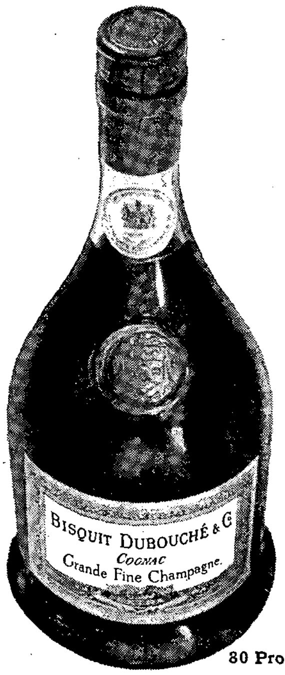

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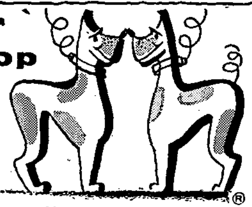

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Paris has been as late this autumn with its crop of new plays as the wet French fields were with their harvest. But there is already one decided hit, at the Théâtre Saint-Georges; its title is "Living-Room" (a program note defines the term for the French), and it is the first theatre play written by Graham Greene. The French are extremely interested in it intellectually, because it questions the mortal sin of adultery, subjects Catholic doctrine to an almost Protestant analysis—it is to be recalled that Greene is a convert to Rome—and features two elderly English spinsters who are lunatics and also fanatical Catholics, along with their brother, a priest, who has become paralyzed and is confined to a wheelchair. Add to this the fact that the three of them live on the top story of their London home because all the rooms below, where other family members have died, are locked off, the two lunatics being necrophobes, and you have the mysterious aura of Greene's imagination, and also the literal meaning of the play's title—the living room that must not become a dying room. Into this strange trio of lives comes a young orphaned great-niece, who, en route from her mother's funeral, has just fallen in love with and been seduced by her married guardian. In such an intimacy of lunacy, bigotry, priestly wisdom, and importunate passion, maybe it is conceivable—and maybe it isn't—that the girl should openly continue her affair with her lover at a sordid nearby hotel, delivering amazingly frank reports to the paralyzed priest, almost like confessions, on their relations. The struggle that encompasses them all is that of free will against faith. The girl, defeated on every side, and defeating the gentle priest (or so he feels), who can only tell her to pray and not live on love, kills herself, in the living room. Behind the thoughtful excitement, and a certain crude candor, is an impression of manipulation—perhaps because the characters are so arbitrarily special, even the girl's lover being a freethinker and professional psychologist. The miscast thespian who plays him is the only actor most of us have ever seen who can cry at will in his big scene, just like an actress. Nelly Borgeaud, who plays the very difficult role of the girl, is a blond, intelligent, talented newcomer, whose suicide scene is close to art. "Living-Room" is a discussible play, and Parisians are discuss-

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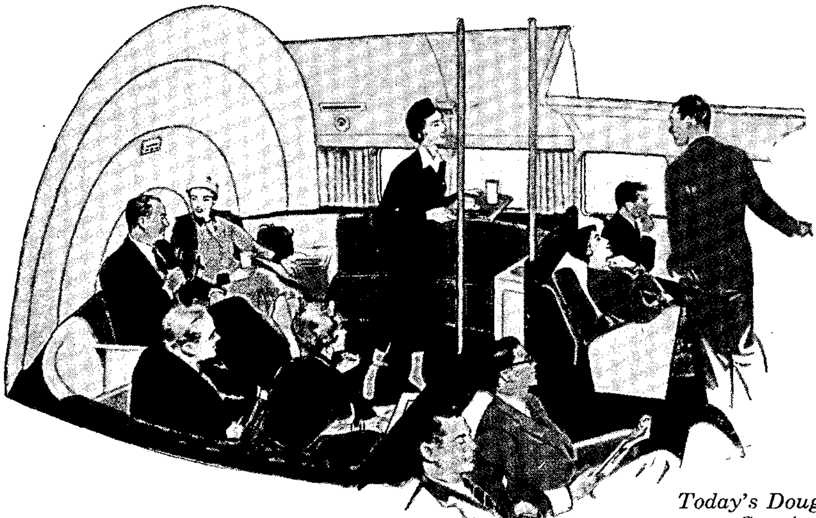

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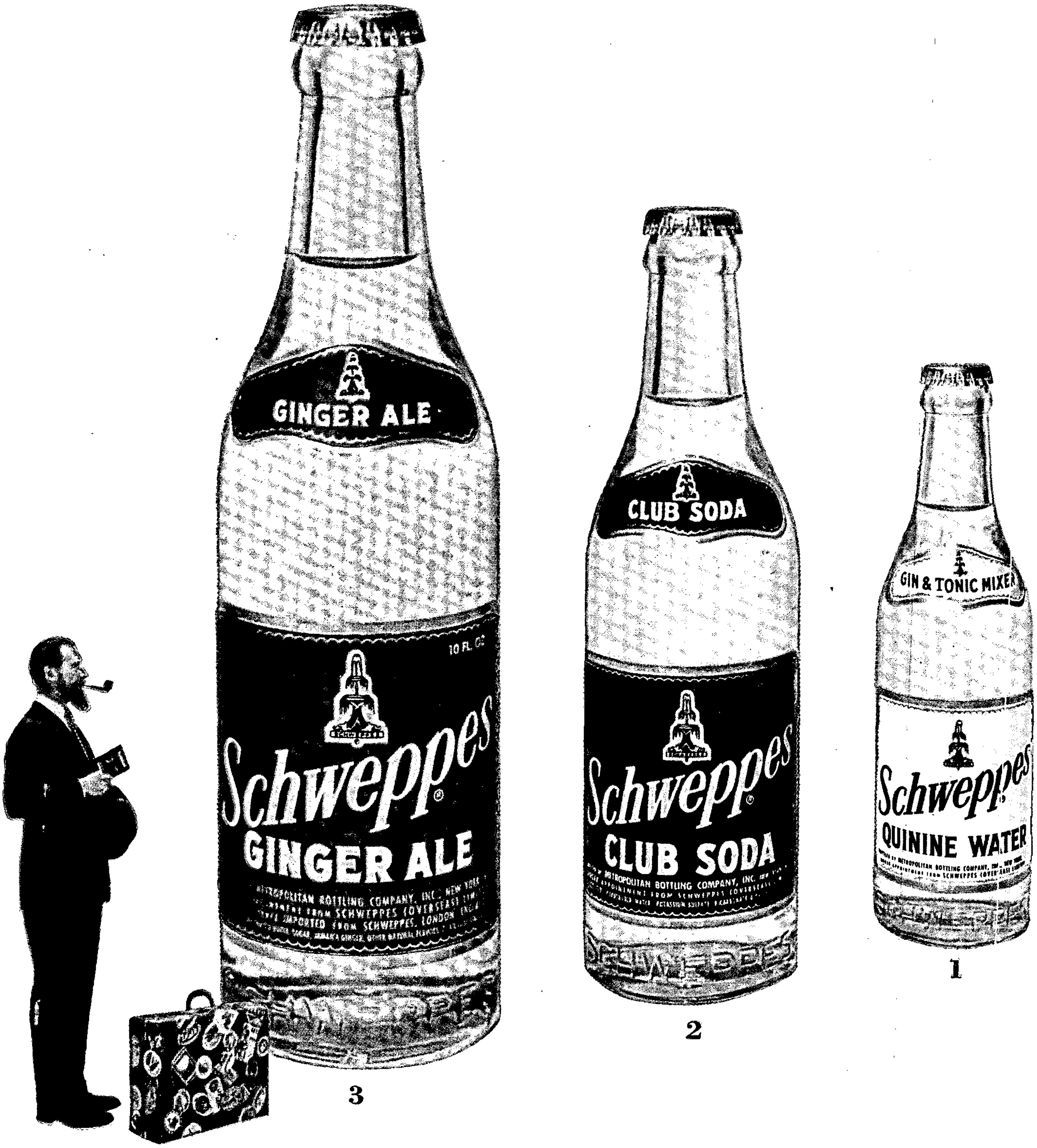

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GOOD NEWS: Schweppes Ginger Ale costs about the same as *ordinary* mixers!

ing it a lot, as theatregoers may be doing soon in New York, where it is to be put on.

AMID the various uncertainties in France, one thing is sure: The French are seeing more flying saucers than have ever been seen around here since flying saucers were invented. They are also seeing new models of them, such as flying tops, orange-colored lozenges, flying mushrooms, and flying cigars, called *les Churchills*. Some of these phenomena are reported to be noisy, others to be as silent as the stars; some are said to fly faster than anything ever seen before, and some—the most alarming—are said to stand still in the night sky. Near Lille, a hundred people living over a broad countryside individually saw crescents dancing arabesques in the sky for twenty-five minutes, and announced the same to the country police. Near Briançon, a flying cigar was seen by a gendarme, a village mayor, and a respected hotelkeeper. West of Deauville, a taxi-driver saw an incandescent red-and-green disc with a phosphorescent tail, and so did some sailors close to shore. In the Nièvre, three citizens in different places saw flying cylinders, orange when they flew horizontally, dazzling white when they proceeded vertically. Not far from Paris—at Coulommiers, where the delicious cheese of that name is made—a member of the Société des Ingénieurs Civils de France, who is also a former aviator and an officer of the Aéro-Club de France, wrote a letter to the local paper anatomizing the object he watched for twenty minutes over his country house. It was something with "a thick circular wing, gyrating around through space with a noise like a jet plane," he wrote. "I am not the victim of hallucination." The second mate of a French cargo ship wrote his company's office in Brest that en route to Antwerp he and two sailors on watch with him saw "a kind of giant red star rising from the southwest, four times the size of any star we have ever seen, and at a point in the sky where no star was due," and set forth the phenomenon's date, its latitude and longitude, and its celestial movements during nearly two hours. The Governor of the French Ivory Coast received a communication from the Administrator of Danané, who declared that for half an hour on the night of September 19th he, his wife, many savages, the chief French doctor, and a missionary priest watched an unidentifiable oval flying machine equipped with a cupola and searchlights, which

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- 9,485 psychological tests were given—1,658 to the physically handicapped.
- 88 scholarship grants and loans were made, totaling $10,472.05.
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- Courses for teacher-counselors were given in cooperation with the Board of Education.
- Field work in vocational counseling was provided for graduate students of New York's universities.
- 3,656 inquiries were answered through our Information Department.

These and many other services were performed last year by this non-profit organization. A limited supply of our 1953 Report is available. If you'd like to know more about the vital work of vocational counseling, *write now for your copy to the:*

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left two luminous halos behind when it disappeared. The Governor has demanded an investigation. A road mender in the Marne and a baker in Finistère have both met little men from Mars, wearing hairy suits—the baker's visitors also having "eyes the size of crows' eggs." In the last month, more than a hundred reports of strange flying machines seen nearly all over France, but never in Paris, have been printed in the Paris press, with the names of those who saw them, and often with the signed statements given to the local police by observers "*digne de foi*," or worthy of belief. Among these worthy observers are men like a Conseiller Général des Alpes-Maritimes, a police inspector of the city of Nice, reputable mechanics, educated electricians, a schoolteacher on the Island of Oléron, rich butchers, a wealthy Normandy farmer and his wife, the father of a famous French bicycle racer, and the peasant father of a girl who would not believe what he saw until he dragged her from bed to look and then to the gendarmerie to report. A deputy in Parliament has just asked Mendès-France's State Secretary for Air what it is doing to explain all these phenomena. —GENÊT

•

FIRST CHILD

My son, my executioner,
 I take you in my arms,
Quiet and small and just astir,
 And whom my body warms.

Sweet death, small son, our instrument
 Of immortality,
Your cries and hungers document
 Our bodily decay.

We twenty-five and twenty-two,
 Who seemed to live forever,
Observe enduring life in you
 And start to die together.

I take into my arms the death
 Maturity exacts,
And name with my imperfect breath
 The mortal paradox.
—DONALD HALL

•

"Never was picture more harmonious, never flower more exquisitely beautiful. It flashes instant communications of all that architecture and painting and music for a thousand years gropingly have striven to express." Thus speaks the Grand Canyon to almost every person who comes within the magic circle of its enchantment.—*Legend on a picture postcard.*

We'd hate to repeat the crack it made to us.

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Boy, Girl, and General

WHEN "A Star Is Born" had its première in two local theatres last week, I found that I had nothing really appropriate to wear. Tails, I figured, might be a little *too* formal, and my dinner jacket was at the cleaner's. So I decided to forgo the pleasure of the company of the chivalrous and beautiful at the opening, and wait until I could take a quick look at the thing in my rather beat-up everyday suitings. Before I got around to "A Star Is Born," I encountered a small English film called "The Yellow Balloon," which required no particular tailoring for its opening, and I was delighted to see once again the small boy named Andrew Ray exercising his individual charm. The Ray child is the one who was so appealing in "The Mudlark," which you will recall as the film about the lad who broke into Windsor Castle and upset Queen Victoria, and while the current venture is by no means as entertaining as its predecessor, it has merits enough. The tale told in "The Yellow Balloon" is concerned with the complex reactions of a boy who is accidentally involved in the death of a friend and is convinced by a wicked bystander that the police will get him if he doesn't play his cards right. Actually, the cards are dealt by this monstrous bystander himself; before long, the poor youngster is serving as an innocent collaborator in crime, and ultimately the villain has him up to his neck in a horrendous murder.

The picture contains a laudable appreciation of the feelings of parents who can't quite keep up with the mental processes of their own child, and a nice demonstration of the thesis that a blackmailing knave can have enough persuasiveness to win the confidence of a child. I rather regretted the finale of the thing—one of those high-tension commotions, with the police doing all kinds of spectacular things with cars, radios, and the like, and coming to the rescue of our small hero with a maximum of electronic efficiency—but up to the gaudy conclusion this is a satisfactory exhibition of the English ability to handle children on the screen. Of the adults in the cast, I thought William Sylvester, as the low-life bystander, very capable at his difficult chores, and Kathleen Ryan and Kenneth More, as the confused parents, seemed almost as estimable.

WHEN I finally slunk into "A Star Is Born," I discovered that this remake of a film first done in 1937 was (a) very big, (b) very colorful, and, as time went by, (c) very long. I suppose there are events worthy of a three-hour scrutiny on the screen, but I don't think the story of a girl's progress from singing with a jazz band to a spot of carhopping to some sort of eminence in Hollywood is among them. At any rate, I found myself something less than enthusiastic over this unfolding drama after a couple of hours. However, if you're absolutely enamored of Judy Garland—and I gather quite a few people are—this might be your dish. Miss Garland is spelled with skill by James Mason, in the part of a Hollywood wonder actor who is as sensitive as a Geiger counter when it comes to discovering new talent. There are many songs and many dances, and Miss Garland at one point gives a recitative about being born in a trunk in a vaudeville house in Idaho, or somewhere, that goes on practically forever. I believe it was at this juncture that I thought I'd stop taking notes.

ANOTHER big musical job is something called "White Christmas," which has as its leading players Bing Crosby, Danny Kaye, Rosemary Clooney, and Vera-Ellen. It includes a spate of Irving Berlin tunes, and serves as an introduction to a process called VistaVision. This is designed to show even more of the outdoors than we've got accustomed to with Cinerama and CinemaScope; paradoxically, many of the scenes here are indoors. But wider, higher, deeper, or how you will, "White Christmas" is a bore. The plot—if that's the term for it—sneaks in between production numbers to tell us about a retired general (Dean Jagger) who is running a ski lodge where snow is scarce, and how our four principals strive to help him out. Maybe "White Christmas" is pulling our leg on the plight of snowless generals. It *seems* to be serious about it, though.

—JOHN MCCARTEN

•

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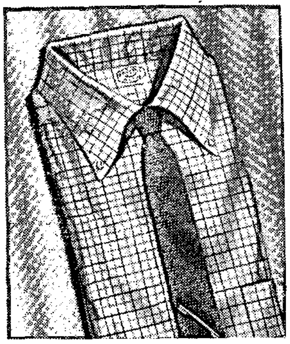

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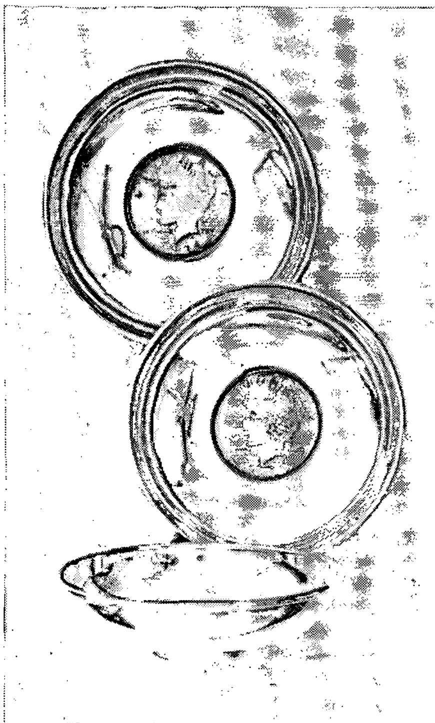

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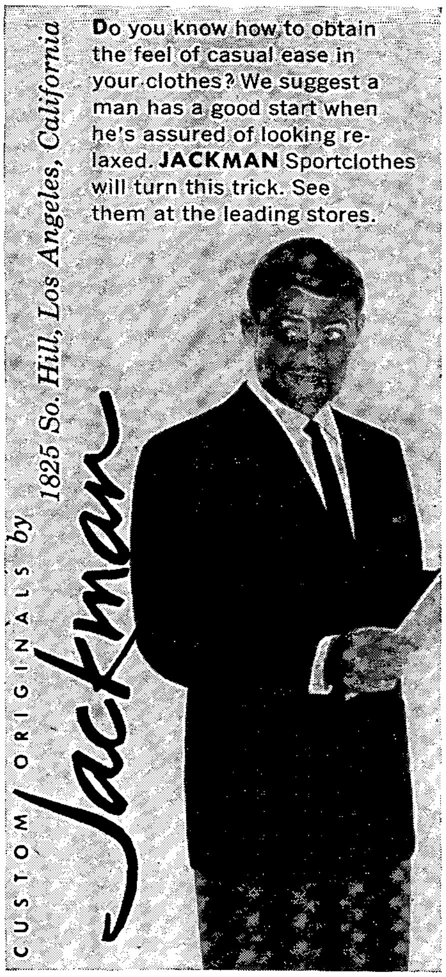
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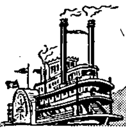
JAZZ IN TIMES SQUARE
Dixieland
ALL STARS
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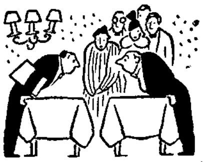
TABLES FOR TWO

Ragging the Scale



The Embers, an East Side sanctuary for jazz pianists both wild and tame, has three disparate specimens on hand right now. The only wild one is a young woman named Dorothy Donegan, whose playing, despite occasional evidences of the debilitating effect of formal schooling, is, on the whole, triumphantly unfettered. Accompanied by bass and drums, she uses the piano not as a piece of machinery governed by certain laws of physics but as a wonderful and indestructible toy of unlimited possibilities. Seated menacingly before it in a kind of crouch, her right leg flung back for a quick getaway, she attacks it with stinging chords in a mambo treatment of "That Old Black Magic." Next thing you know, she is ardently wooing it, standing over the keys as she slides her fingers up and down the board in extravagant glissandi and teasingly nudging the bass notes with her left elbow; generally, the framework for this exercise is "Ebb Tide" or some similar bit of smog that has escaped from the nation's juke boxes. Then again, immersed in "My Funny Valentine" or "September Song," she adopts a gentle, soothing attitude, pressing out soft little chords. For all this luridness of style, there is no denying Miss Donegan's enormous technical skill and her fine enthusiasm for her work. Her energetic playing is in refreshing contrast to the playing of so many of today's young jazz pianists—classicists who swing from no further along the arm than the wrist.

The domesticated pianists at the Embers are Don Shirley and Billy Taylor. Taylor, whose fleet playing I have often admired in the past, took shelter at the club too recently for me to be able to report here on his current performance, but Shirley was on hand the night I heard Miss Donegan. He is an extremely delicate and introspective pianist, whose interpretations of show tunes and other pieces that strike his fancy are given substance by the understanding support of a fellow-musician who doubles on cello and bass.

The usual assortment of clowns and songbirds, their individual efforts all neatly underscored by the superbly integrated Norman Paris trio, can be found at Le Ruban Bleu these nights. Irwin Corey, a diminutive comedian who has long and successfully defied both description and the mass audience, is up to his old trick of haranguing his listeners with windy monologues that always seem on the verge of making some kind of sense but never do. A splendidly unkempt fellow, he enters slowly and thoughtfully to the strains of "Pomp and Circumstance," looks up at his audience in surprise, faces it squarely, one hand clutching the lapel of his shabby frock coat and the other raised like an orator's, opens his mouth to speak, forgets what he was going to say, frowns, surreptitiously consults his notes, makes another false start, and eventually begins his discourse uncompromisingly with the word "However." Having found the power of speech, he proceeds to misuse it violently. History, literature, mathematics, and the physical sciences come under his scrutiny, but, alas, Mr. Corey's mind is like an unweeded garden, and all he can display is a pathetic dignity. His performance is a small masterpiece of incoherence.

Another ornament of the current show is Dorothy Loudon, a spirited and accomplished young singer who has a fondness for old blues and ragtime pieces. The night I heard her, she opened her program decorously enough with the Gershwins' "Who Cares" but got down to cases immediately afterward with a cheerfully low-down rendition of a work whose title seemed to be "I May Not Be a Real Red Hot Mama, but I'm Gettin' Warmer All the Time." On sure ground now, she quickly and easily ran through such assorted items as "Basin Street Blues," "True Blue Lou," "Jamboree Jones" (this one was a knockout), "Bei Mir Bist du Schön," and "I'm the Lonesomest Gal in Town." With Miss Loudon playing it fast and loose and the trio setting up exuberant accompaniments, this nondescript concert was practically irresistible. Like many another popular singer of the day, by the way, Miss Loudon has an identifying vocal quirk—in her case, a marked but rather appealing tremolo, which a trained singer would go to great lengths to lose.

Count Basie's sixteen-piece swing band is in charge of the musical madness at Birdland for the time being. It's probably the most rousing band in town at the moment, and certainly one of the slickest. You won't hear many pieces you know (instrumentals with such names as "Sixteen Men Swingin' " and "Bunny" predominate), but you'll be taken for an exhilarating ride in the best tradition of swing. The band's arrangements are light and open, allowing plenty of room for improvisation by a battery of fine soloists. . . . In the Park Chambers Hotel, on West Fifty-eighth Street, an L-shaped room that has been the site of several luckless night-club and restaurant enterprises in the past reopened again a few weeks ago, on this occasion called the Composer. It was a little early in the game to be sure what was going on the night I dropped in. There was a composer there, all right—a young man named George Wallington, who played piano in a string quartet that offered attractive-sounding but as yet not entirely cohesive arrangements of a few of his instrumental works, along with a number of good show tunes. Mr. Wallington and his group, however, were scheduled to move on the next night, leaving in residence only the well-known pianist Eddie Heywood. Since Heywood himself is no slouch as a composer (on the night I was there, he uncorked a beguiling little piece of his called "Haiti Lady"), and since the place, by its name, promises only one composer anyway, I should think anybody would be willing to settle for his deft piano work for an entire evening. —D. W.

•

In the words of the authors, *A Progressive Study of English Composition* "is concerned with the life practical, the life active, the life contemplative, and the life emotional and imaginative, but all on the freshman level."—*Notice from the Odyssey Press.*

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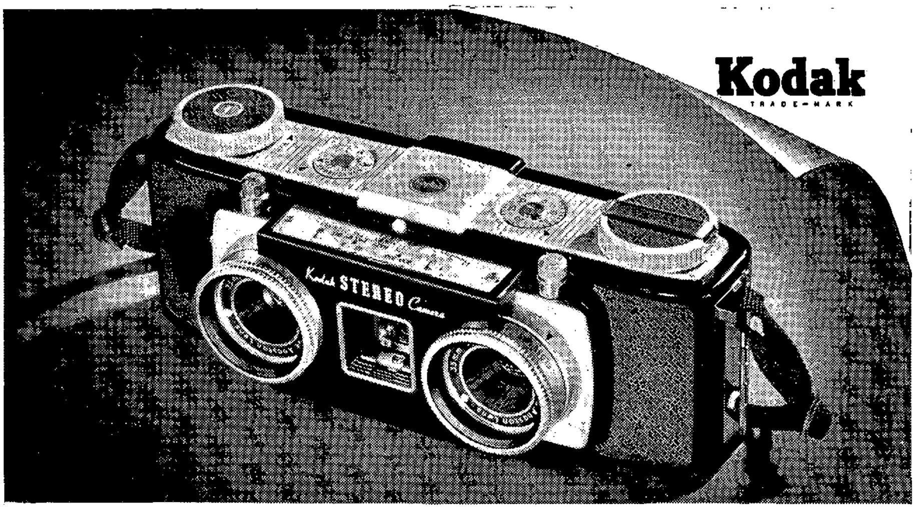

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BOOKS

Descendants of the Prophet

His Highness the Aga Khan, whose "Memoirs" (Simon & Schuster) have just been published under the subtitle "World Enough and Time," comes of stock noted for talents at which the author hints discreetly in the early pages of his book. The family, descended from Mahomet through his daughter Fatima and her husband Ali, at one time held the Fatimite Caliphate and ruled in Cairo as the supreme temporal and spiritual lords of a vast and widespread Moslem world. Ruined by the early Crusades, by religious schism, by the rebellion of the Seljuk Turks, and by administrative incapacity, they lost nearly everything in the century and a half following 1000 A.D. All they had left at the end was a castle poised on a crag among the inaccessible ravines of the Elburz Mountains of Persia. Almost any other family would have withered into obscurity in this retreat, but this one not only succeeded in keeping its hold on the spiritual leadership of the Ismaili sect, which numbered millions distributed all over the Moslem lands, but reorganized itself with such effectiveness that it was presently in a position to collect tribute from most of the kings and kingdoms of Eastern Europe and the Middle East. The Old Man of the Mountain, as the head of the family was known, sat in his castle and, it is said, offered to restrain the fanaticism of his adherents for reasonable amounts of money. His offers were usually taken up by those who wished to remain in politics and alive anywhere in the Levant, because his followers were known as Assassins and their art gave the word its present meaning. The Aga Khan suggests that this interpretation of the Old Man's activities is a libel and a natural consequence of his ancestors' ill fortune in belonging to an oppressed minority. Groups like this, he says, are always maligned. Be that as it may, the Old Man of the Mountain had something to sell, and there were those who bought. When Saint Louis of France was crusading in Palestine, legend informs us, he was approached by messengers from the Old Man. "Seeing that you have heard tell of our Lord," they said, "we marvel greatly that you have not sent him so much of your substance as would keep him your friend, as the Emperor of Germany, the King of Hungary, and the Soldan of Babylon do year by year."

All this does not sound much like the modern world, and yet it is less unlike it than one might think. The Aga Khan's grandfather, the first holder of the title, put himself in an awkward position in the early part of the last century by failing in an attempt to acquire the throne of the Shah of Persia by force. It became necessary for him to flee the country, and he went to India with a small band of devoted followers. There he recouped his fortunes by recruiting regiments of cavalry from among the Indian Moslems. These were of the greatest value to the British in the conquest of the Punjab, in the first Afghan War, and during the great Indian Mutiny. The British were grateful for these services, and they also found it agreeable to give hospitality to a nobleman with a fair claim to the throne of Persia, a nobleman who might, if the Shah showed signs of falling too far under Russian influence, lead a patriotic revolt against a foreign puppet. They were further inclined to be friendly to someone who was not only a rattling good cavalryman but, on top of that, was the supreme religious authority over millions of Ismailis living in Africa, Egypt, Arabia, Turkey, Persia, Afghanistan, Asiatic Russia, China, India, Burma, and Malaya, countries in which the British had interests. A number of persons, no doubt persuaded by Russian, Turkish, and Persian intrigue, disputed the grandfather's claim to this leadership. But when the matter came up before a British court in Bombay in 1866, it was shown beyond question that their objections were frivolous, and Mr. Justice Arnold was able to decide the matter in the grandfather's favor once and for all. Now that his religious standing had been confirmed, he settled down comfortably with his household of a thousand persons and his stable of a hundred blood horses on an estate that included most of the Mazagaon and Byculla quarters of Bombay, an area equivalent in extent and in importance to the part of New York bounded by Seventy-fifth and Forty-second Streets, and Second and Fifth Avenues. This establishment and an equally snug domain in Poona represent a fine achievement by a man who had entered India as a refugee only twenty-six years before.

The present Aga Khan inherited this skillfully created position in 1885, when, a child of eight, he was placed upon the Gadi, the throne of the Imam of the Ismailis, a light and elegant structure not unlike a Regency bedstead. This made him one of the then glittering company of enthroned persons that included the Empress Dowager of China, the Czar of All the Rus-

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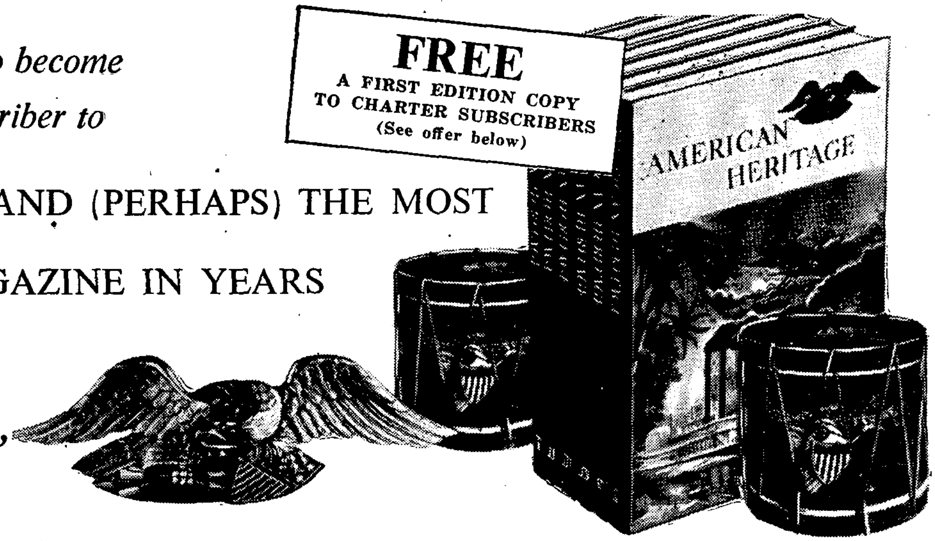

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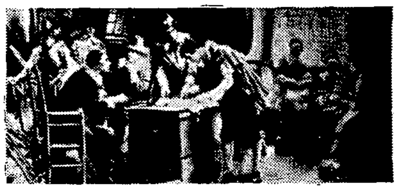

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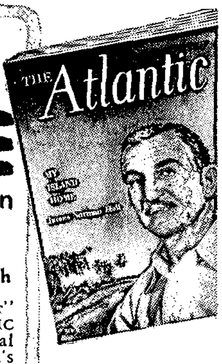

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Atoms in the Family

By MRS. ENRICO FERMI

A small part of this book appeared in *The New Yorker* last summer under the title "That Was the Manhattan District."

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sias, the Emperor of Austria, the Kaiser, the Sultan of Turkey, and, closer at hand, the diamond-studded coveys of maharajahs, rajahs, and princelings who owed fealty to the Kaisar-i-Hind, Victoria, the human embodiment of the British Raj. He grew up to be slim, handsome, and sought after. Queen Victoria invited him to dinner, German Willie clasped his hand in manly friendliness, the grand dukes in their trim white uniforms invited him to come to Moscow to meet the Czar. Everywhere he went he was met by smiling faces eager for his good will and the good will of his followers. There was, however, a hint of autumn in all this splendor. He puts it this way in his "Memoirs":

> That social life is a thing of the past for me. Really it came to an end with the outbreak of the 1914 war. . . . To give an idea of the social change I might say that between 1898 and 1914 I was a guest ninety-nine times out of one hundred. . . . Between the two wars it became about fifty-fifty and gradually it came down to be less and less; and since the last war I find that it is I who am the host nine times out of ten.

It is a perhaps excessively modest way of describing a miraculous feat of survival that must at times have been as nerve-racking as Eliza's passage across the ice. In 1914 and 1915, the Aga Khan did all he could to rally the Moslems to the Allied cause and to counteract the effect of the Jehad, or holy war, proclaimed by the Imams in Turkey, who were under German influence. In April of 1916, he was raised in rank by the grateful British to the level of First Class Ruling Prince of the Bombay Presidency and accorded the right to a salute of eleven guns. But his labors on behalf of the Allies apparently overtaxed his strength. While the French were reeling under the loss of three hundred and fifty thousand men at Verdun, the British were losing sixty thousand in a single day on the Somme, and the Russians were losing a million in the collapse of the Brusilov offensive around Lutsk, the Aga Khan's health gave way, and prudence compelled him to seek medical treatment in Switzerland. His illness forced him to abandon nearly all political activity until 1919. His health was to concern him again:

> From about 1935 I had been aware of certain troublesome internal symptoms, but various doctors whom I consulted did not take a particularly serious view of them. In Switzerland in 1940 I took the advice of a number of eminent surgeons.

The view they presented was grave, and they ordered a course of treatment that again kept His Highness almost entirely out of international politics, this time until 1945. By then the landscape, as it were, had changed; some features that had been dominant were suddenly less prominent, and features that had once been barely visible now stood out in sharper outline. The Aga Khan made a host of new friends; he found himself drawn, as one Moslem to another, toward Mr. Jinnah, the ardent creator of Pakistan. And he was pleasantly surprised to discover, living quietly at the head of the Persian Gulf, "one of the most remarkable men of our time," the Sheikh of Kuweit, whose income from oil royalties since the last war has been around a hundred and fifty million dollars a year. But it must not for a moment be supposed that His Highnes admires only those who are rich o powerful. He is always ready to pay tribute to qualities of mind and heart

> During the 1953 Cannes Film Festiva I met Miss Olivia de Havilland, the distinguished actress, a woman of subtle an interesting personality who seems to me t be in her own way, if I may say so, a seeke after truth. I believe that she is one o those fortunately gifted people who hav an artistic and personal life of thei own, full, busy, and successful, and wh are yet—in and through this active day-to day life—sharply and constantly aware c the fundamental issue and problem of ou world today, the enormous power tha man has attained over physical nature cor trasted with the still somewhat primitiv limitations of his emotional and spiritu existence.

PRINCE FELIX YOUSSOUPOFF, th author of "Lost Splendor" (Putnam), can, like the Aga Khan, trac his ancestry back to Ali, or so he say The connection is by way of Soumbec the Moslem Queen of Kazan, who w borne off into Muscovy by Ivan t Terrible, and Abdul Mirza, who w converted to the Russian Orthod faith and transmogrified into Dimit Prince Youssoupoff, by Czar Theodo in the seventeenth century. The fam increased its wealth and magnificen by a series of perspicacious marriage which culminated in the wedding of t present Prince Youssoupoff and a nie of Czar Nicholas II. His qualificatio for an alliance with a royal house we unconventional. He shared his fathe pleasure in the company of clowns, e centrics, and idiots; he had a talent f interior decoration; he was good at c ganizing practical jokes; it had been favorite pastime of his adolescence go to the night clubs of St. Petersbu wearing women's clothes and smot ered in his mother's jewels and sabl Later, after a formidable row with

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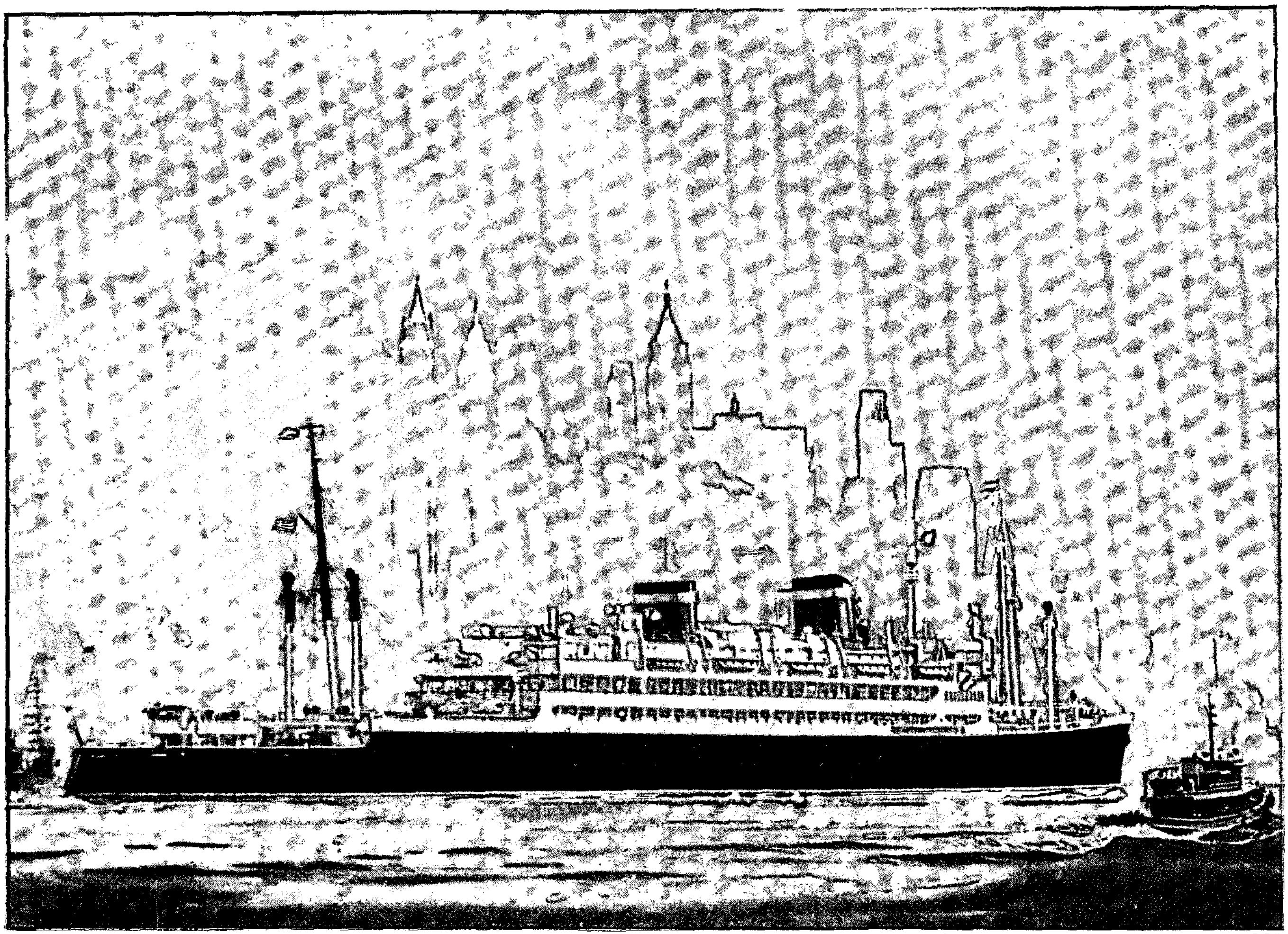

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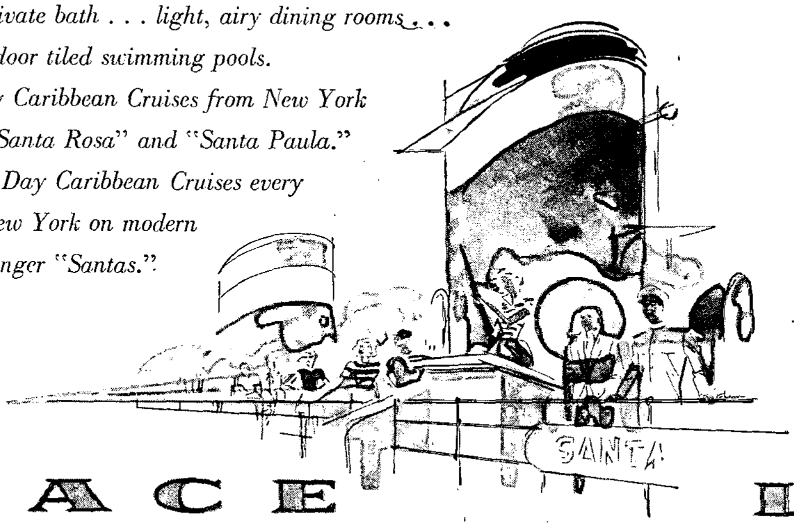

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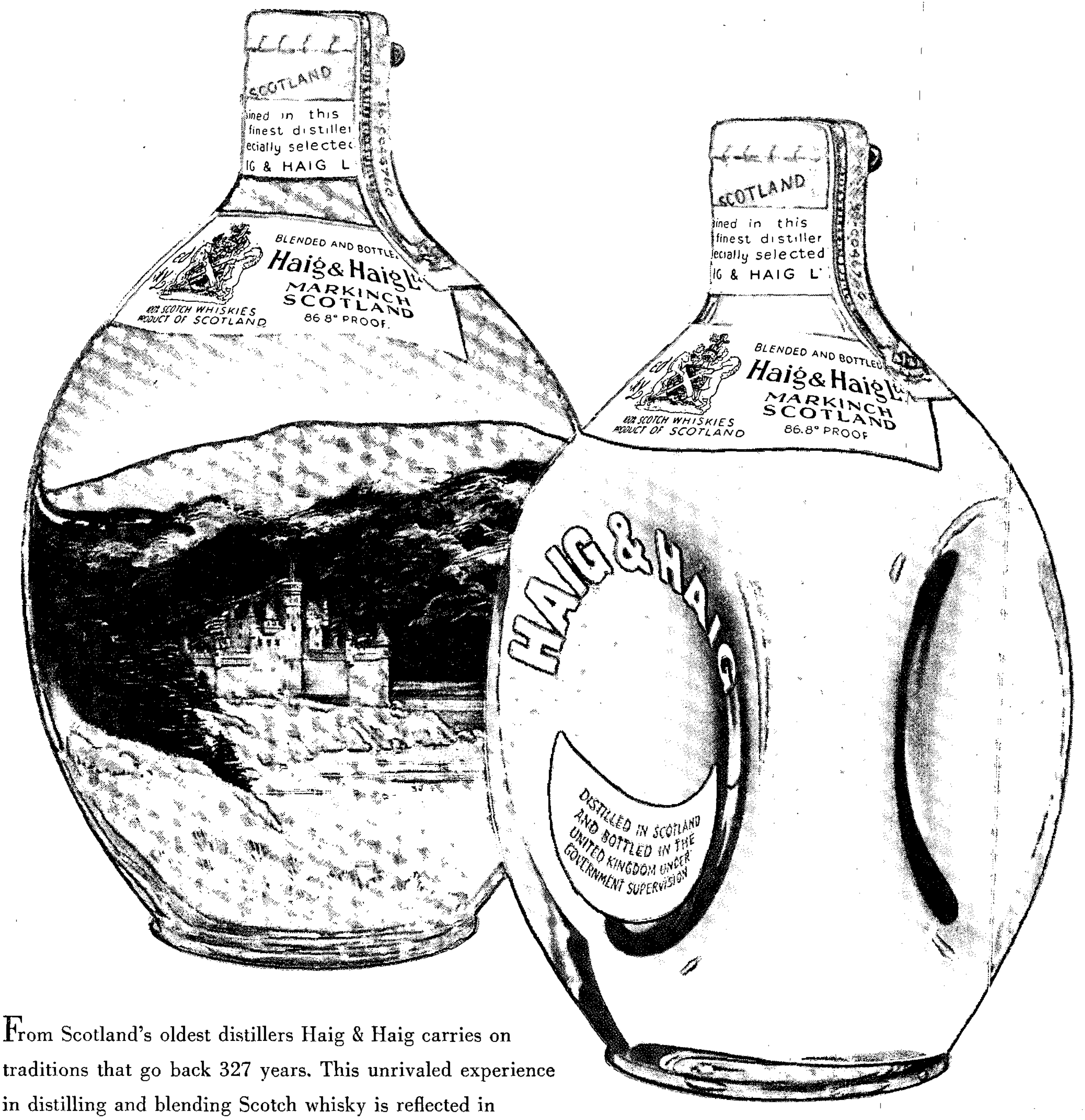
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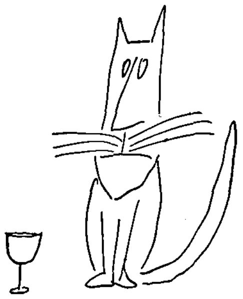
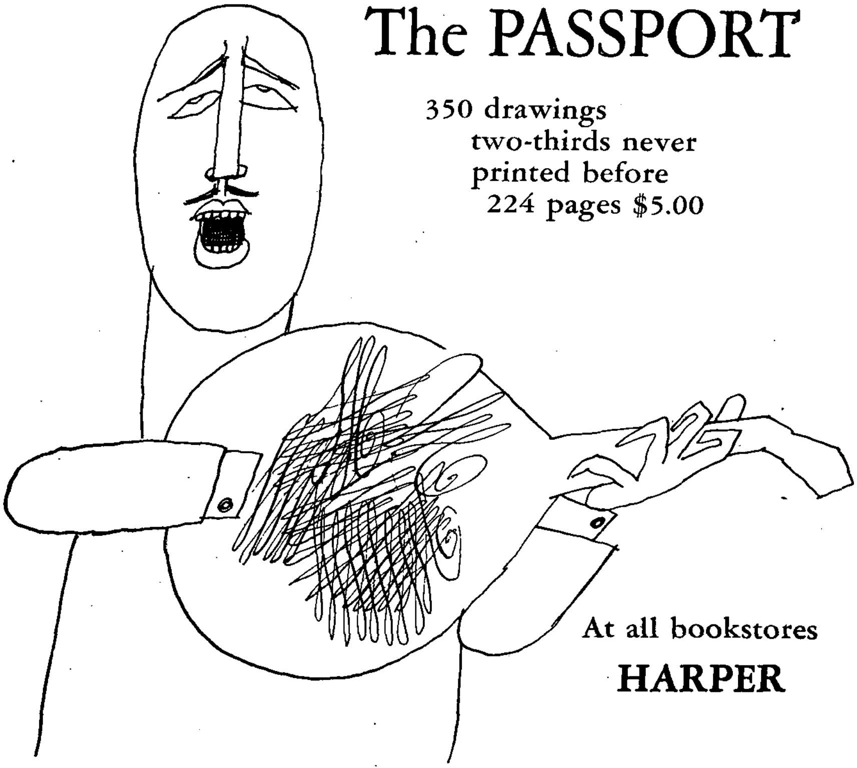
father over having accepted an engagement in a cabaret as a woman singer, this interest in clothing was diverted toward dressing up in historical costumes and dressing up dogs in cocottes' garb. After the First World War broke out, he felt that the hand of destiny was reaching toward him. The Czar and his entourage were under the domination of Rasputin, and the Prince decided that this was the cause of all the ills of Russia. When he discovered that Rasputin had several associates "of a distinctly Jewish type" and that the Czar would not part with the monk on any account, he was sure that there was nothing for it but to assassinate the man. Murder presents problems for a gentleman of breeding, for it may easily take a squalid turn in the wrong setting. The Prince knew considerable anxiety on this score right up to the night of the deed, but then a final inspection of the hall of execution set his fears at rest:

> When I arrived, I found workmen busy laying down carpets and putting up curtains. Three large red Chinese porcelain vases had already been placed in niches hollowed out of the walls. Various objects which I had selected were being carried in: carved wooden chairs of oak, small tables covered with ancient embroideries, ivory bowls, and a quantity of other curios. I can picture the room to this day in all its details, and I have good reason to remember a certain cabinet of inlaid ebony which was a mass of little mirrors, tiny bronze columns, and secret drawers. On it stood a crucifix of rock crystal and silver, a beautiful specimen of sixteenth-century Italian workmanship. On the great red granite mantelpiece were placed golden bowls, antique majolica plates, and a sculptured ivory group. A large Persian carpet covered the floor and, in a corner, in front of the ebony cabinet, lay a white bear-skin rug.

In spite of all these elegant arrangements, the murder was a trying affair and put a severe strain on the Prince, as his post-mortem remarks to his brother-in-law reveal: " 'Rasputin is dead,' I replied, 'but I'm not in a fit state to talk about it; I am dropping with fatigue.' " He then slept like a top till ten in the morning. Rasputin's body was found a couple of days later. He had been carelessly shot at several times and ineffectually poked with knives. He had then been trussed like a fowl and stuffed, alive, through a hole in the ice covering the Neva. He had not even been tied up efficiently, and had managed to get one hand free in his fight against the black water under the ice. Prince Youssoupoff's account of his hysterical botching of the assassination ends on a lofty note. "I felt full of





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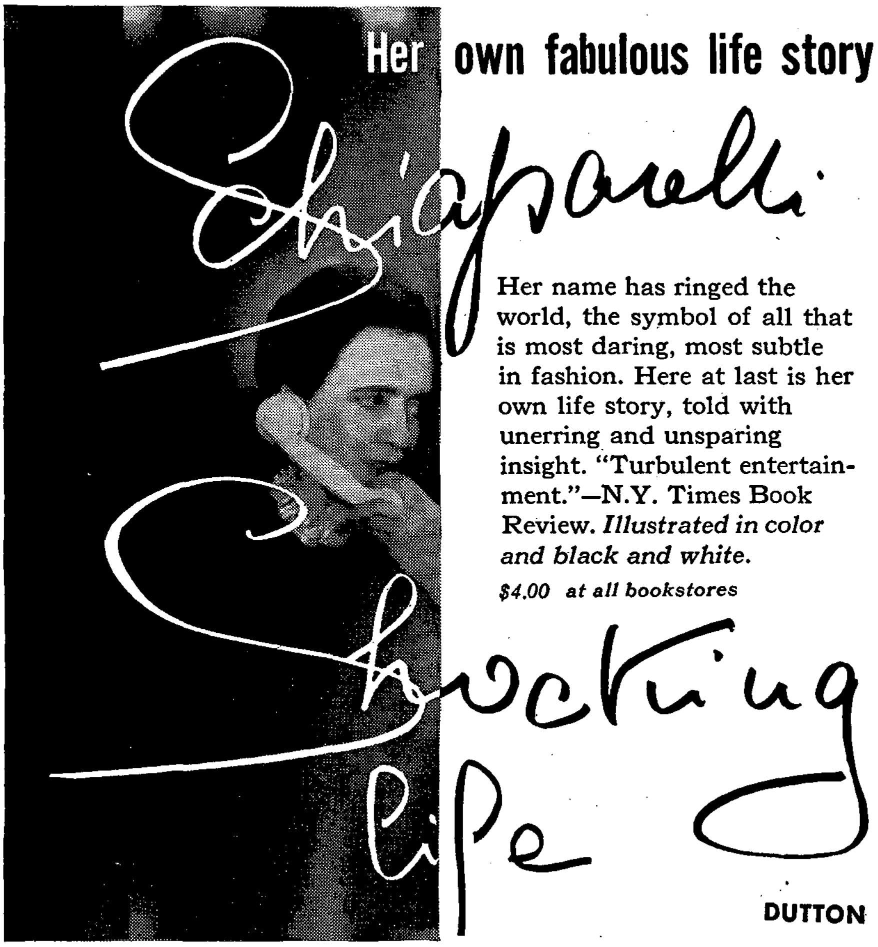

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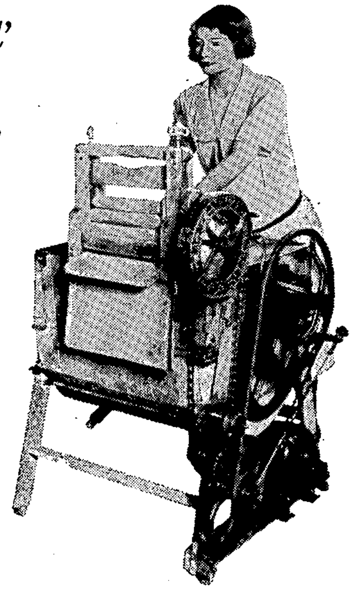

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courage and confidence at the thought that the first steps to save Russia had been taken," he says in "Lost Splendor," and he apparently still believes this, just as he apparently believes that the Czar was murdered by Jewish conspirators who were following the dictates of the mythical Protocols of Zion. He believes, too, that everything will come out all right in the end, and one gathers that he hopes to be Czar himself someday. A saintly nun of Yalta, quoted in his book, once told him it was possible:

> Russia must go through terrible trials to atone for her sins. Many years will pass before her resurrection. Few of the Romanoffs will escape death, but you will survive. You will take an active part in the restoration of Russia. Remember that he who opened the door must be the one to close it.

It is difficult to feel that, however wicked the Russian leaders may have been, any nation could deserve such a liberator. —ANTHONY WEST

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

A FIELD FULL OF PEOPLE, by Robert Hazel (World). There is no doubt that Mr. Hazel is a talented writer, although at the moment his prose is so polished and so bent with excessive care that the minds and hearts of his characters become obscured and the impact of their story is dulled, if not lost. It is a story of the Middle West, with a farmer's son, Tom Flood, as the chief figure. Tom's spirit is marred by one particular flaw, which, through an accident, and aided by Tom's willfulness or weakness, widens into a crevasse that splits him and brings him to destruction.

KATHERINE, by Anya Seton (Houghton Mifflin). Miss Seton follows a thoroughly established precedent for historical novelists in trying to cram everything known or surmised about the period she has chosen into one book, in this case a portly and confident volume about fourteenth-century England. Following the same precedent, Miss Seton sweeps through her work, and since she is concerned not with human beings but with the collection of a large number of small details on which to rest her authority, sweeping is probably as good a method as any. A Literary Guild selection.

THE BULLS OF PARRAL, by Marguerite Steen (Doubleday). This story of a wellborn Spanish girl who marries a bullfighter of poor family is centered on an extremely long and intricate account of modern Spanish manners and attitudes. There is a great deal of action in the book but almost no emotion, and the characters, themselves inert, move and speak only at Miss Steen's prodding.

NOTE: Twenty-nine of Frank O'Connor's short stories, several of which first appeared in this magazine, have been published by Knopf under the title "More Stories by Frank O'Connor."

GENERAL

MADELEINE—YOUNG WIFE, by Mrs. Robert Henrey (Dutton). The author of "The Little Madeleine," that memorable account of a childhood in the slums of Paris, as well as of "Madeleine Grown Up," tells in this book how she and her English husband bought a sixteenth-century farm in Normandy, how they restored it, how they had to flee before the Germans in 1940, and, finally, how they returned and what they found. There are long passages about the sordid drama played out in the little Norman hamlet during the Occupation (a family of avaricious peasants straight out of Zola has a central role), and these make the book the most sombre one the author has written, although it has its share of her sharp wit and demonstrates once again her amazing total recall.

FLIGHT FROM DAKAR, by Eiliv Odde Hauge and Vera Hartmann (Dutton). As thrilling a sea story as any that has come out of the last war. The Norwegian freighter Lidvard, of ninety-three hundred tons, was unloading in Dakar when France collapsed, and was immediately interned by the Vichy authorities, who prudently removed the starting pipes from her engine room and put them in escrow ashore. The pipes were irreplaceable, so it looked as if the Lidvard and her crew would sit out the war in one of the most uncomfortable cities in the tropics, but her officers hit upon a daring ruse and, with incredible luck (abetted by a little stupidity on the Vichy-French side), escaped to sea a year later. Even though the reader knows from the beginning how it all comes out, the suspense is tremendous. Photographs.

ICE FLOES AND FLAMING WATER, by Peter Freuchen, translated by Johan Hambro (Messner). A bone-chilling scramble down the west coast of

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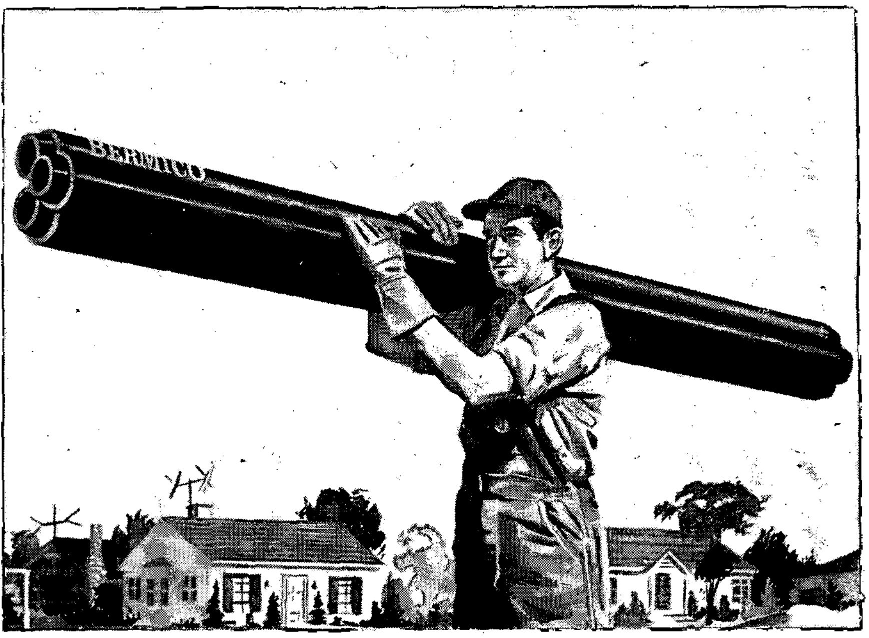

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SEVEN DAYS TO LOMALAND, by Esther Warner (Houghton Mifflin). Miss Warner's second book about Liberia is mainly concerned with a trek she made into the bush with her Christian houseboy, Comma, so that he could submit to a trial by ordeal at the hands of his tribe and clear himself of a charge of theft. Not only is the story engrossing and the characters—particularly an alcoholic chimpanzee and a cynical club steward named Johnny—a delight but Miss Warner has a rare feeling for African tribal culture and an even rarer humility and tenderness in interpreting Western culture to tribal Africans. Altogether, a warm, funny, and wonderful book, flawed only by streaks of gush in the prose. Wood engravings by Jo Dendel, the author's husband.

SAHARA, by René Lecler (Hanover House). The author would seem to be a French patriot of the old-fashioned imperial sort, and his account of the conquest of the great man-killing desert concentrates, as well it might, on *la gloire.* He can hardly go wrong with heroes like René Caillié, a baker's son who walked hundreds of miles through hostile tribes with his flesh rotting off from scurvy, and who was the first European to return from Timbuktu alive; the great Colonel Laperrine, who, in the spirit of our Injun fighters, conquered the ferocious Tuareg by adopting their kind of warfare; and the martyred Father de Foucauld, who was born a *vicomte* and was addicted to disguising himself as a Jew. The author nods respectfully to such drab twentieth-century ideals as irrigation, education, and self-government, but his heart doesn't seem to be in it. An unabashed adventure story, and an unusually good one.

THE MAGNIFICENT MITSCHER, by Theodore Taylor (Norton). In 1945, two years before he died at the

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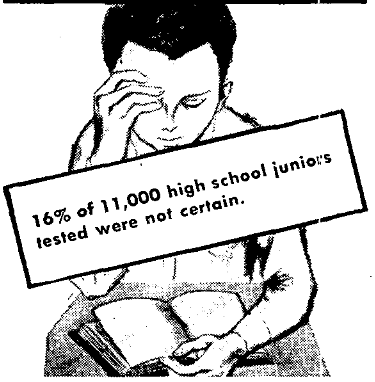
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age of sixty, Admiral Marc Mitscher was offered the post of Chief of Naval Operations, the Navy's top job. He turned it down, for reasons of his own, but the offer must have given him huge satisfaction, for it amounted to a concession that he had been right all along—right about the function of naval aviation and right about the supremacy of carriers over battleships. Mitscher's career began inauspiciously; he bilged out of Annapolis and had to fight his way back in and start over again. An air enthusiast from the beginning, he became one of the pioneers of the Navy's air force, an arm that was held in something close to contempt by the rest of the Navy until he and some of his fellow-officers set out on the first transatlantic flight in their NCs, in 1919. (He got as far as the Azores.) Admiral Mitscher commanded the Hornet when Doolittle took off from its decks to raid Tokyo, he fought in nearly every major naval battle in the Pacific, and as head of the famous Task Force 58 he achieved one of the most brilliant war records in the entire service. The author of this book can't have had an easy task, for he didn't know Mitscher, and Mitscher never kept a diary or wrote autobiographical memorandums. Mitscher comes through, though, and we get a fully defined portrait of the scrappy, wizened man who helped change the whole concept of war at sea. Photographs.

POLTROONS AND PATRIOTS, by Glenn Tucker (Bobbs-Merrill). A two-volume history of the War of 1812—a war that was, on the whole, the most farcical and unnecessary in our history. The *casi belli* usually advanced in the history textbooks—the impressment of American seamen, the embargoes on our overseas trade, and the like—are inadequate; to understand why we got into the war, as the author shows, one must explore the realm of emotion and political passion. The war achieved very little for the adolescent United States, and its cost, a hundred and twenty-five million dollars, was almost ruinous for a population of seven million. It tarnished some great reputations while creating some new ones—William Henry Harrison (and, curiously, Tecumseh, the Shawnee chief he defeated), James Lawrence, Andrew Jackson, Oliver Hazard Perry, Francis Scott Key, and Dolly Madison—and it seriously compromised the American Army while helping to

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make the American Navy. In his running account of the war, Mr. Tucker makes lavish use of the popular journalism of the time, and this gives his book the cogency of good war correspondence. Illustrated.

SHOCKING LIFE, by Elsa Schiaparelli (Dutton). It is clear from the places and names mentioned in Mme. Schiaparelli's autobiography, and from her reputation in the world of fashion, that she has had a fascinating career, but she tells her story so disjointedly that one cannot help wishing she had employed somebody to translate her experiences and her personality onto the printed page.

JOAN OF ARC, by Lucien Fabre (McGraw-Hill). M. Fabre, like many previous biographers, is in love with the Maid, but, unlike most of them, he believes in the absolute reality of the voices she heard and in their divine source, and he is somewhat less than dispassionate about the whole affair. Joan's enemies are "pigs with human faces" or worse, her inadequate supporters are idiots or dotards (except Gilles de Rais, the infamous Bluebeard, characterized only as "a pleasure-seeking young man" who later fell into bad habits), Henry V of England is "the Cutthroat of Agincourt," and the general tone of petulance and bias is not improved by anachronistic references to "collaboration" and "resistance forces." Gerard Hopkins has translated all this into the best English possible under the circumstances, and has also condensed it somewhat, for which we may be grateful.

THE ANCIENT SECRET, by Flavia Anderson (Harper). The ancient secret is that the Holy Grail was not the cup of the Last Supper but a widespread cult's burning glass for lighting a sacred fire from the rays of the sun. Not content with this large revelation, Lady Flavia Anderson adds that the phoenix egg, Brünnhilde, Sleeping Beauty, the basket in which Moses was abandoned, Helen of Troy, Deirdre, and the mysterious Urim and Thummim of the Old Testament were also sacred crystals, that the Golden Fleece was an altar fire and Excalibur a torch, that the serpents Hercules strangled in his cradle were rays of sunlight, and that the Golden Bough was a log of firewood and the Garden of Eden story an account of the theft of fire by Prometheus and Pandora. Lady Flavia's book is recommended only to those who enjoy this sort

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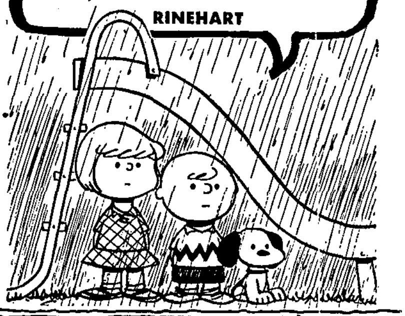

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of wide-ranging loony speculation and can suspend disbelief almost indefinitely.

ART AND VISUAL PERCEPTION, by Rudolf Arnheim (University of California). All pictorial art, Eastern and Western, from the most abstract to the most "realistic," is a kind of sign language, in which certain sets of symbols, more or less mutually agreed on by the artist and the spectator, are used to suggest certain sets of objects, together with their emotional import, and the success of a work of art depends on how well these symbols are manipulated by the artist, and how well they are understood by his audience. Starting from this thesis, the author tries to determine, and explain, why we see what we see in art, and why we like what we like. He calls on pretty nearly all the pertinent sciences, from optics to psychology; his range of references is from the Egyptian to the modern; and his argument is so densely woven that it calls for considerable application on the part of the reader. All the same, the author manages to make the book fascinating, too, and anyone seriously interested in art should find it well worth the ten dollars it costs. Some three hundred illustrations, from simple diagrams to color reproductions.

NOTE: "The Worcester Account," S. N. Behrman's chronicle of his early years in Worcester, Massachusetts, has been published by Random House. Most of the contents of the book first appeared in *The New Yorker*. . . . Knopf has just published "Free Love and Heavenly Sinners," Robert Shaplen's record of the celebrated Beecher-Tilton scandal in Brooklyn. A large part of this book, too, first appeared in *The New Yorker*. . . . "Atoms in the Family," Laura Fermi's account of her life with Enrico Fermi, one of today's most celebrated nuclear physicists, has been published by the University of Chicago. Again, a part of the book first appeared in these pages. . . . Finally, a collection of Charles Addams' cartoons, almost all of which were originally printed in *The New Yorker*, has been issued by Simon & Schuster under the title "Homebodies."

MYSTERY AND CRIME

A KEY TO DEATH, by Frances and Richard Lockridge (Lippincott). Mr. and Mrs. North, who have got so they can't leave their house with-

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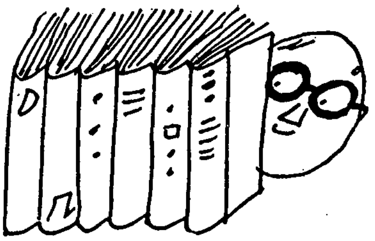

There is one sure test for recognizing a good novel.

A novel may offer social criticism or recreate history. Its primary concern may be ideas, or fun. It may be a study in characterization, or an exercise in style.

It may even, judging from some recent examples, be a tract in disguise, a prose poem (whatever that is!), or a private joke book for intellectuals.

But a good novel must also have a good story line. If it doesn't carry you on from page to page, if it doesn't have you putting it aside reluctantly at night, eager for the next day and the next chapter, it may still be a good book, but it isn't a good novel.

I am moved to these comments by a good new novel, "The View from Pompey's Head," by Hamilton Basso.

Mr. Basso writes of a lawyer for a New York publishing house who is sent on business to the Southern town where he had been raised. The book gives a wonderful picture of the South where real Southerners (as opposed to the literary variety) live. It deals with people, including a book editor, in whom you can believe. It is very well written.

Yet, above all, it tells a story you want to keep reading, not from mere inertia, but out of genuine concern for its people and what is happening to them.

We often hear of the nonfiction book that reads like a novel. "The View from Pompey's Head" is a rarer thing these days: a novel that reads like a novel.

L L Day
EDITOR-AT-LARGE

"The View from Pompey's Head" ($3.95), by Hamilton Basso, is published by Doubleday & Company, 575 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N. Y., and is the November selection of the Literary Guild. Copies may be obtained from your favorite bookseller or from any of the 30 Doubleday Book Shops, especially those in Miami and New Orleans.

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out stumbling over a corpse, run into murder this time when they visit their lawyer to make their wills. Inevitably, Mrs. North gets herself in a terrible jam when she goes off on her own to track down one of the many suspects. Acting Captain William Weigand and Sergeant Mullins are on hand, however, employing all the old familiar phrases and mannerisms, and the lady emerges with nothing worse than the little shaking up that the authors always inflict on her in the final chapters of these books. Up to the Lockridges' usual standard, which is quite a high one.

THE BENEVENT TREASURE, by Patricia Wentworth (Lippincott). A brighter girl might have decided that her two great-aunts are not entirely fond of her after they have done their best to drown her, but young Candida Sayle has a trusting nature, and she goes to live with them anyway, in an old dark house that is full of secret passageways and almost certainly contains a corpse. Happily, the redoubtable Miss Maud Silver is in the neighborhood, and she comes to the heroine's rescue in the nick of time. A hidden treasure, bearing the customary curse, and a handsome young man are other ingredients of this agreeable and expert concoction.

THE BLACK MOUNTAIN, by Rex Stout (Viking). This time, Mr. Stout dispatches Nero Wolfe across the sea to Montenegro, where he tracks down the murderer of one of his few friends. To readers who like the great detective immobile among his flowers, this international chase will prove something of a surprise, and perhaps rather a disappointment, since their hero is hardly at his best climbing mountains and involving himself in personal physical violence. Even Archie, who actually shoots and kills quite a few villains, seems a much more elementary type than he has seemed in the past, and a good many of the conversations between the pair are just stupefying. There are some lively and characteristic passages, too, but on the whole the change in tone and method is unfortunate.

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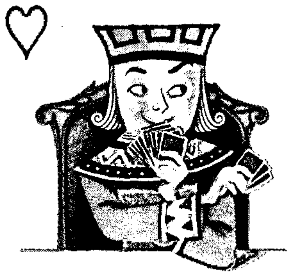

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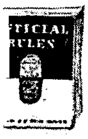

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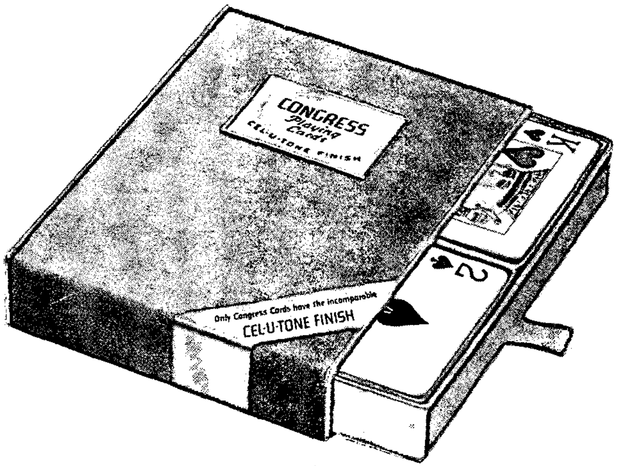

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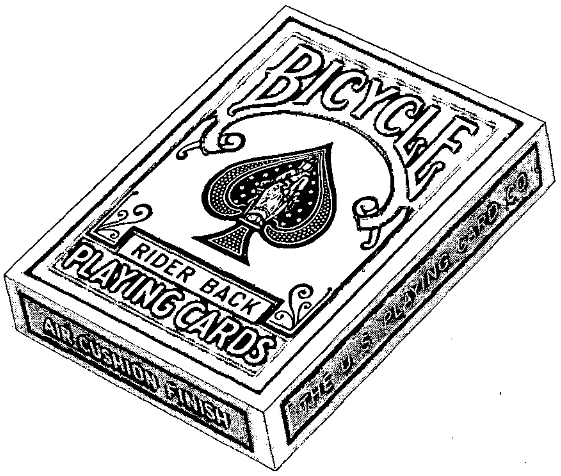

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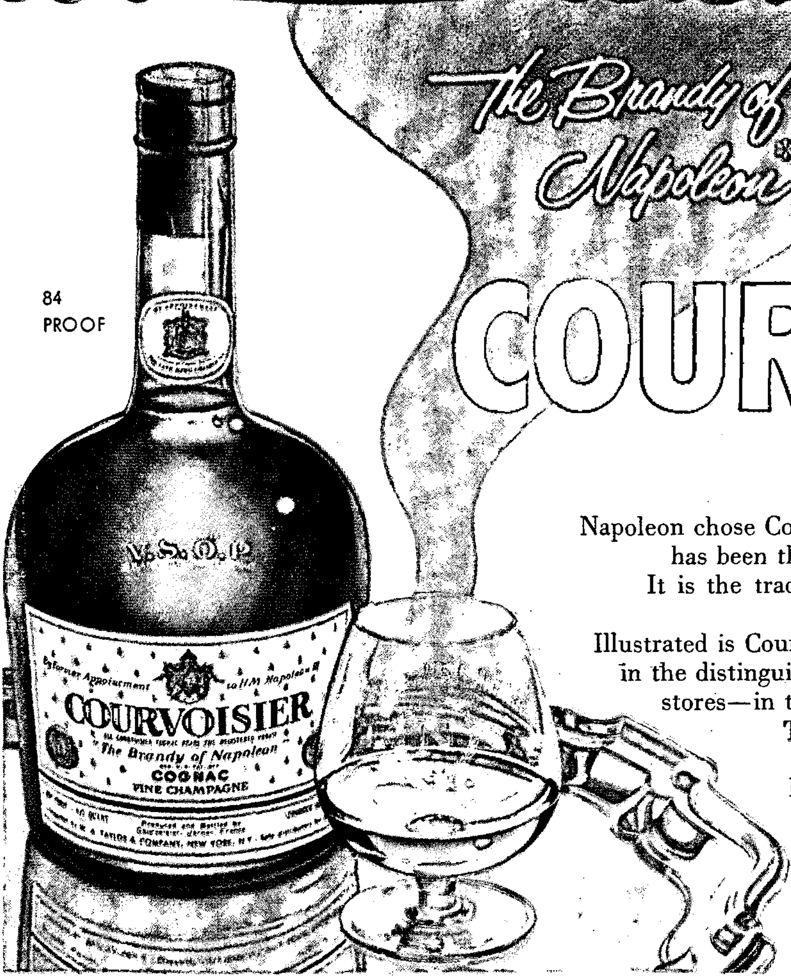

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